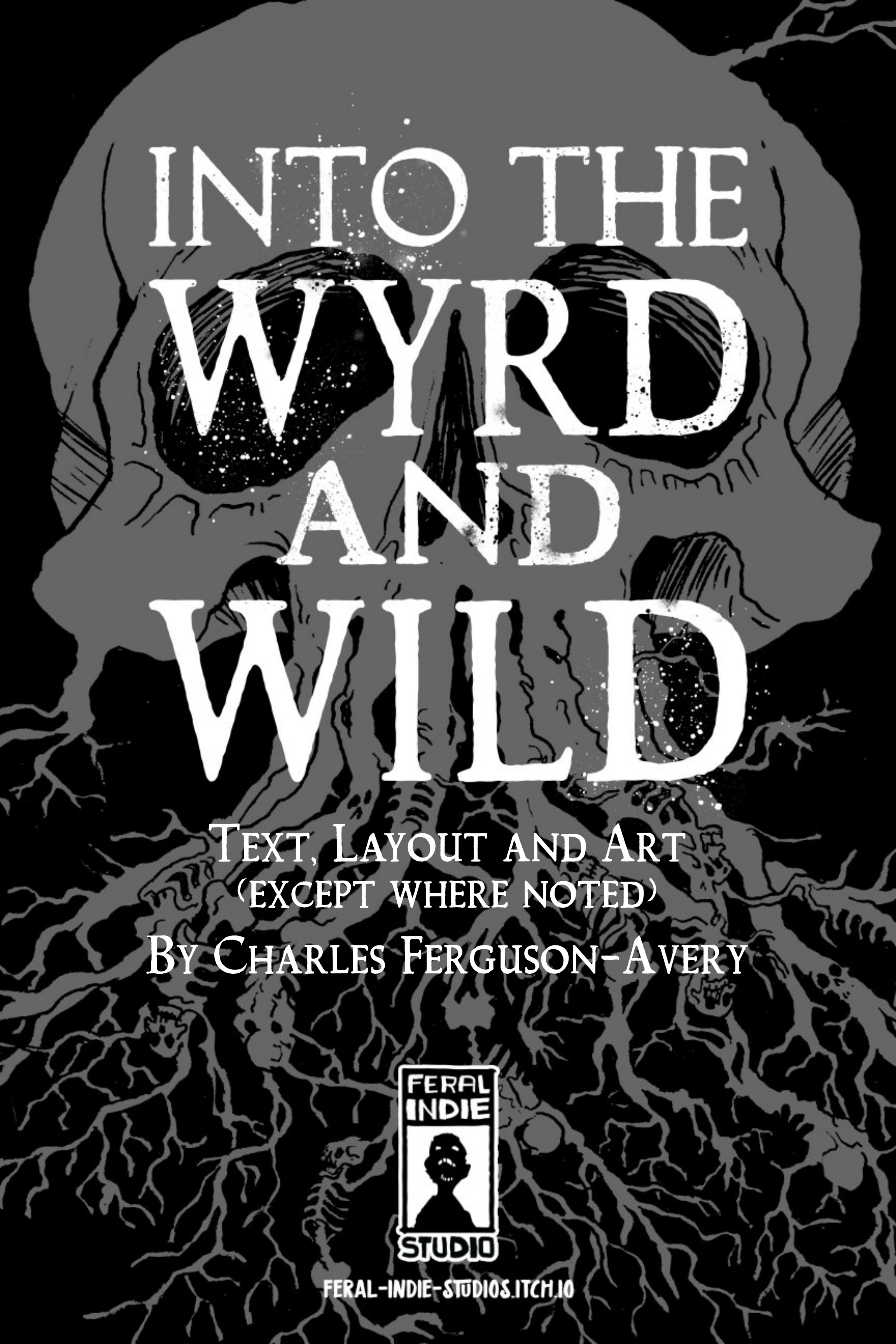


INTO THE WYRD AND WILD

Text, Layout and Art
(except where noted)
By Charles Ferguson-Avery

FERAL INDIE STUDIO
FERAL-INDIE-STUDIOS.ITCH.IO

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS & SPECIAL THANKS

My Mom and Dad, for always pushing me in the right direction.

Alex Coggon for the amazing art and being my friend and partner in crime.

Michelle Henry for the wonderful **BETTER** illustrations of the Rittermote and Eí-Criomòran and being my friend.

Jeannie Showers for helping type this book, playing games, going on adventures, and being a fantastic human being

Alex Shearer for the absolutely metal illustration of the Jukkenrotter

David Schirudan for the Wyrd Hunt generator (www.technicalgrimoire.com)

The Very Vilest Viziers for letting me into the comradery and creation.

Ben Milton of "Questing Beast" for setting me down this weird and incredible path.

Brandon Aten and Matthew Orr of Wet Ink Games for picking up the reprint of this book and bringing me into the fold.

Stu and Hambone of "Vintage RPG" for the peek into the wonderful world of old-school art (Instagram @VintageRPG).

Skerples for the honest and much-needed review. I added the encounter table and index, but you can pry my flowery, clumsy prose from my cold, dead hands.

The DIY, Indie and OSR Communities for the utterly bat-shit and amazing content.

My many friends for the hours of adventures, art, and joy.

Important names in no particular order: David Schirduan, Dave Cox, Marie Enger, Chris Wolf, Sally Cantirino, Richard Ruane, Jax, Brian Yaksha, Joe D., Batts, Nate Treme

Proofreading by Brian Ferguson-Avery, William Robertson, Jeannie Showers, Craig Hindle, John-Michael Warkentin, Wayne Robert, and others!

THE TILES OF XARK ARE USED WITH PERMISSION BY NATE TREME OF HIGHLAND PARANORMAL SOCIETY.

Into the Wyrd and Wild
Copyright © 2021 Feral Indie Studio, LLC and Wet Ink Games, LLC
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in a retrieval device, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission of the publisher.
This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual animals, people, places, or events is purely coincidental.
Into the Wyrd and Wild is a trademark of Feral Indie Studio, LLC and Wet Ink Games, LLC.
First published in 2019.
Second printing.
Published by Wet Ink Games, LLC
Louisville, KY
WetInkGames@gmail.com
ISBN: Hardcover 978-1-952885-30-3, Deluxe 978-1-952885-32-7, Digital 978-1-952885-31-0
WIG-500
Printed in The United States by Jostens
For all adaptation inquiries, please contact wetinkgames@gmail.com

CHAPTERS

System Neutral, and What It Means 5
Introduction 6
Rules of the Wilding Way 9
  Rule of Gold 12
  Exhaustion 13
  Surviving the Night 14
  The Hunt 16
  Cleaning a Body 18
  The Moon Phases 20
  The Call of the Wild 22
  Becoming Lost 25
  Madness 26
Beasts of Branch & Bone 29
  Ailiper 32
  Arcanis Arachni 34
  Bauik 36
  Blight Motes 38
  Blukstound 40
  Bramble Beast 42
  Brairscoffs 44
  Cacophonous Crowmen 46
  Cherub 48
  Children of the Woods 50
  Cindershams 52
  Curseweald 53
  Devil Stag 56
  Dire Horsehair Worm 58
  Dragon Ticks 59
  Dryadi 60
  Ether Rat 64
  False Beggar 66
  Feral Knight 68
  Gastropal 70
  Goeroe 72
  Grimmking 73
  Gripple Bats 76
  Hermit Spider 78
  Jukkenrotter 80
  Kair 82
  Kyrkogrim 84
  Linnorm 86
  Living Idol 88
  Mire Ghost 90
  Moonslaver 92
  Mycelium Zombie 94
  Oracle Sludge 96
  Primal Skaal 98
  Quilluffs 100
  Ravagers 102
  Rittermotte 106
  Root-Troll 110
  Royal Fox 112
  Shamblers 114
  Skunk Ape 116
  Slavern 118
  Snuff Hounds 120
  Sparklight Canaries 122
  Spindle Cat 123
  The Skulk 124
  Trunk Worms 126
  Weald Sirens 128
  Vampylf 130
  Vermincaust 132
Factions of the Wyrd & Wild 134
  The Court of Broken Branches 136
  Children of Eí-Criomòran 140
  The Ruin 144
  The Wild Elves 148
  The Primal Wheel 152
Artifacts of the Wild Hunter 157
Magic of the Wyrd 171
The Dungeon of Tree & Stone 187
  The Wilderness Dungeon 188
  Generating the Dungeon 191
  Wild Flora 200
  Diseases 204
  Hazards & Traps 208
  "I Search the Body..." 214
  Random Trails & Paths 215
  A Wilderness Dungeon 216
  A Walk Through the Woods 218
  Wyrd & Wild Encounters 220
A Hundred Wyrd Locations 224
Appendix 238
Index 246

SYSTEM NEUTRAL, AND WHAT IT MEANS

The following book is written in the fashion of "System Neutral." This means that a majority of the book has been written to be immediately usable by most RPG systems, but some additions or tweaks may be desired by GM's and players. The most important parts of the book are the ideas and concepts for GM's and players alike.

GLOSSARY

There are a few terms and phrases that are used throughout this book, so a small glossary has been made to explain what each one means in regards to play.

TURN - The measure of a single player character's actions.

ROUND - The measure of every character and monster's actions. In game time is equivalent to about 6 seconds.

ADVANTAGE - When a roll is made, roll two dice and take the higher of the numbers. This is used when a character or creature is at an advantageous position.

DISADVANTAGE - When a roll is made, roll two dice and take the lower of the numbers. This is used when a character or creature is at a disadvantageous position.

SAVE VERSUS - When attempting to avoid a spell effect, special attack, or some other hazard, a player may be required to make a "Save versus (X)." All this means is a character must roll a d20 and use their related ability score in order to avoid harm.

Strength	Save v. Hold	Mobility hazards and force
Dexterity	Save v. Breath	Moving and dodging
Constitution	Save v. Poison	Poisons and disease
Intelligence	Save v. Magic	Magical influence
Wisdom	Save v. Madness	Mind alteration and effects
Charisma	Save v. Charm	Force of will and personality

- Systems that use a roll-under system are capable of using the rules as is.
- Systems that use a roll-over system should find a roll that suits the difficulty of the situation.
- These terms can be interchangeable if need be. Systems that have a condensed save system (Pathfinder, D&D 3.5) will need to consider which save works best.

If some creatures, items, or spells need overhauled or groups agree to add their own house-rules to fit their style of play, that's okay! The information, rules, and facets of this book are designed to be loose and malleable, free to be broken down and changed for enjoyable play.

INTRODUCTION

Beyond the reach of roads, past the scope of mortals there is a darkened place. A shadowed treeline where no-one dares cross and whose boundaries go undisturbed.

With the pace of civilization, we seem to have forgotten an ancient fear. The fear that forced us to band together in the dark, the fear that led us to build mighty walls, and the fear that shaped us with tooth and claw. This is the fear of the Wilds, the unmapped forests and wilderness beyond our homes and between our destinations. However, despite our ignorance, it has not forgotten us.

Between the twisted trees and poisoned mires, a thousand monsters spawn and stalk in lightless groves. Mages wield dark and strange magics, too raw and dangerous for the civilized world; ruins of long dead civilizations are host to ancient beings, better left undisturbed; and an army of madmen and mutants prowl the shadowed trails and pathways, ever in service to primal gods or savage instinct.

This is not the woods of peaceful fey and beast, but the dark and twisted children's tale that filled you with terror. It is a world of fear, madness, and bloodshed; ruled over by the uncaring watch of ancient trees. There is no bargaining with the primal forces that rule the uncivilized world, as you have nothing they could ever want.

The woods do not care for you. Never forget that.

WHAT IS THE WYRD AND WILD?

The Wilds are the haunting and dangerous wilderness that lies beyond the eyes of civilization. Unlike the splendid nature that David Thoreau wrote of, the Wilds are a raw, untamed, and deadly realm. It is a primordial wooded landscape that has existed since the beginning of time and is ruled utterly by tooth and claw. They are all across the world, appearing as taigas that lies unmapped and hidden under a blanket of trees or grim forests where towns and cities fail to have any purchase out of fear.

While the Wilds are filled with beast and bloodshed, it is bound by another power altogether: the Wyrd. It is a force that binds all of creation together and runs rampant within the Wilds. The effect of this chaotic and overwhelming power is a land that does not entirely bow to the laws of reality. Children are born with odd gifts, places will disappear and reappear for years on end, and life that should not exist springs forth from spawning pools of shadow.

This is all not to say the Wilds are lawless, for great and powerful factions rule over it like gods. Indeed, many of them are divine in nature, surpassing the limits of mortality and becoming the de facto gods of the Wilds. Each of them are as mighty as they are unique, and woe to those who cross them.

Despite the horror and danger of the Wilds, countless flock and make pilgrimage to its umbral grounds. For despite its dangers, it is abundant in anything you could desire. Riches lie buried in great barrow hoards, magic beyond the scope of any living magus sits waiting to be wielded. Yet, what lies priceless beyond all other wealth are its secrets. Knowledge of power, knowledge of the world, and knowledge of surpassing into the realm of divinity. The Wilds is a birthplace of gods, all you have to do is find it…

WHO IS THIS BOOK FOR?

Into the Wyrd and Wild is a book for those seeking to incorporate a weird and terrifying wilderness into their game. Players and GMs who enjoy a level of horror and prefer the sweeping darkened landscapes of forest and mires to the well-trodden cobblestone of dungeons need look no further when it comes to books. Presented within the book is a light overhaul of the adventuring system, modified to fit better with a campaign centered around forays into the frightening wilderness. Even groups who do not wish to adventure in the Wilds will find a wealth of information with spells, items, flora, and all manner of monster.

In addition to stocking the area with new monsters and set pieces, Into the Wyrd and Wild is also an attempt to increase the playability of the wilderness. Rather than have the wilderness remain a place along the way to a dungeon, it seeks to make the wilderness a dungeon in itself. Included in this is an essay on design theory as well as a way to easily and randomly construct a wilderness dungeon using nothing more than a handful of dice and some paper.

CONTENTS

The book contains a variety of information for both GM and players alike. For players there is a vast array of strange items and artifacts, each embodying the haunting and feral nature of the Wyrd and Wild. There is also a section devoted to spells, specifically, Wyrd magics that may be just as deadly to the caster but offer great and terrible powers if they choose to harness it. Finally there is list of the odd and useful floras that dwell within the wilds, plant-life that ranges from profitable and wondrous to deadly and loathsome.

For GMs, this book contains every possible thing you might need to run a wilderness-horror themed game. Terrifying and lethal monsters that present unique and specific challenges to the players; simple rules for use in the Wilds that make gameplay both easier and deeper; unique factions that exist within the Wilds, for use or adaptation in a home game; and of course a plethora of charts detailing random locations, treasures, and the like.

Every piece of this book was written with character and intention while the assets revolve around a stange wilderness-horror setting and immediate playability.

SYSTEM NEUTRAL

While the contents of Into the Wyrd and Wild were designed for D&D and the OSR, this book has been written to be as System Neutral as possible. This means that:

- Rules and stats are written bare-bone with the intention of being widely compatible.
- Enough information is given that a GM and player can easily adapt it to their own preferred system.
- A "translation" of common terms and definitions used in this book is listed on the first page.

RULES

OF WILDING WAY

USING THIS SECTION

The following section will introduce a series of optional mechanics designed to be simple, thematic and allow for realistic but fun wilderness style adventuring.

Wealth becomes a measure of supplies, monsters can be easily butchered for food and cash, and settling in for the night becomes a question of digging into valuable supplies or collectively suffering exhaustion.

WITHIN THE WYRD AND WILD

The content in the later chapters of this book reference rules found in this section. Spells, monsters, and other such hazards play off of the various mechanics by giving exhaustion, ruining supplies or any number of problems that have to be solved or defended against.

While the individual mechanics are lightweight and easy to implement they also work off of one another as an entire collective rule-set. By adopting the "Gold as Supplies" and the "Surviving the Night" mechanics, anytime you butcher an animal with "Cleaning a Body" you are both increasing your wealth *and* providing your party with more supplies to survive with.

Extrapolate on this further with "Exhaustion" and "The Hunt," and now there is a game built around hunting monsters while also attempting to maximize profits in the Wilds.

Will you play it safe and burn your supplies to ward off dangerous exhaustion, or will you work your characters to the bone in the hopes of seeing that lucrative payout?

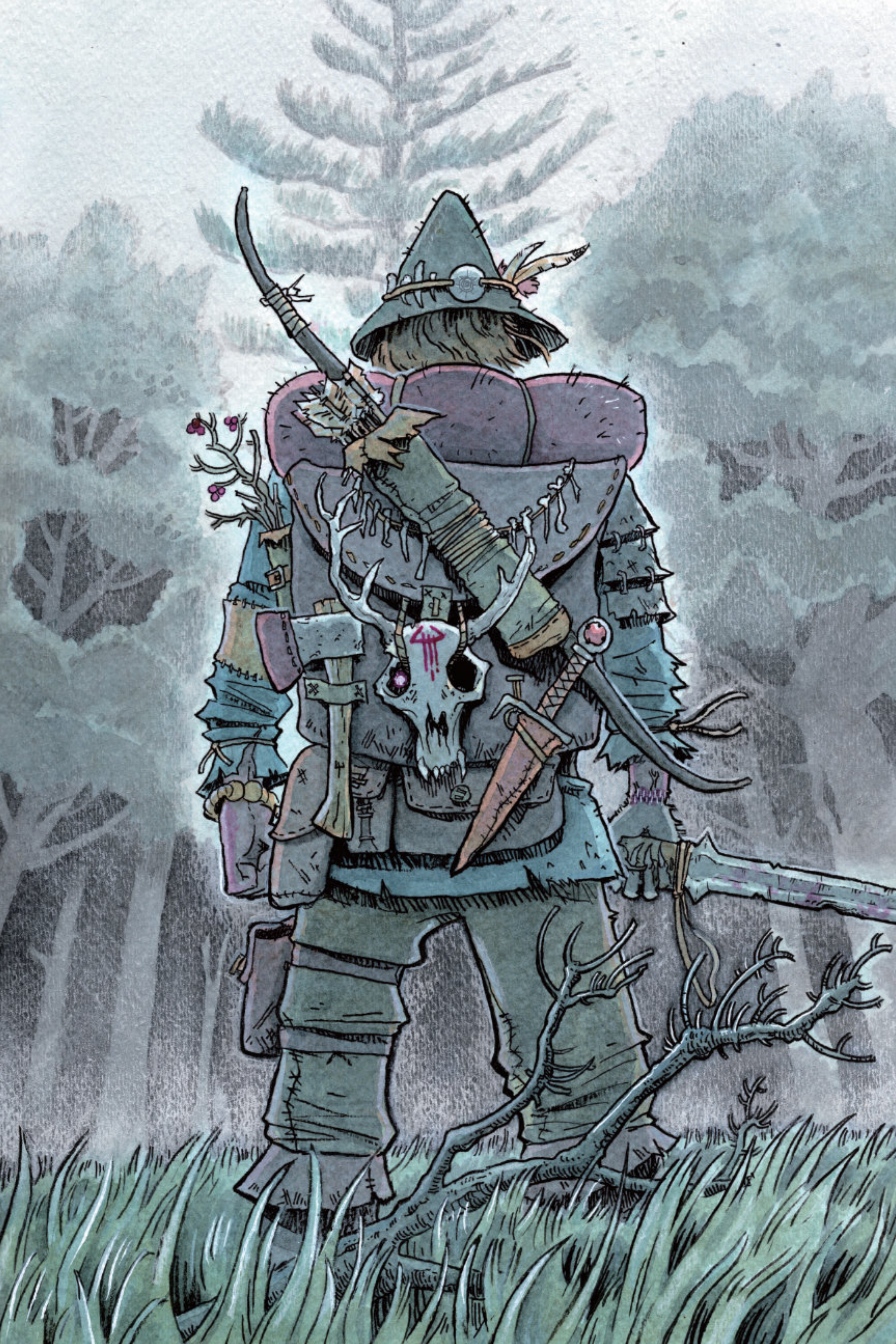
TOYBOX METHOD

That is not to say these mechanics have to all be used in order to have an interesting and fun game. Each mechanic was designed to stand on its own as a small interesting puzzle for players to solve, exploit, and inevitably break.

As well, by being modular they can be dropped into and alongside other other content if a group is just looking to spice up their game with some wilderness adventure.

Looking to have some fun hunting monsters without the survival mechanics? Just add "The Hunt" and "Cleaning a Body". Want to have players keep an eye on the sky and prepare accordingly? Drop "The Moon Phases" into a game and see how players react. Just want a list of terrible and weird things that can happen to mortals in the dark of the Wilds? Use "The Call of the Wild" List.

As always, discuss it as a table first and go from there.



THE RULE OF GOLD

MONEY IS A CONSTRUCT OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD. Coins and precious metals have little worth within the confines of the Wilds. Copper cannot be burnt for warmth, silver cannot be used to find water, and gold cannot replace even the most meager of meals. In respects to survival, it is worthless.

That being said, the true representation of wealth in the Wilds is based on how well supplied you are in things like food, water, tinderboxes, and bedrolls. This, as a game mechanic, is represented by **Supplies.**

WHAT ARE SUPPLIES?

Supplies are a measure of wealth within the Wilds, representing an abstract collection of goods. As an exchange formula:

1 GOLD PIECE = 1 SUPPLY
=
1 days worth of rations
OR 1 days worth of water
OR 1 days worth of lamp oil and firewood.

With this method, a character with 1 supply can choose to either eat (the supply was food), drink (a filled water-skin), or sleep comfortably (tinderbox, lamp oil).

While not necessarily the most realistic way of keeping track of the various supplies necessary for wilderness travel, it does allow a quick and efficient method of converting standard coin wealth into a usable game item.

A character can freely exchange a Supply for a piece of gold, and many who make their home in the wilderness will readily do so.

GOLD AS SUPPLIES

Extending this system further, some groups may find it easier to treat all gold as Supplies.

In this method, it is assumed that any time a party enters into the Wilds they make the necessary preparation of purchasing rations, filling water casks, and preparing firewood. Any gold they have on their person at the time of entering the wilderness can be treated as supplies.

Rather than keep track of a separate currency in the form of Supplies, this method allows both players and GMs to see buying power in the context of wilderness survival.

CONSIDERATIONS

Some groups who want a more challenging approach may consider experimenting with a limit on the amount of supplies a character can carry.

EXHAUSTION

THE WILDS DO NOT ALWAYS KILL QUICKLY, sometimes it prefers a slower more insidious method. Ravaging a mortal with nightmares, starving them of food and water, breaking their body piece-by-piece, or wracking their body with the most terrible of ailments. All the while the Wilds laps up their torment like sweet honey.

The end is always the same, the little mortals grow exhausted day after day suffering in mind, body, and spirit. Finally, unable to suffer anymore misery, their body collapses and they perish alone in the dark. In time, their corpses return to the dirt and the Wilds grow just a little bit stronger.

EXHAUSTION IN THE GAME

EXHAUSTION IS A PERSISTENT DETRIMENTAL STATUS brought on by hunger, injury, or lack of sleep. As a mechanic it adds a creeping level of danger outside of combat encounters. Meant for games with a focus on wilderness travel and survival, it presents a threat and challenge tied to travel itself.

Rather than wear down players with constant random encounters or ascribe certain areas more dangerous encounters, this method allows the distance of the journey a possible danger in and of itself. Week-long forays into the woods must be considered carefully, while month-long raids into the dark heart of the woods are dangerous undertakings, reserved only for the truly brave or utterly foolish.

If used well, it can encourage PCs to interact with their environment, stopping to rest and resupply at even the smallest fringe of civilization, while also allowing them to find creative ways to avoid or cure exhaustion.

REASONS FOR GAINING A LEVEL OF EXHAUSTION.

While up to the GM's discretion, here are a few typical reasons to ascribe a level of exhaustion:

- **Failure to get a night's sleep.**
- **Going a day without food or water.**
- **Suffering an illness or disease.**
- **Receiving a debilitating injury.**
- **Revival after going unconscious.**

Each time a character gains a level of exhaustion they gain a new exhaustion effect, stacking as they go.

d8	Possible Exhaustion effects
1	**Sluggish** - Speed Halved.
2	**Unsteady** - Disadvantage on dexterity and strength skills.
3	**Surly** – Cannot be friendly.
4	**Nihilistic** - Disadvantage against magic and breath weapon.
5	**Weakened** – Disadvantage on attack rolls.
6	**Nauseous** – Disadvantage against poisons and diseases.
7	**Bleary-eyed** - Vision reduced by half.
8	**Feeble** – Hit point maximum halved.

A CHARACTER CAN ONLY HAVE SO MANY LEVELS OF EXHAUSTION BEFORE THEIR BODY FINALLY GIVES OUT. A character will die once it gains 5 levels of exhaustion or levels of exhaustion equal to their level (whichever is higher).

CURING OR REMOVING EXHAUSTION

Removing exhaustion should not be easy within the Wilds, requiring a return to civilization or healing outside of the norm. For each night spent under a permanent edifice or within the walls of a settlement, a character may remove 1 level of exhaustion.

SURVIVING THE NIGHT

WHEN TRAVELING THE HOSTILE DEPTHS OF THE WILDS, one must come prepared not just with blade and bloodthirst, but supplies and a plan.

The truth is the greatest killer of the Wilds is not some ravenous beast, but instead the “three dangers” of wilderness survival: starvation, dehydration, and exposure. Without the proper supplies and equipment, even a hardy team of ruthless killers will find themselves broken and starved within a week.

THERE ARE THREE ESSENTIALS NEEDED WHEN EXPLORING THE WILDS: FOOD, WATER, SHELTER. Even without just one of these, travelers will find themselves slowly falling prey to their basic animal needs. All are necessary to ensure survival into the darkened forests of the Wild.

As a mechanic, survival follows the provided steps:

1. Attempt a Camp
2. Total Successes
3. Suffer exhaustion, or use supplies.

1. Attempt a Camp

Each night after a day of travel in the wilderness, the party can attempt to make a camp. As characters make camp and prepare for rest, **roll one d6 dice for each of the three cardinal needs of survival: food, water, and shelter (3d6 in total).**

2. Total Successes

A "Success" is granted on a 4-6. This represents the characters managing to satisfy one of the three needs by foraging, hunting, making camp, and finding fresh water. **Proficiency in a relative skill like Hunting, Foraging, or Survival grants advantage on these rolls.**

Success means the need has been met, however every failure carries a cost in the form of exhaustion.

TOTAL # OF SUCCESSES AND RESULTS

3	**CONTENT-** No one said it was easy, but you manage. – ***No gains or losses.***
2	**SCRAPING BY-** You’ll survive, but someone has to take the brunt of it. – ***One member gains one level of exhaustion.***
1	**BAD TIMES-** No one said it was going to be this difficult. – ***One level of exhaustion to all.***
0	**SUFFERING-** You have nothing. – ***Two levels of exhaustion to all.***

3. Suffer Exhaustion, or Use Supplies

Depending on the amount of failed rolls, the party may suffer levels of exhaustion. **However, a character can cancel out the effects of a failed roll by using a supply for themselves.** This represents them dipping into their resources for a meal, fresh water, or tinderboxes and lantern fuel.

EXAMPLE IN PLAY

A party of four adventurers; Jax the Mage, Jonas the Thief, Ariana the Warrior, and Jez the Cleric decide to make camp for the night.

They roll 3d6 (one die for each cardinal need) to see how much they manage to forage and how good of a camp they make.

Rolls: 1, 3, 1

They manage no successes! A terrible turn of events.

However, Jez happens to know a few things about foraging for for food, thanks to their upbringing as a woodsman. The GM allows one of the rolls to be at advantage.

Jez rolls another dice.

Rolls: 6 (replaces one roll)

Final Roll: 1, 3, 6

They manage one success. Not ideal, but much better than no successes.

At this point the party and its members must make a choice, each suffer the one level of exhaustion, or dip into their supplies.

Jax, Ariana, and Jonas choose to dip into the supplies, each one taking two supplies (6 supplies total), and bringing them each up to three successes. "Content," no gains or losses.

Jez chooses to conserve, knowing they will need the supplies later on, and opts to suffer the one level of exhaustion.

THE HUNT

SINCE THE BEGINNING, when the primordial soup belched out crawling, gnashing life, it saw fit to divide its spawn into two groups: the hunters and the hunted; one cursed to flee, and the other cursed to kill.

All of evolution has since been nothing but a brutal arms race between hunter and quarry, each attempting to outsmart or break the other into submission. The wildlife you see now is the byproduct of this vicious battle repeated since time immemorial, its innumerable dead dwarf the greatest war a hundred times over.

A TRUE HUNT, WITH ITS PITFALLS, DISCOVERIES, AND EVENTUAL SHOWDOWN, is an adventure in and of itself. A battle made over the course of days rather than rooms, and of a more primal and singular goal.

As a game mechanic, Hunting follows these simple steps.

1. Select Quarry.
2. Determine Marks.
3. Roll dice & Consult Tracking chart.
4. Tally Marks and repeat steps 3 & 4.

1. Select Quarry

Before any hunt is undertaken, the party must decide on what monster, beast, or abomination will be their **Quarry**. The party does not necessarily have to know exactly what they are hunting, just so long as they have some clue to its existence (oddly slaughtered livestock, strange bestial tracks, hushed rumors floating amongst hunters.)

2. Determine Marks

Marks are the point value of a Quarry and determine how difficult it is to hunt. These Marks represent clues, tracks, and tell-tale signs of the Quarry. A lone elk may only have a single Mark, typically only taking a day to hunt; while a legendary beast may have dozens, requiring weeks to track down and kill. As a rule of thumb: the bigger and more dangerous the quarry, the more Marks it will have.

Type Of Quarry	# of Marks
Mundane (Simple game)	1-2
Uncommon (Big game, Trophy beasts)	3-9
Rare (Monsters, Apex Predators)	10-20
Mythic (Legendary creatures)	24+

OVER THE COURSE OF A HUNT, the party will be acquiring Marks. Upon gaining enough Marks the party have reached their Quarry and may now plan on how to take down the beast on their own terms.

3. Roll dice & Consult Tracking chart

Each day the party hunts their quarry, roll a d6 and consult the chart to see what happens to the party that day.

d6	Tracking Result
1	Major Setback
2	Minor Setback
3	Mark, Minor Setback
4	Mark
5	Double Marks
6	Double Marks, Boon

- **Mark** - The party gains a mark, and is one step closer to reaching their Quarry.
- **Boon** - A small beneficial encounter found along the way.
- **Minor Setback** - A small pitfall or hazard.
- **Major Setback** - A dangerous problem.

This is the basic setup for a Hunt. The party incrementally gaining ground and dealing with problems as they track the Quarry through the Wilds.

Some additional notes:

Time and Travel: This rule set assumes the party is traveling a pace of 18 miles over the course of 8 hours per day; methodically tracking their quarry.

Tracking Bonus: Hunters, rangers, druids may be more adept at tracking. **Those proficient in a relative skill may roll twice and discard the lower roll when it comes to tracking.**

d10	Possible Major Setback
1	**Ambush!!:** A group of bandits and ravagers has been following you and now they've decided to strike.
2	**Utterly Lost:** You've been led astray and are lost for 1d20 days.
3	**Maddening Wilds:** The wilds have clawed their way into your collective psyche. 1d4 of you must roll on the Call of Wild chart on pg. 22
4	**Cursed Grove:** A curse has befallen this tract of Wilds and plays host to all manner of horror and danger.
5	**The Beast Awakens:** An ancient creature has been awakened by your accidental foray into its territory.
6	**"Are We Interrupting?":** You have stumbled into the court of a group of powerful beings in the midst of something important. Good luck.
7	**Crippling Injury:** A broken leg, a crushed hand, or a blow to the head. A debilitating injury that persists until medical aid is found.
8	**The Hunters Become the Hunted:** The Quarry has picked up your scent and has decided to turn the tables...
9	**Supplies Destroyed:** Robbed in the night or ruined along the way. Lose 1d10 supplies per party member.
10	**"Not Another Step!":** Immediately make camp. **ALL** party members suffer one level of exhaustion, or **ONE** member suffers two points of exhaustion.

d10	Possible Minor Setback
1	**Lost Supplies:** Collectively lose 1d6 supplies due to negligence
2	**Sleepless Night:** The woods refuse to let you rest easy. 1d4 party members gain 1 level of exhaustion.
3	**Vermin Nest:** The party stumbles across a nest of low level vermin, hungry for wayward travelers.
4	**Lost the Tracks:** You make a wrong turn and are lost for 1d6 days.
5	**Arduous Terrain:** Cliffs, marshes, and dense brush slow your travel. Spend a Supply or gain one point of exhaustion.
6	**Unfriendly Locals:** You encounter a group of ruffians or xenophobic sorts. Bloodshed is possible if not dealt with carefully.
7	**Horrid Quagmire:** A fetid swamp proves time-consuming if avoided, or dangerous if confronted.
8	**Cutting Flora:** The trees and brush have a taste for blood. All party members take 2d3 points of damage.
9	**Hostile Fauna:** A wild animal seeks you out. Roll a random wilderness encounter.
10	**Rot Pit:** Offal and disease collects in this natural cesspit. Save versus poison or risk contracting a minor disease.

d8	Possible Boon
1	**Hospice:** A remote cabin or dwelling provides a roof over your heads! Remove one level of exhaustion from all.
2	**Hidden Cache:** You discover a cache of supplies someone either forgot or stashed away. Gain 1d12 supplies.
3	**The Trail Revealed:** Your Quarry fails to cover their tracks, Gain an extra Mark.
4	**Friendly Hunters:** A group of hunters offer to trade for information and supplies.
5	**Healing Spring:** A warm bubbling spring soothes your beaten bodies. Bathe to remove 1d6 damage.
6	**Magic Grove:** A grove plays host to magic forces such as healing fruit or wondrous items.
7	**Unhindered:** The wildlife ignores your presence. Only for today...
8	**Mysterious Guide:** A guide offers to assist your travels, for a price...

CLEANING A BODY

THERE IS AN ART AND A PURPOSE TO CLEANING A KILL. It is a quiet and bloody ritual that dates back to the first primordial hunters who took bladed stone to search the insides of a beast's corpse. For generations upon generations it has been refined to a precise art of cutting, sawing, and carving. What was once a means to dole out flesh has evolved into the careful removal and severing of bones, organs, skin, and flesh. Crudeness in the craft is met with spoiled meat and ruined body parts, and the best flesh-carvers are the ones who take the time to extract the most precious and esoteric parts of a corpse.

CLEANING BODIES IN AN ADVENTURE IS NOT JUST A WAY TO PROCURE PRECIOUS SUPPLIES and ensure that the adventurers will eat for the night, but also a way to earn a healthy amount of coin. An adventuring party who takes the time to properly carve and clean a body will be rewarded with a substantial amount of supplies, as well as salable pieces of animal goods that can fetch a decent price in the markets of the world. In addition, most creatures listed in this book have goods with supernatural or extraordinary abilities...

Every 100-200 pounds of edible flesh takes approximately 1 hour to properly clean. Once a body is secured a character will perform the following steps.

1. **Choose what Kind of Cleaning.**
2. **Roll 1d6 per 100lbs. of Flesh.**
3. **Collect Goods if Successful.**

1. Choose What Kind of Cleaning

One character chooses what kind of cleaning to perform on the body. A more intricate and precise cleaning will yield far more goods than a crude one, but is significantly more difficult to do.

1d6 Must Roll Equal to or Higher than.

Crude Cleaning	**- 2+**
Basic Cleaning	**- 3+**
Efficient Cleaning	**- 4+**
Thorough Cleaning	**- 5+**
Surgical Dissection	**- 6**

2. Roll 1d6 per 100lbs. of Flesh

Once the type of cleaning has been chosen, roll 1d6 for every 100lbs. of edible flesh and compare to the chosen cleaning. An equal or higher roll means that piece of flesh was successfully carved, while a lower roll means the flesh was spoiled or ruined in some fashion.

3. Collect Goods if Successful.

For every successful roll collect goods based on the chosen cleaning.

Crude Cleaning - 1d3 common goods

Basic cleaning - 2d3 common, 1 uncommon

Efficient cleaning - 3d3 common, 1d3 uncommon

Thorough cleaning - 4d3 common, 2d3 uncommon, 1 rare

Surgical Dissection - 5d3 common, 3d3 uncommon, 1d3 rare

CONSIDERATIONS:

Proficiency: A character who is proficient in cleaning animals due to background or class may be permitted to add to the dice roll or roll with advantage.

Time: A character may choose to take an extra hour to clean a piece of flesh. For every extra hour they take they add 1 to the dice roll. Conversely, a character may choose to do a fast cleaning, halving the time but increasing the dice roll needed by 2.

GOODS

After the cleaning is complete, a character will be left with a pile of goods. In ascending value they are:

Common Goods: Fats and meat. Each one may be converted into a single supply, or the characters may have a **FEAST** and eat all of the common goods to relieve one point of exhaustion.

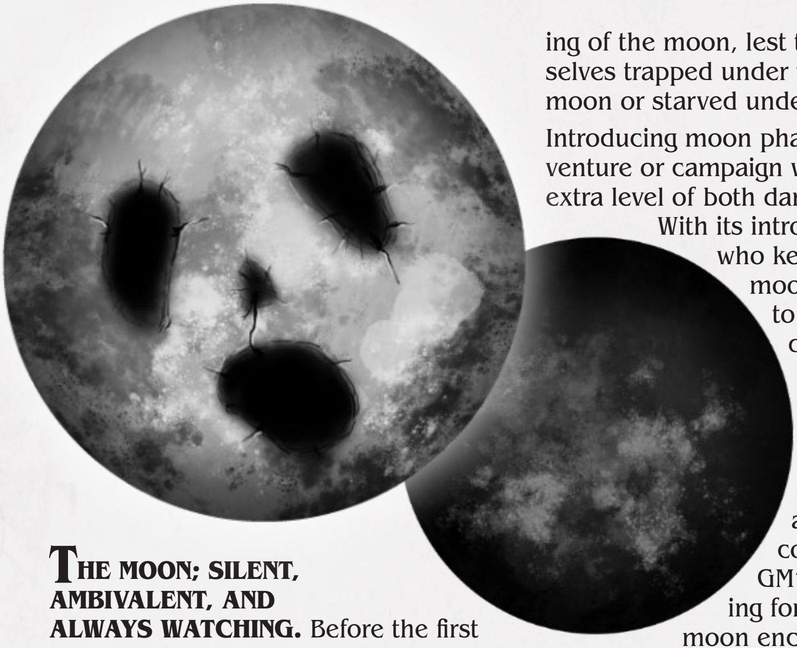
Uncommon: Organs, pelts and bones. Can be sold for a humble profit of 2d6 gold.

Rare: Strange, extraordinary, or magical parts. Can be sold for a substantial profit of 6d10 gold.

d10	Random Uncommon Good
1	A handful of genitals.
2	Tight, springy tendons.
3	Healthy unbroken bones.
4	An unscathed skull.
5	A fresh heart.
6	Delicious bone marrow.
7	Undamaged organs.
8	A good hide.
9	Some very clean teeth.
10	A still wet tongue.

d10	Random Rare Good
1	An organ that writhes about like an earthworm.
2	A bone that hums when struck.
3	An eye whose colors shift in the light.
4	Nervous tissue that clings and twists like ivy.
5	A preposterously perfect pelt.
6	A heart that twitches in the moonlight.
7	Bile that eats away metal, but nothing else.
8	A live vestigial twin.
9	A brain that seems to whisper.
10	A row of teeth, entirely fused together.

The Moon Phases



THE MOON; SILENT, AMBIVALENT, AND ALWAYS WATCHING. Before the first signs of life began to creep across the surface of the word, she had danced a thousand steps in its sky. The world bends to her will and so does every sentient creature, whether they know it or not. It is because of this inexplicable influence that blood runs hot and free on nights of the full moon. All the while the moon watches, silent and impassive.

THE PHASES OF THE MOON HAVE LONG-REACHING AND DANGEROUS EFFECTS ON THE WILDS. Over the course of a lunar phase, wildlife and monsters will grow more violent and unpredictable as the full moon grows closer. Conversely, wilderness encounters occur less and less the closer to a new moon and hunters have trouble tracking their quarry under the lightless sky. However, the moon is not without her tricks, and strange unearthly phases can occur without warning, bringing about great boons or terrible curses. Wise hunters and adventurers are careful to note the waxing and waning of the moon, lest they find themselves trapped under the dangerous full moon or starved under a new moon.

Introducing moon phases into an adventure or campaign world allows for an extra level of both danger and strategy. With its introduction, players who keep note of the moon have a chance to plan ahead, predicting the best time to make a foray into the Wilds based on what phase the moon is at. It also represents a constant tool at the GM's disposal, allowing for terrible full-moon encounters or strange lunar-based rituals to be introduced. The moon is both a wondrous boon and terrible threat, in the end allowing for both strategy and a sense of immersion from players and GM alike.

d20	Random Moon Phases
1	**New Moon** – 1-in-6 Chance of wilderness encounter everyday, disadvantage on hunting
2-4	**Waxing Crescent** – 2-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter
5-7	**Half** – 3-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter
8-10	**Waxing Gibbous** – 4-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter
11	**Full Moon** - 5-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter. Weak light from the full moon.
12-14	**Waning Gibbous** – 4-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter
15-17	**Half** – 3-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter
18-20	**Waning Crescent** – 2-in-6 chance of wilderness encounter

NOTES:

It is recommended the GM keep strict track of the lunar calendar for the campaign world. In the words of Gary Gygax: **YOU CANNOT HAVE A MEANINGFUL CAMPAIGN IF STRICT TIME RECORDS ARE NOT KEPT.** The moon phases are no different, and it is unfair to curse a party with a full moon purely out of randomness, story, or spite. The moon should be worked with, not just a convenient hazard.

SPECIAL MOONS

The moon has many strange and hidden phases, each with terrible and miraculous effects. Any one of the phases may occur either periodically or randomly, or may replace the effects of a full moon (GM's discretion).

Blood Moon - Double Chance of wilderness encounter and quantity encountered. The land is smothered in a ghastly red glow, the sound of beast and animals drift through the air that smells faintly of copper and blood.

Demented Moon – Rolls against madness or mind-affecting effects are at disadvantage. The moonlight pulses with manic energy, the light seems hypnotic and terrifying all at once, racing thoughts spill from mouths like drool.

Conjurer's Moon – Magic spells are twice as powerful, but have a chance of backfiring horribly. The moon shifts with an iridescent glow, the sky shimmers with a crackling aurora, the magic in the air feels like an incoming lightning storm.

Gentle Moon – Healing magic is doubled, and emotions are calmed. The moon is quiet and beams with a steady radiance, it feels warm without heat, the light caressing all with a gentle touch.

Sower's Moon – Life grows rapidly and out of control. The moonlight seems to quiver and throb in the sky, minute life seems to pulse with a horrid conscious, the air seems to fill with spore and spawn.

d10	Names	Random Moon Description
1	**Morislathe**	Small as a penny, the color of rough jade, it seems to flicker at times.
2	**Grun**	The sized of a balled fist, a pale ghostly color, a gentle hum is heard when it is full.
3	**Auloi**	The size of an apple, a faint pale fuchsia, it is shattered and pieces drift near.
4	**Lukattab**	Fills the sky, blue like corpse-flesh, the craters seem likened to faces.
5	**Chandri**	Large as a wagon-wheel, a bright yellow glow, seems to give off warmth when full.
6	**Maane**	The size of a grapefruit, bone white with red dusting, its surface changes each year.
7	**Kuut**	An orb of rich smooth dark grey, its distance and size changes greatly.
8	**Baretkh**	The size of a hand mirror, pale grey and reflective, the surface has great dark holes.
9	**Selenea**	The size of a fat coin, like rusted copper, strange geometric shapes cover it.
10	**Goa Kuys**	Twin Moons (Roll again for each)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

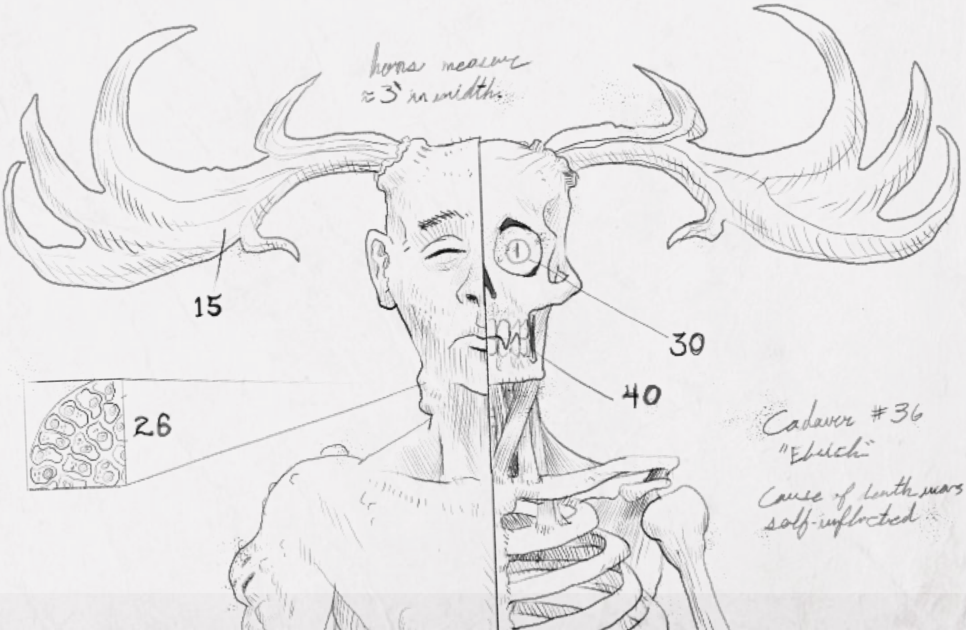
THE WILDS ARE NOT JUST A PLACE, BUT A FORCE. More primal and powerful than even the greatest of archmages and hierophants it is beholden to no one. With such raw power, it is impossible to enter its domain and walk away unchanged. It is known as “The Call of the Wilds,” a pervasive and subtle change for mortals who walk its hallowed grounds. Sometimes it is in the form of madness, other times in terrible mutations; in either case its touch is both undeniable and inevitably inescapable.

The following table represents “The Call of the Wilds,” a series of changes that can occur to a character in the Wilds. They are bizarre effects and mutations brought on by their new, terrible environment. What prompts a roll on this table is up to the GM, but is usually brought on by one of the following events listed in the accompanying chart.

Groups who wish to use this rule should discuss whether or not to allow a saving throw to resist the changes.

POSSIBLE TRIGGERS FOR A CALL

- **Spending more than a month in the Wilds, without contact with civilization.**
- **Dropping to 0 hit points.**
- **Becoming infected with a terrible disease.**
- **Sustaining 4 levels of exhaustion.**
- **Consuming the flesh of another intelligent being.**
- **Uncovering a terrible secret.**
- **Surviving an encounter with a the Skulk or some other legendary creature.**
- **A Skaalmage's Wyrd-Curse.**



d50	CALL OF THE WILD
1	You read by eating. Written language makes no sense to you anymore, you instead comprehend words and writing by eating them. Each book, scroll, or written word you eat is immediately comprehended as if you had just read it.
2	Barkskin. Your skin grows hard and pebbled with bark, much like a tree. You are less susceptible to damage but fine motor skills are made difficult.
3	Lunar paranoia. The moon is watching you and every move you make. You need to protect yourself from its vision and touch, lest it finally decides to ambush you.
4	Fertile Skin. Small seedlings and miniature life sprouts from under your skin. They are painful at times and will continue to grow despite your best efforts.
5	Blood Scent. By smelling and tasting the air you can detect the faint traces of recently spilled blood within 100 feet of you. By tasting the blood with your tongue you are able to accurately predict the size and general physiology of the creature.
6	You can sense heartbeats within 15 feet of you. It comes as a slight vibration inside your skull, allowing you to sense the exact location of a living creature even without vision or sound.
7	Echolocation. You absentmindedly click your tongue in various directions and sense the returning vibrations. You can "see" with your echolocation out to a range of 50ft.
8	Societal Disdain. You begin to hate cities, towns, and civilization as a whole. Any interactions you make with people who are unfamiliar with the Wilds tend to be hostile or unhelpful.
9	Your body slowly loses all fat and your skin begins to tighten, giving you the visage of a corpse.
10	You never forget a smell. Your olfactory organs keen and you pick up on subtle scents and aromas. Once you have smelled something you can immediately identify it if you smell it again.
11	You body hair lengthens. Growing thick in places where it already grows heavily, it provides you some warmth in the night.
12	Internal Alarm Clock. Your mind subconsciously keeps a timer running, giving you the ability to perfectly count a set amount of time. You can specify how long you sleep down to the second and awake without tardiness.
13	You come to believe and accept your utter insignificance in the Wilds, becoming ambivalent to your own suffering.
14	Twitchy eyes. Your eyes are constantly darting about and taking in your surroundings, making you excellent at spotting tiny details or avoiding possible traps.
15	Overgrown Antlers. Sharp and bony horns or antlers grow from your skull. They must be shaved every week or grow out of control.
16	Magic Sense. You can smell magic within close proximity and the stronger the magic the stronger the smell. Various magics have different scents, but you are able to distinguish them as magic at any given point.
17	A terrible and powerful word has taken residence inside your gut. Once per day you must scream it out, dealing 1d10 sonic damage to all who can hear it, or risk having it burst from your stomach.
18	You hate to be seen by "the civilized folk." When traveling, you avoid caravans or traveling merchants, preferring to hide amongst the trees and underbrush.
19	You are compelled to eat every possible piece of your hunting prey. Organs, cartilage, even bones by either boiling or grinding. You cannot waste anything.
20	Perfect Weather Prediction. By standing on the very top of a tree and strenuously observing with all of your senses for 30 minutes, you can accurately predict the weather for the next 24 hours.
21	Scrawl Carver. Strange symbols and designs dance in your head. You need to carve them onto trees or the symbols will begin to appear on your body in painful fashion. Some of the symbols and scrawl hold power.
22	The trees sing to you. If you tilt your head back, close your eyes and hum, you pick up a subtle melodic vibration from the trees around you. The trees can communicate direction, emotions, or danger if they feel like helping you.
23	You are followed by a ghost that terrifies you. It is always just at the edge of your vision and never speaks. It warns you when an ambush is near by producing either a song or whistle that only you can hear. Don’t let it touch you, or it will possess you.
24	Hypersensitive ears. Your ears become attuned to even the smallest of noises including the wing-beats of a moth or the footfalls of a single spider. You are susceptible to noises and can become easily deafened.
25	Night Speak. In the dead of night, if you gaze into the darkness between the trees long enough, you begin to understand its language. It is whispers and drones, almost impossible to understand; but still attainable. It is the language of secrets.

d50	CALL OF THE WILD
26	Your flesh re-grows rapidly. You heal 1d4 hit points every hour as your flesh warps and stitches itself together. However, it has a habit of sprouting large horrible growths that must be cut off or else sprout a mutant pygmy of yourself.
27	Your fingernails lengthen into claws. They grow to a point, thickening and growing strong as iron. They function as daggers.
28	A strange fungus is growing inside your digestive tract. It is excellent at neutralizing ingested poisons and toxins, but requires you to eat twice the normal amount.
29	Your limbs lengthen and toughen, allowing you to gallop on all fours. If not wielding anything in your hands you can move using all four limbs, doubling your speed.
30	Your eyes go slitted and cat-like. They reflect in the night and are slightly better at seeing in the dark. More importantly they're quite intimidating.
31	Dreamseek. At least once a month you are visited by a terrifying vivid dream that reveals the location of a demigod. The dreams are broken, fractured, and surreal, but with enough time they can be used to plot a course to whatever great and terrible entity plagues your dreams.
32	You are incapable of digesting cooked food. Meat and vegetables must be eaten raw or you immediately grow ill and vomit. You suffer no ill effects from eating the food raw, however.
33	Bestial howl. You can let loose a terrible howling roar from deep within your gut, terrifying lesser beings within ear shot. It hurts to do and is loud enough to send a small vibration through the air.
34	Feral eating tendencies. Anytime something dies or falls unconscious near you, you must make a concerted effort in order to not immediately begin devouring them. You will not do this to your close friends or allies, unless you're starving.
35	Terraphobia. You are terrified of the ground swallowing you whole. You will not sleep on the ground at night, choosing raised platforms or trees and actively avoid caves or caverns. It's not as crazy a fear as others might believe...
36	Voiceless. You grow used to the strange silence of the Wilds. You avoid speaking when possible but are adept at picking up on the subtlest of body language, even scents, tics, and pheromones.
37	Your skeleton begins to shift into a more feral shape. Over time, your skull begins to lengthen, your teeth fall out to be replaced with fangs, and your limbs extend. You suffer -1 Charisma but gain +1 Strength and Dexterity.
38	You can speak to vermin. They understand you and follow your commands if they are willing to do so. Offering them food or a favor can increase the chances of them accompanying you.
39	Faceless. You can't bear to show your face. You must find or make a face covering object and are loathe to remove it.
40	Hyperdontia. New teeth grow sharp like fangs, giving you a vicious bite for 1d6 damage. Unfortunately, they continuously grow and must be pried out weekly or risk a mouth crowded with teeth.
41	Stoic Mind. It is difficult for you to display or feel emotions. It is unnerving to most but gives you advantage against madness and mind-affecting spells.
42	Wyrd Mood. Your mind swims with designs and schema of something strange and powerful. You have the knowledge and skill necessary to begin construction of one random artifact. The materials, time, and magic necessary are all known to you as well as where to find them.
43	You eyes go pale and iris-less. They unnerve civilized folk and grant the respect of wilder folk.
44	Saint's Blood. Your blood has healing qualities! Drinking a pint of you blood heals 1d6 hit points and allows an extra save against poisons and disease.
45	Sigils and glyphs begin to appear on your body like tattoos. They can be deciphered with dedicated study and can be everything from eldritch spells to anecdotes that make little sense.
46	Your strength ebbs and flows with the phases of the moon. One random ability score increases and decreases based on how full the moon is.
47	You can hear precious metals, gems, and treasure "calling" to you. If you close your eyes and hum you can detect a strange frequency of buried or hidden treasure within 50 ft. Mundane items are a more "soft" frequency while magical items are hard and grating.
48	Chameleon. Your skin slowly changes color and texture over the course of 1d6 days to better suit the environment you're in. Once fully changed you have advantage on hiding and not being seen.
49	You understand FANGSPEK, the language of Ravagers. It is crude and vicious, but has a primal charm to it.
50	Your hair grows 1 foot per day, and is stringy and tough. It can be fashioned into rope and is as strong as silk.

BECOMING LOST

THE WOODS ARE A LABYRINTH. Larger than anything the mortals have constructed; it offers no reason nor sense of direction. To enter into it is to be at its mercy. Pray your wits are strong enough...

Straying away from a marked trail or destination presents a danger. While an experienced navigator may be able to find their way without trail or marking, one misstep is all it takes to become a victim of the arbor maze.

BECOMING LOST

Anytime a party or character strays far enough away from a road, trail, or marked path, they risk becoming lost. The first time they make such a foray into the Wilds they must roll 1d6 and beat a 6, with a 1 always being an automatic failure. Success means they maintain the course and continue on their way, while failure indicates they become lost.

As well, this roll can be modified based on the supplies, skills, or precautions the characters have made before entering.

Equipment	Advantage
A good map, a compass, or a known location.	+1 to roll
A guide or local to the area.	+2 to roll
Has skill in navigation or survival.	Roll with advantage.

BEING LOST

The amount of time you are lost is dependent on how treacherous an environment you are traveling in. Small copses and hillside forests are much easier to navigate than body-snatching mire.

Reputation	Time Lost
Reputable woods	1d6 hours
Game lands	1d3x6 hours
True wilderness	1d6x6 hours
Dangerous woods	1d10x6 hours
Utterly deadly	1d10 days
None ever return	3d6 Days

Each full day spent being lost requires each character to use 3 supplies or suffer the effects of a **SUFFERING** Surviving the Night Roll (pg. 14), as being lost wears on the body and soul far more than regular travel.

REGAINING BEARINGS

When the characters finally find themselves unlost they wind up in a random location of the GM's choice.

d8	RETURN LOCATION
1	Exactly where you started.
2	A ruined camp, containing corpses of dead adventures and some of their goods.
3	A burned out hut, a root cellar contains some unspoiled food and strong liquor.
4	Rocky outcropping that leads to an abandoned den, some gold has been stashed.
5	A clearing near a river with a lonely fisherman, they are helpful but wary of you.
6	Standing stones with piles of burnt bodies stacked near, a warning written in blood.
7	A tree bearing the visage of a lady, lit candles and offerings piled in reverence.
8	A shack with a sect of crazed monks, they offer strange meat and dark stories.

MADNESS

MORTAL MINDS ARE NOT SUITED FOR THE WILDS. So easily they are bent and broken by the things that lurk unseen by the civilized world. It is not uncommon to find hunter's "touched" in the mind with strange habits and thoughts, or groups of maddened souls hiding in some squalid dwelling. Even the most hardened killers or adventures must brace their mind for the living nightmare that is the Wilds, or fall victim to the claws of madness.

MADNESS IS A PERSISTENT INJURY OF THE MIND. Because of the shock or terror brought on by the horrors of the Wilds, many minds break or readjust themselves in twisted and uncomfortable ways. As a game element, Madness can occur when a character endures some form of terrible trauma that would require a Wisdom or Will save.

The following list includes groups of various madnesses, ranging from odd quirks and tics, to debilitating or dangerous states of mind. They can be used as a replacement or addition to any other system the GM is using.

d6	QUIRKS - Tics and habits.
1	**Totem Maker** - You spend your free time creating elaborate albeit grotesque effigies of creatures and deities. You are must seek out and pick up strange odds and ends for your creations, it's what they want.
2	**Scratches** - You run your fingernails across a patch of skin. Sometimes you are gentle, caressing old scars and scabs; other times forceful, carving into your skin just to feel the pain.
3	**Repeat, Repeat** - You need to repeat certain phrases and words or small motor tasks over and over again. You're terrified of what might happen if you get it wrong, it needs to be "right."
4	**Filthy** - You find no reason to bathe or groom yourself. The stench and filth builds upon you over time. It's okay, you hardly smell it anymore.
5	**Idle Chatter** - You are constantly chattering to yourself, wild animals, inanimate objects, or heavenly bodies. They don't always respond, but that just means you have to keep trying.

6 **Autocannibalism** - You are constantly picking off and eating pieces of yourself. Hair, skin, scabs; it all must be collected and returned to your body.

MAD - Crazed actions or thoughts.

1 **Into the Dark** - There is something hidden deep in the Wilds. You know it. You have to press on, you have to find what's hiding in the dark. You can't rest until you find that damned secret.

2 **Offerings** - The Wilds are hungry. It'll eat you all if you're not careful, but you know what to do. If you offer up a meal and some of your supplies to the Wilds every night you'll all be safe. No one must stop you. No one must know.

3 **Book of Flesh** - You see the most beautiful patterns and drawings behind your eyelids. They need to be written down, but paper won't do. Never paper. You must carve them into your skin. It's like you're a book! A book of wonderful pictures.

4 **Moon's Lover** - The sun burns. The light is horrid. You prefer the night. It's quiet, it's cool, and you get to spend time with the moon. It's so beautiful. You couldn't stand to be without it. Who needs the sun anyway?

5 **Sinner's Ghosts** - They follow you. Ghosts that is, ghosts of the many you have felled. They lurk just out of your vision, hiding behind trees, but you can hear them. They hate you. They'll kill you if they have the chance.

6 **Eschew the Shield** - Shields are for the weak, all armor is. You'll have none of it! Mankind needs to be stronger on their own and it starts with you. You'll show them.

DEEP MADNESS - Dangerous.

1 **The Weak Are Meat** - It all makes sense now. Our world is built on bloodshed for a reason! Those that die are the meat and sustenance of the strong. You can't help yourself sometimes, those that fall before you are your rightful sup, no matter who they are, even your so-called "friends." The weak are meat, and the strong do eat...

2 **I'm Home** - The world makes no sense. The laws and trivial customs are just a thin mask over reality. The Wilds make much more sense, you will never leave it or set foot on civilized ground ever again. You are finally home.

3 **We're All Just Beasts** - "Humanity" is an illusion, we're all just animals that were better at killing than the rest. It's time to eschew such things as modesty, or decency. Even language and restraint is a foul perversion of the animals we are. Walk on all fours, scream like a beast, this is the way it is meant to be!

4 **Metal is a Sin** - It is an abomination. All metal is a sinful tragedy that has made mortals weak. You will not be swayed by its hideous gifts though! No metal will touch your body unless you seek to destroy it.

5 **The Grand Ritual** - Sigils, signs, numbers, words, places, time. Your mind swims with the weight of these disparate thought. But it makes sense to you. All of these ideas are pieces of something larger, a great and powerful ritual unlike any the world has seen, and you have been blessed as its architect! Nothing must stop you, it is too important.

6 **Too Much Skin** - It occurs to you now that you have too much skin. No one can convince you what you know is true. You need to remove it, otherwise the skin will overtake you. There are others like you, and together you all dance naked and free of skin in the dark.

BEASTS OF
BRANCH & BONE

READING THE STAT BLOCKS

The monsters are laid out in a system-neutral fashion. This allows it to be usable by most systems, with some small modifications at the GM's discretion.

- **AC** - The Armor Class (or Armor Rating) is a measure of how hard it is to hit a creature, relative to player characters' armor. ("Scale" is as hard to hit as scale armor, and so forth.)
- **HD** - Determines Hit points, attack bonus, saves, and DC of abilities. What this means is a creature with 4HD will have the following stats:

  Hit points as a Cleric of equal level (1d8+1d8+1d8+1d8).

  Attack bonus as an average fighter of equal level (Fighter level 4).

  Saves as a character of equal level (typically Fighter).

  Difficulty saves for spells and abilities should be treated as a character of equal level (Cleric/Wizard Level 4).
- **HIT POINTS** - Rather than roll for hit points every time, the recommended Hit Points can be used for convenience.
- **MOVE** - Standard is the average speed of an unencumbered human. Double Standard and Half Standard are based off of that.
- **DAMAGE** - The damage of each successful attack. Multiple damage listings mean the creature makes multiple attacks.
- **QUANTITY** - How many creatures are usually found at a given time.
- **XP** - The experience points awarded for defeating the creature, given in 5e terms. Other systems may be more or less.
- **SPECIAL** - Some creatures have special attacks and abilities that are detailed below. Some abilities replace the creature's regular attack and are listed with **AS ATTACK** in their descriptor.

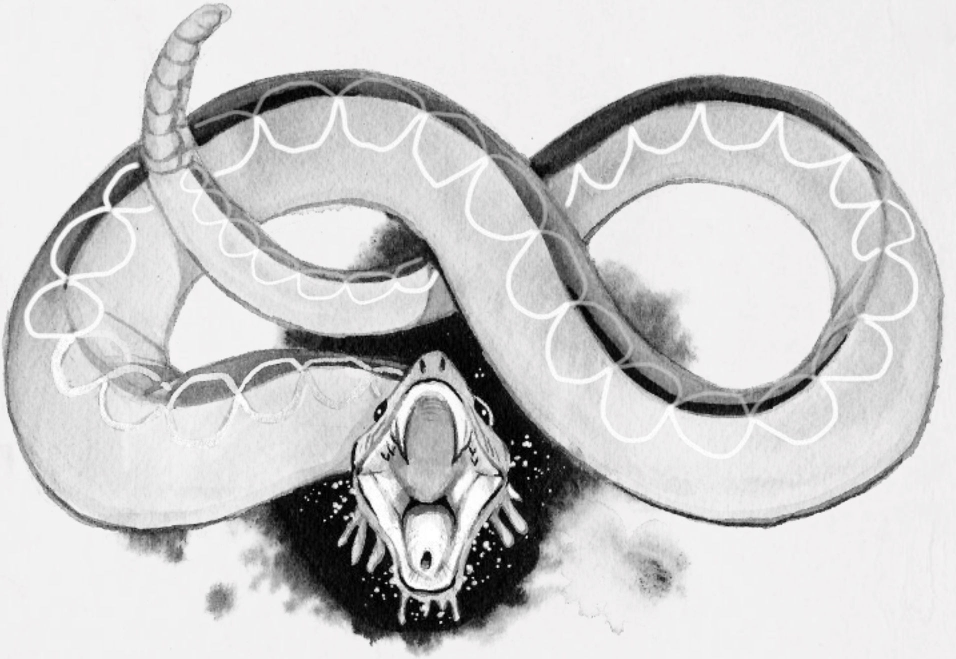
GOODS:

Some creatures include a sidebar specifically for possible useful trophies, items, or materials that can be gleaned from their bodies.

Each one is marked with a rarity, a description, and some of the possible abilities or quirks it has.

This is meant to be used with the "Cleaning a Body" ruleset (pg. 18) but can also be adapted as a possible loot drop or treasure.

AILIPER



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 5
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d4 Plus Disease
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Clutch 1d6
- **XP:** 100
- **DISEASE-RIDDEN BITE:** Save versus poison or contract a random disease (changes with each bite).

THE SOUND OF BEADS STRIKING ONE ANOTHER IN A RISING RATTLE. A fat reptilian coil the color of a bruise, laced with a white double-helix pattern running down its back sits with its wide fanged mouth agape; the insides the color of warm pus. It reeks, like a military hospital, or the sickbed of someone dying; the foul stench of illness surrounds this horrid little thing.

A VENOMOUS SNAKE'S GREATEST WEAPON tends to be the lethal chemicals it stores in its glands. A dangerous injection that renders prey or assailant incapacitated. However, the Ailiper has crafted a different way of subduing opponents.

INSIDE ITS SPECIALIZED SACS FESTER A VIRTUAL PETRI DISH OF DISEASE AND MALADY. This lethal concoction simmers with nearly every recorded pathogen, as well as some specifically found only in the Ailiper. A single bite from an Ailiper risks contracting anything from measles to scarlet fever, while a second bite may contain an entirely different disease.

THE AILIPER HUNTS IN THE COOL OF NIGHT, seeking prey with an elaborate heat detecting sense. It may not kill in the first bite, this it understands, but by infecting its prey it weakens it with disease while also making it an unwitting pathological vector. As the disease spreads, the Ailiper finds easy meals amongst the newly affected. Entire ecosystems or populaces have been decimated due to a single Ailiper bite.

AN AILIPER MAKES ITS HOME AMONGST UNDERBRUSH, inside tree hollows, swimming in warm mires, or under the floorboards of a house. It does not seek large prey, as it cannot swallow anything larger than a rabbit or small cat. It does, however, stand its ground like a cotton-mouth when threatened; preferring to inflict at least one or two strikes before fleeing to someplace out of reach.

RARE GOOD:

AILIPER PHAGE - A vile brown substance the consistency of milk with an iridescent sheen.

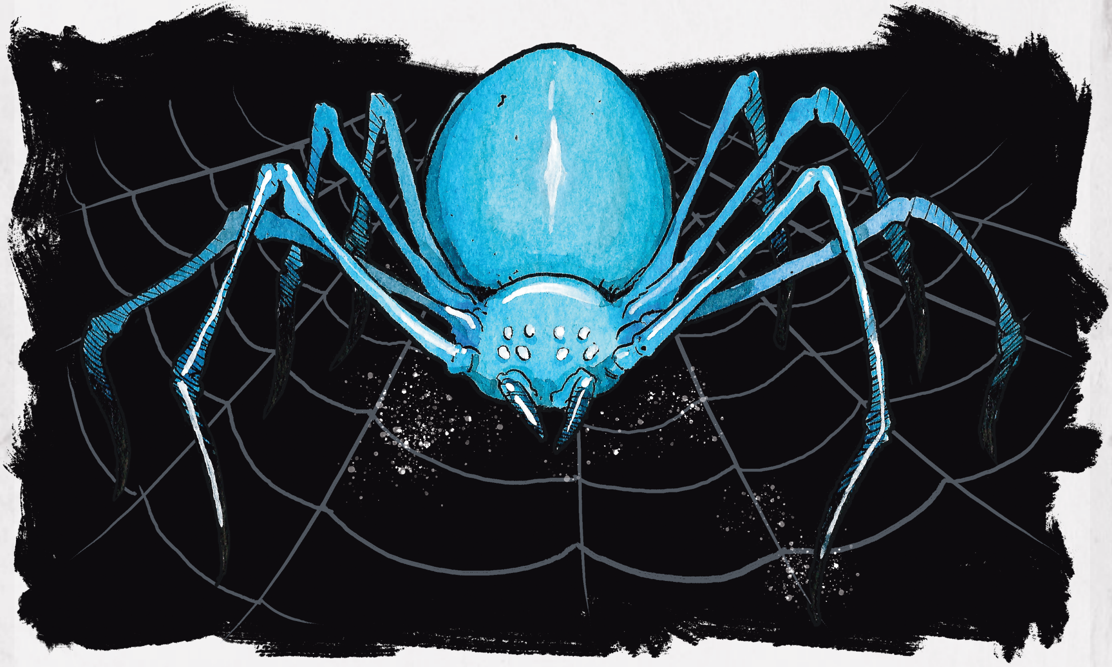
This concoction of diseases is drawn from the sacs of the Ailiper. While incredibly dangerous (breathing the air near it risks infection), the substance is quite valuable to some, as it can be processed at an alchemy lab into a miraculous cure-all, known as Protean Vaccine.

RANDOM DISEASES

The following is a chart for generating random diseases on the fly, including a name with some superficial symptoms and effects. Each one is cured with two consecutive saves (save each day) or lasts 1d4x1d4 days.

D12	Prefix	Suffix	Effect
1	Saint Leggatti's	Wart	You are terrible to behold.
2	Crimson	Boils	Your scent attracts vicious wild animals.
3	Scathing	Fissures	You are 50% blind.
4	Gripping	Nausea	Poison automatically affects you.
5	Black Rot	Scabs	You are weakened in strength.
6	Pale-blood	Filth	Reading and concentrating are difficult.
7	Reaving Knight	Fever	Your fingers are jittery and uncoordinated.
8	Southerner's	Cramps	You cannot move as fast.
9	Spore Scum	Rash	You have a 25% chance of vomiting up any food you eat.
10	Festering	Consumption	Constant unrelenting diarrhea.
11	Pusing	Headache	You have trouble sleeping.
12	Night Duchess	Cough	Prone to narcolepsy, even in dire situations.

ARCANIS ARACHNI



- **ARMOR CLASS:** None (automatically hit)
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD (1 HP each)
- **HIT POINTS:** 1
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1
- **QUANTITY:** Cluster 1d3x10 or Swarm 2d4x10
- **XP:** 10 XP each
- **INHERENT MAGICS:** As long as their webs are unaffected, the Arcanis Arachni can collectively cast one spell per turn.
- **SPELL-WEBS:** A group of Arcanis Arachni know 1d6 random spells between level 0-3.

DELICATE UNSEEN STRANDS OF SPIDER-SILK CATCH THE LIGHT EVER SO FAINTLY. Tracing them up into the canopy of trees or brush reveals a great intricate web that seems to flicker and spark with a strange energy, tiny pieces of bug and animal tightly ensnared in its patterns. Clusters of tiny arachnid shapes diligently weave patterns in the silk that resembles symbols and runes. As the little motes cross over the web they seem to glow gently and give off a scent of ozone.

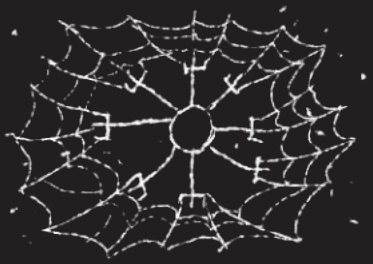
THEY ARE NO BIGGER THAN AN ACORN, with their eight little legs stretched. Their midnight blue bodies terminating into a gradient of black at the tips of their legs, while their milky white eyes gleam with some alien menace. There is nothing special about a single one of them. To anyone who doesn't know of their true nature they are just some common garden variety spider. Despite their pathetic form they hide a secret, an innate affinity for the arcane that many greater beings may never hope to achieve.

THEY WEAVE THEIR WEBS IN THE SHAPE OF SPELLS. Some innate behavior their species was either gifted with or learned long ago. They seem unable to comprehend what it is they are doing, each one no smarter than a typical spider, pursuing basic animal needs. Yet together, in their multiplicitous colonies, they weave their communal webs into glyphs and incantations that channel primal arcane energies. Through some shared hive mind they activate and cast their spell-webs, each one moving in complement to another, like the hand movements of a skilled conjurer.

IT IS THEIR SHARED ARCANE POWER that fascinates so many of the scholarly world, their ability to comprehend magic purely through instinct is of much academic study. They also attract the attention of wizards and the like, fascinated in seeing the primal delicate magics that they weave, perhaps envious of these diminutive creatures. Their power also brings in less savory sorts: mercenaries and adventurers looking to steal and sell their webs to arcanists and wizards capable of transcribing them, or better yet, an entire colony, alive and unharmed.

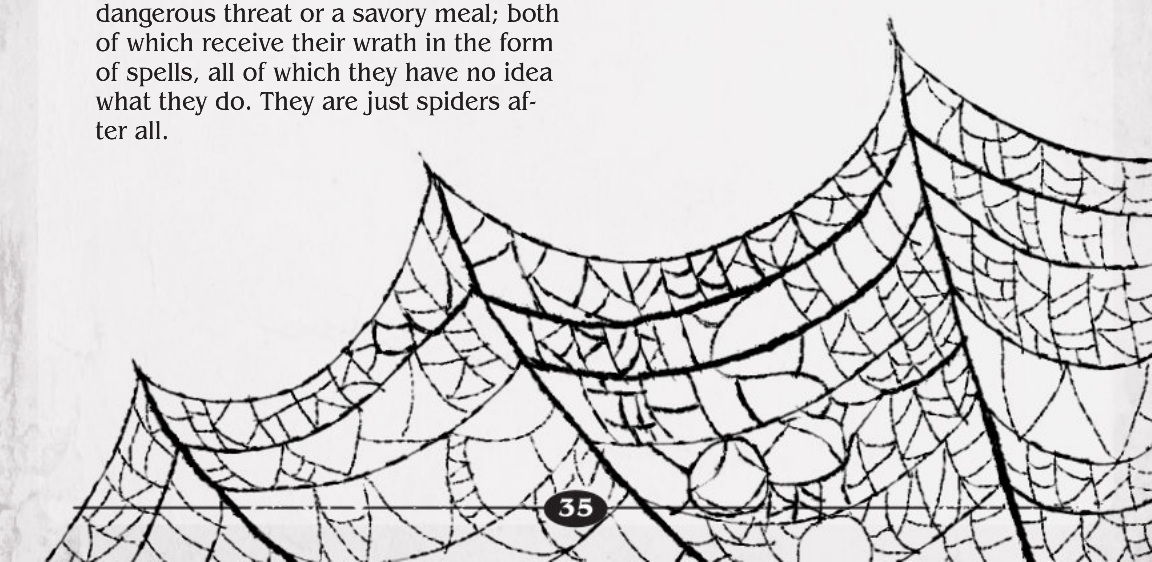
THE SPIDERS HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THIS WORLD OUTSIDE OF THEIR OWN. To them, anything that makes their way into their domain is either a dangerous threat or a savory meal; both of which receive their wrath in the form of spells, all of which they have no idea what they do. They are just spiders after all.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

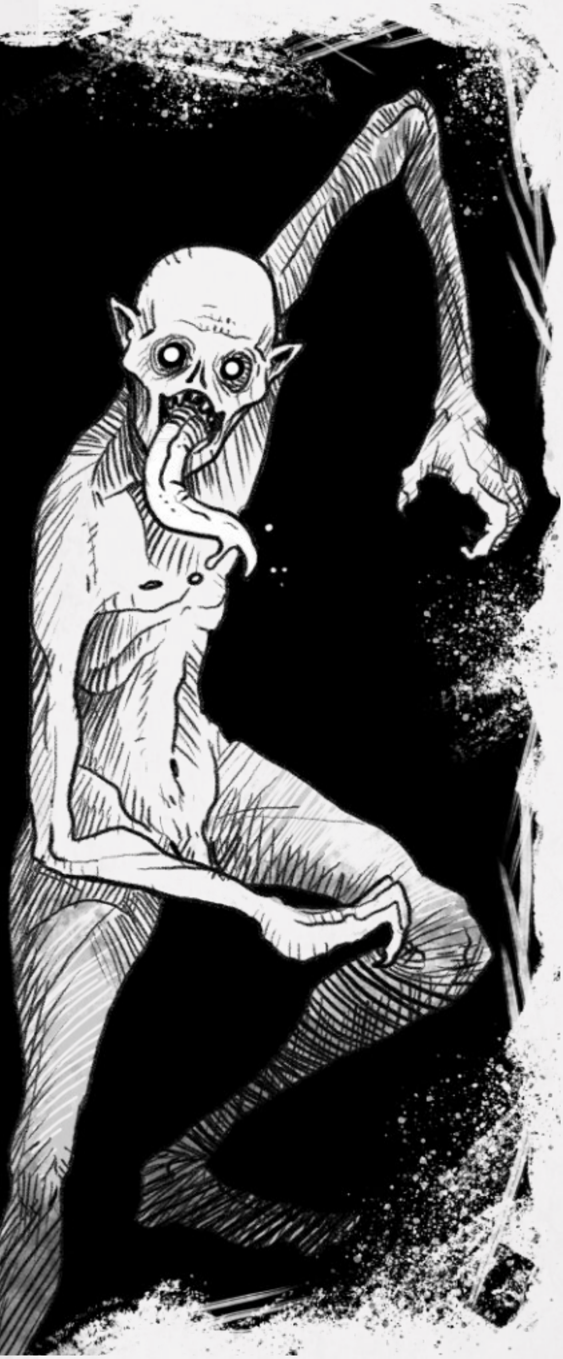


SCROLL WEB -- The delicate gossamer threads weave together into arcane inscriptions and glyphs; beautiful and primal in their construction.

Each web contains one random spell of third level or lower, and function in almost every way like a spell scroll. However, they can only be transported with a careful removal, placement on a flat surface, and preparation with a bonding agent; all of which takes at least an hour.



BAUIK



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Studded Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 4HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 22
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Ragged Nails 1d8
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Pack 1d4
- **SENSES:** Sight, Sound, Smell
- **XP:** 800XP
- **SILVER TONGUE:** Save versus Charm or be compelled to follow the orders of the Bauik
- **NIMBLE BODY:** Despite its size, The Bauik can fit through spaces as small as 1 foot by 1 foot.
- **LIGHTLESS LAIR:** Light sources, magical or otherwise, become supernaturally dimmed within a Bauik's lair. Providing light only out to 5 feet.

THE CREATURE RESEMBLES A HUMAN, THIN AND RAGGED on two legs with a pair of long spindly arms that sway back and forth with each awkward gait. As it approaches its victims, with crooked half-steps and uncanny jerks, its terrible nature is revealed.

THE MONSTROSITY STANDS TALL EVEN WITH ITS HUNCH. Its skin stretches tightly over its bony frame, its arms and legs end in blackened filthy talons, and it gazes hungrily with eyes the color of spoiled milk. The creature's skin is usually a darkened earthtone, making it easy for the creature to blend into the dark despite its size. The oddest feature, though, remains its tongue made of pure silver; while supple and fleshy as the creature remains alive, it hardens into a metal state within an hour after death.

IT ABHORS THE SUN, AND IS DAZZLED BY ANY BRIGHT LIGHT. Hiding from the sun during the day, it hunts at night, sometimes in groups of three or more. **INTELLIGENT AND POSSESSING A SUPERNATURAL GUILE,** despite its clearly feral and monstrous nature, it is quite capable of luring those with gullible minds into the dark of the woods to be killed and dragged off into its lair for feeding.

THE BAUIK MAKES IT LAIRS IN THE DARK FORGOTTEN PARTS OF THE WILDS; in loamy holes, damp crevices, gnarled root beds, and abandoned cabins. As long as there is darkness the creature is content. Whatever form this lair takes, it is kept meticulously clean, dusting away its own tracks, removing wayward detritus, and disposing of any remains of the Bauik's last meal…

The disposal of any remains are made easier by the Bauik's unique habit of consuming every organic part of the creature. This consumption starts with the soft tissue (eyes, tongue, organ), moving then to the meat, followed by the skin, connective tissue, bones, and finally any leather or cloth the creature was wearing. The Bauik will only move on to its next step of consumption when it has completely finished its current task of feeding. While its hunger is ravenous and it needs plenty of food to keep it satisfied, it usually only needs to leave its lair once a month due to this meticulous feeding process.

ANYTHING THE CREATURE CAN'T EAT (METALS, COINS, INORGANIC MATERIAL) IS DISCARDED, buried deep in its lair, usually covered under a foot of packed dirt. Oddly enough, the creature eschews any and all items, despite their clear usefulness, typically resulting in a large (if not dirty) hoard of coin and items. Whenever contact is made (and only ever through force), the Bauik claims it "only takes what it needs, nothing more." These make Bauik lairs prime targets for treasure hunters brave enough to enter into the tight recesses and unnatural darkness of the monster's residence. Those who manage to find the courage to enter find their torches reaching only half as far, and their light spells diminishing much more rapidly than usual.

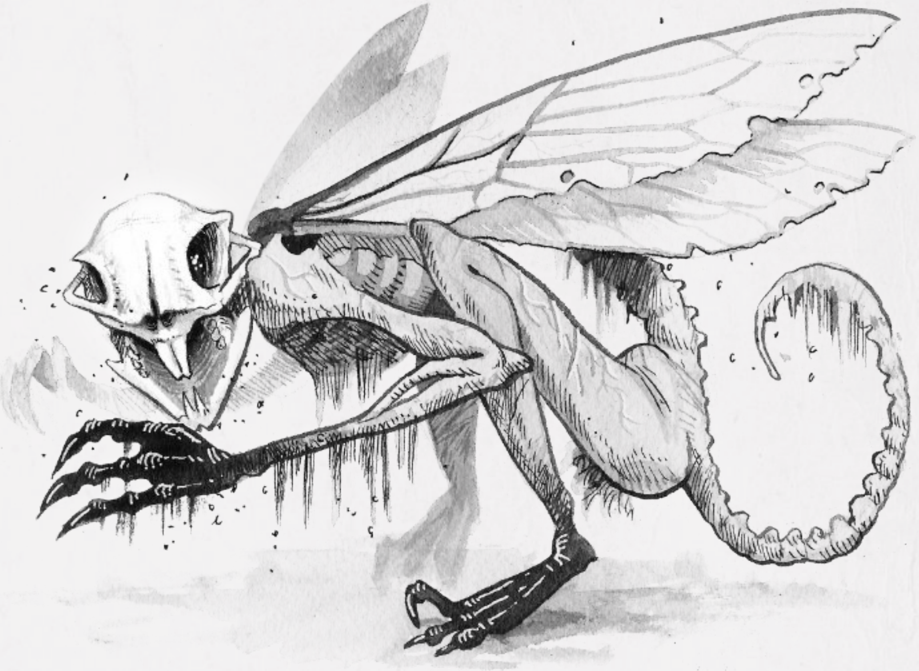
SPECULATION ON THE ORIGINS OF THIS CREATURE ARE CONTESTED in scholarly circles. Stories range from ascetic monks who, in a time of famine, resorted to cannibalism; to highwaymen who were cursed to abandon their wealth, but continue to lure strangers to their deaths. One folk story persists though, and tells of a mad king, who commanded his faithful attendants to gather the riches of the civilized lands, in turn, gifting them silver tongues to ease their words into the minds of the gullible. Each night the attendants go about their bloody work, and each night their lord collects from their spoils, his hoard ever-growing…

UNCOMMON GOOD:

BAUIK TONGUE - A lump of silver in the shape of a tongue still feels warm to the touch.

This lump of metal can be sold for its worth in silver, or slightly more to collectors of the esoteric. However, if secretly worn as a charm and kept out of sight, it grants the wearer advantage on persuasion. Discovery of the use of such a charm is met with open hostility by all.

BLIGHT MOTES



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 10
- **MOVE:** Move Standard
  Fly Double, Burrow Half
- **DAMAGE:** Rotting Needle Teeth 1d4 and Festering Wounds.
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Troupe 1d6+1
- **XP:** 150
- **ROTTING TOUCH:** Anything the Blight Mote touches begins to spoil and rot. Food or water will spoil on contact with their bodies making it dangerous to consume.
- **FESTERING WOUNDS:** They bite with jagged rotted teeth. With each bite, characters must save versus poison or receive a disgusting wound that refuses to close, reducing their hit point maximum by 1d2 for a week.

THEY SMELL AS BAD AS THEY LOOK. A pungent scent of cat piss and spoiled milk is accompanied by the sound of rapid insect-like wing beats and a faint choked laughter. Their bodies are like squirrel skeletons, squatting low and caked in filth. A pair of tattered beetle wings jut from their back, twitching, as a mouth of teeth like yellow needles chitters in a silent maniacal motion.

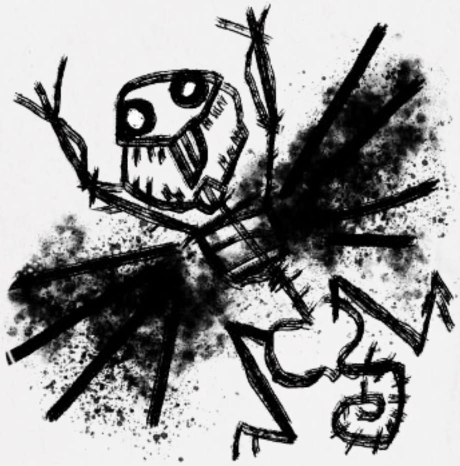
THEY ARE HATED by nearly every being that has ever crossed paths with them. Foul jesters of some loathsome master, they flit from spot to spot like carrion flies over a rotting corpse. Everywhere they go they are accompanied by the smell of putrid food and stagnant water, everything they touch spoiling like eggs in a summer heat. Even bodies of water are rendered filthy by their touch, risking dysentery if drunk from.

THEY ENJOY THEIR POWERS, REVELING IN THE FILTH AND HARDSHIP THEY CREATE, especially with traveler's precious food. To them, they are simply "ripening" the food, holding it in their hands until is is just barely a solid before messily choking it down their cavity-ridden mouths. They cackle as they do so, preferring the rightful owner to witness their desecration.

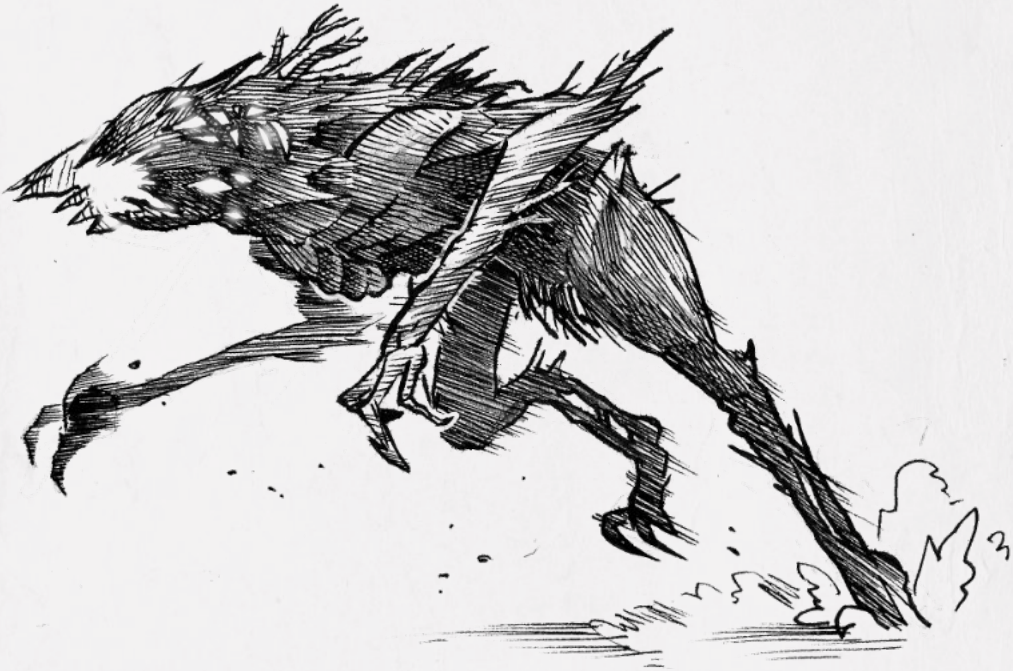
THEY LIVE IN LARGE COMMUNAL DENS. Dug out from the soft earth they're almost indistinguishable from groundhog or vermin holes, save for the unbearable stench of decay. Sleeping only once every few days to digest a particularly rancid meal they consumed, they remain quite active all times a day. Occasionally, during a particularly sweltering summer, they will gather in great swarms to feast and breed. Like a plague of flies they will course out of their dens to despoil the surrounding landscape, ruining crops, soiling wells, all the while copulating in disgusting mid-air acrobatics.

THEY HATE ANYTHING IMMUNE TO THEIR ROTTING TOUCH. They grow frustrated with anything inorganic, attempting to "spoil" metals and stone to no effect. This quirk has birthed a general practice by hunters and travelers to try and trick them into using their powers on inorganic objects, keeping them busy for hours on end in order to avoid having their supplies compromised. This unfortunately risks their seething hatred if they are encountered again. Another way is to get them incredibly drunk, as hard liquor and pure alcohol seems mostly unaffected by their powers for some reason.

THERE IS MUCH SPECULATION INTO WHERE IT IS THEY COME FROM. Some say they are the devotees of some hateful, filthy, deity, working as servants of its will. Another theory puts them as the byproduct of fairies being exposed to the repeated tortuous exposure of some befouled landscape. The final theory suggests that, as wretched and despicable as they are, they are actually a part of the vicious cycle of rot and rebirth present in any ecosystem; far more potent to compensate with the nature of the Wilds.



BLUKSTOUND



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 6HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 32
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Splinter bite and claws 1d6/1d6 and Splinters
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, or pack 1d6
- **XP:** 750
- **SPLINTERS:** The attacks from a Blukstound are painful and splinter-filled. Save versus breath weapon or take disadvantage on all dexterity based checks until you spend an hour removing the splinters.
- **BLITZ:** Leap 15 feet, then attack with advantage for 1d10 and Splinters.
- **VULNERABLE TO COLD:** Frost and cold damage slows their circulation, reducing them to only one attack and half standard speed for one round.

IT GROWLS, THE SOUND LIKE A BUNDLE OF SWITCHES BEING TWISTED TO THEIR BREAKING POINT. Its body lets out a wayward snap as it prowls close to the ground, the cluster of jagged splintered pieces that make up its four limbs twitching independently of one another. It moves in quick sporadic fashions, jerky, but with strange elegance. Its muzzle is that of an eyeless crocodile made of splinters, while a faint glow can be seen where its brain should be. Its scream sounds like trees being felled.

A BLUKSTOUND IS A SAVAGE CREATURE MADE OF SHREDDED WOOD AND SPLINTERED BRANCHES, a jagged amalgamation meant to cut and shred its prey into pieces. They are fierce predators, and are willing to attack prey that similar predators may stray away from. They are also willing to retreat from a fight, returning again and again after their body has recuperated.

THEIR SAVAGE TENACITY STEMS FROM THE HOT, GLOWING SAP THAT PUMPS THROUGH THEIR BODY. This caustic jelly is laced with a series of powerful narcotics and stimulants and has shown to be nearly ten times stronger than adrenaline. It is rumored that a single drop of this chemical is enough to send a timid monk into a frothing rage.

THE BLUKSTOUND PUMPS THIS SAP FROM A STRANGE HEART-LIKE ORGAN FOUND IN ITS CRANIUM, incidentally giving its head the signature internal glow. While this sap is typically a golden amber color, variations in the hue mean variations in the alchemical and physiological properties of the sap. Some Blukstound sap varieties that have been recorded include: the Boiling Crimson, the Soft-Light Viridian, the Dancing Indigo, and the mythic, singular, and utterly illusive Silverglow.

DESPITE THEIR SAVAGERY, BLUKSTOUND ARE A PRIZED ANIMAL TO SOME OF THE FACTIONS WITH THE WILDS. If separated from their mother at an early enough age they can be trained into vicious guard dogs or tenacious hunters. Rumor has it that this is how they first came into being, a creature bred and trained for generations into a voracious killer for guarding and hunting.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

BLUKSTOUND SAP - A vial of sap with the consistency of thick blood glows faintly and swirls with a feral energy.

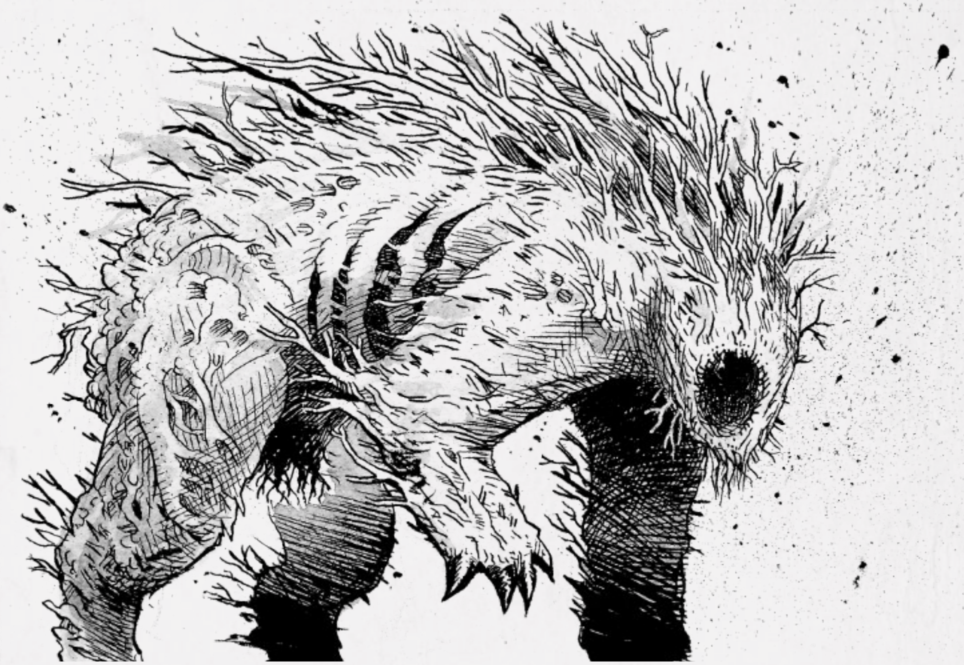
Prized by both hunters and alchemists alike, Blukstound Sap is a powerful and dangerous stimulant. Imbibing it grants the ability listed in the Sap Varieties table (based on the color of the sap) for one round, except for the mythical Silverglow, which is permanent.

SAP VARIETY

While the most common color of sap is a golden amber, Blukstounds do exhibit a variety of colors in their sap. The color of sap in a Blukstound has a great deal of influence on the Blukstound's abilities and the effects of imbibing the sap.

D100	Sap Variety	Sap Ability
1-51	Gleaming Amber	Take an additional action.
52-66	Boiling Crimson	Strength checks and melee attacks are made at advantage. Double the amount of attacks made in a turn.
67-83	Pale-light Viridian	Heal 1d3x1d3x1d3 hit points
84-99	Dancing indigo	Dexterity checks are made at advantage. Double movement speed.
100	Silverglow	Double the amount of actions you can take in a turn. This is permanent.

BRAMBLE BEAST



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 10HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 50
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Reaping Claws 1d8/1d8
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1400
- **MAULING STRIKE:** If the Bramble Beast hits with both of its attacks, it gets to make a third for 1d10 damage as it rips its victims apart.
- **ENSNARING TENDRILS:** Each time the Bramble Beast attacks, save versus breath or become grappled in its vines and branches.
- **IMPLANT:** Anything unconscious or entangled in the Bramble Beast's Ensnaring Tendrils for more than a round must save versus poison or be implanted with a Bramble Spawn.
- **VULNERABLE TO FIRE** The Bramble Beast takes double damage from fire as its body bursts into flames.

IT PLODS ON ALL FOURS, THE SOUND OF LOW HOLLOW GRUNTS LIKE A WOUNDED BEAR, with footfalls like logs being pounded into the ground. A nightmarish bear creature, woven of fleshy veins and twisted fractal branches, it moves with brutish alien purpose. It has no face to speak, only a hollow lightless hole that seems to radiate its horrible grunts. Its thousands of twig protrusions twitch, sensing the air for life, while its flesh pulsates in wretched spasms.

NEVER MISTAKE THEM FOR SIMPLE PREDATORS. A Bramble Beast is an apex predator of the Wilds, a true primordial monster that uses its strength and cunning to hunt down its prey. It is voracious and brutal in its attacks, singling out the weakest in a group and butchering them before dragging them off to be consumed. Its thick and thorny carapace makes attacking it difficult and it tends to ignore or shrug off any weaker attacks. Despite their seeming strength, they are quite vulnerable to fire.

WEIGHING NEARLY TWO TONS, IT POSSESSES A BIZARRE CHILD-LIKE INTELLIGENCE. Capable of curiosity, it is willing to silently follow and observe lesser creatures for a time, watching them with a dull emotion that comes close to satisfaction. Unfortunately, this typically lasts no longer for a few days, as the Bramble Beast soon grows hungry and moves in to consume the objects of its curiosity; utilizing the information it gathered against its new prey.

DESPITE BEING CONSIDERED AN OMNIVORE, the Bramble Beast does not actually possess any teeth for consuming food. Instead, it “eats” by pulverizing its prey into a slurry before absorbing them through the thousands of straw-like tendrils that snake through its body; pumping the slush into a strange plant-like digestive system. Those killed by a bramble beast are rarely ever given a proper burial. Instead, loved ones must settle for the shards of bone and scraps of clothing found in the wake of Bramble Beast attack.

WHILE IT MAY BE EASIER TO THINK OF IT AS A SINGULAR CREATURE, the Bramble Beast is actually the combination of a animal host overtaken by rather insidious and deadly parasitic plant.

THE BRAMBLE BEAST STARTS ITS LIFE AS A SEED (called a Bramble Spawn) that is violently implanted into a living animal host. The seed gestates and grows within the host, eventually spreading a network of vines and tendrils throughout the hosts body. It does not kill the host, instead it bonds with the various organs and nervous system, absorbing nutrients and commanding the host to more bestial and feral acts. Slowly, as the host loses its sense of self more and more, vines and thorns will begin to pierce out from under the skin and weave into a hardened thorny carapace.

The final stage involves the overtaking of the brain, irrevocably changing the host and leaving the Bramble spawn in full control of its new body. At this point it is only a matter of growth and reproduction for the newly formed Bramble Beast, and so the cycle begins anew.

BRAMBLE SPAWN

Each day, a being implanted with a Bramble Spawn must make a save versus poison. Failure means the inflicted suffer 1d4 damage to their Constitution and Wisdom, as the bramble spawn weaves its way through the body and nervous system of the inflicted.

Once the inflicted reach 0 to either Constitution or Wisdom, they are considered dead and become a newly formed Bramble Beast.

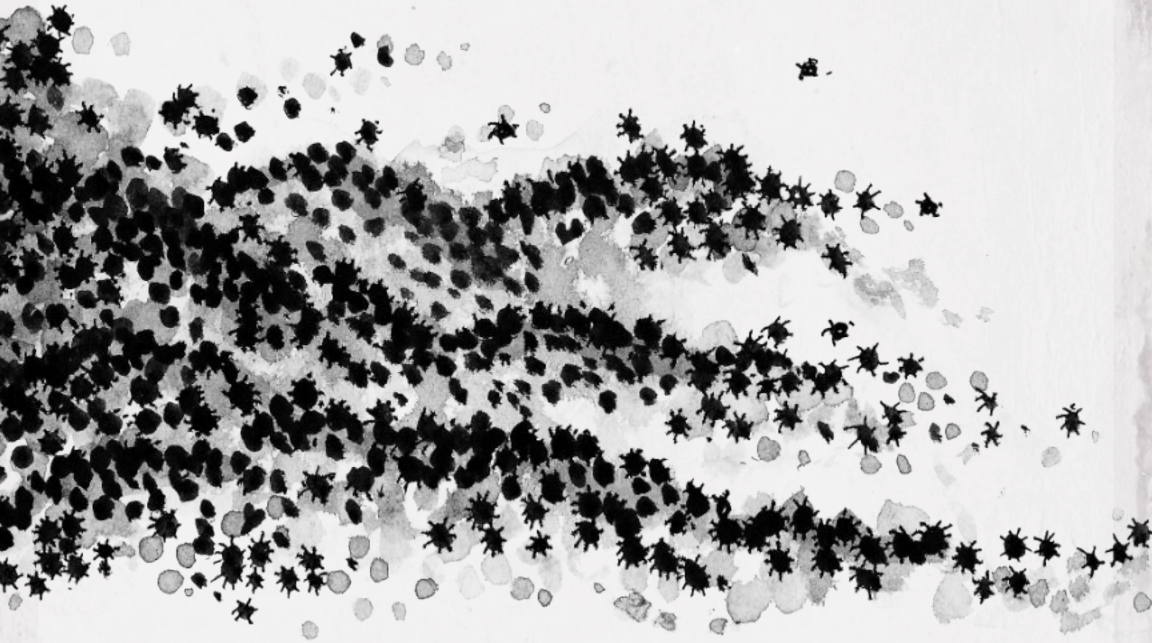
The Bramble Spawn can only be removed with an invasive surgery or by drinking herbicide.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

BRAMBLE CARAPACE - Gnarled skin made of tough thorny vines and solid bark.

If fashioned into armor, this material can cause damage to assailants or do extra damage with unarmed attacks.

BRIARSCOFFS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD (1HP each)
- **HIT POINTS:** 1
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Thorns 1d2-1
- **QUANTITY:** 2d10, Wave 3d20
- **XP:** 5 each
- **STICK AND PRICK:** Briarscoffs are covered in spikes that stick into skin and clothing, making it hard to move. Lose 5 feet of movement for every 10 that stick into you.

THE SOUND OF A GREAT PILE OF LEAVES AND UNDERBRUSH BLOWING IN THE WIND GROWS IN VOLUME, although no wind can be felt. The rustling grows to a crashing crescendo as a undulating pile of brush and seedlings comes flooding between the trees. They bounce and roll, covered in jagged little spines that hook into anything, and move with an unnatural predatory speed.

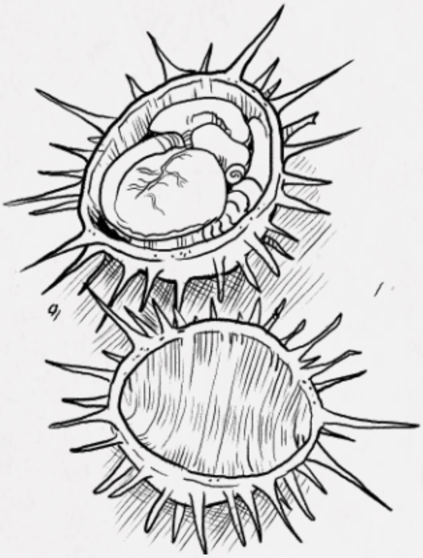
One mechanism of seed transmission in plants relies on animals to carry and unwittingly distribute seed across distances normally unreachable. Developing sticking spines or hooks the seedlings patiently wait to latch on and be whisked away by an unwitting animal or traveler. The Briarscoff bush, being an impatient plant, prefers a more direct approach.

THE TYPICAL "BRIARSCOFF" IS A SMALL, HARD CIRCULAR POD, no more than a thumb's width in diameter, and covered in sharp thorny hooks. Its insides include a strange fleshy organ that spins and acts as both a gyroscope and a form of locomotion. Individually, it can do no more damage than a tiny cactus, but in the roving swarms it is usually found in, it can be a particular danger.

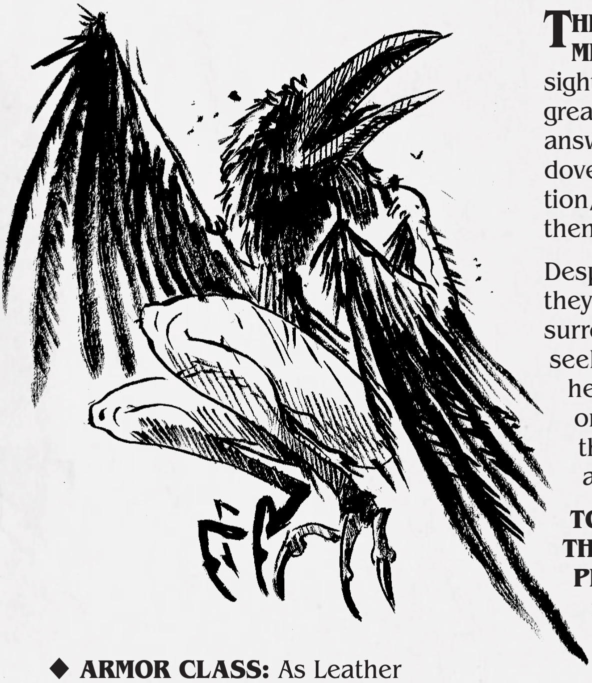
The colloquially called “Brairscoffs” are actually the seeds of a thorny shrub called a “Brairscoff Brush.” Growing close to the ground it appears and acts no different than any other mundane piece of vegetation. It is only during the autumn months, when its seed-pods grow larger and numerous on its limbs, that it shows any signs of extraordinary behavior, namely, with its seed pods rattling and attempting to break free of the limbs. A typical Briarscoff Bush produces 15-30 healthy and viable Brairscoffs in a growing season.

THEY ARE A NUISANCE FOR LOCALS AND TRAVELERS ALIKE. While the Briarscoff has no intention of killing (it has no real intention as a mindless plant) and tends to remain inert and harmless as long as it is connected to a host, they are quite painful and make movement difficult for those covered in them. **REMOVING THEM IS NO SIMPLE TASK EITHER,** requiring a pair of pliers to both crush the seed and remove the countless tiny thorns that remain hooked into the flesh of the victim.

While smaller swarms tend to be a possible nuisance and larger ones a mild threat, there are rumors of some villages that live in fear of the “Brairscoff Season.” Surrounded by copious amounts of Brairscoff Bushes hidden far in the Wilds, a titanic plague of Briarscoffs spills forth from the treeline every year. Tearing up earth and demolishing houses under its weight, it is utterly deadly in its sheer size and number.



CACOPHONOUS CROWMEN



THERE ONCE WAS A RACE OF BIRDMEN, who sought the secret of future sight for fear of a coming doom. So great was this fear that they sought the answer at cost to everything else. They dove deep into study and experimentation, their civilization crumbling around them.

Desperate and at the edge of despair, they turned to the darkened Wilds that surrounded their mighty library cities, seeking answers buried in its enigmatic heart. Whether through exploration or twisted bargain is unknown, only that they found what they sought, and gazed hungrily into the future.

TO THEIR HORROR, THEY FOUND THEY COULD NOT PEER INTO THE PRESENT ANYMORE, only into the future and its infinite branching possibilities. Unable to comprehend and control their vision into any rational sense, their minds broke and all went mad in an instant.

Overnight, their culture crumbled to dust, and they took to the Wilds as crazed screaming beasts. The doom they had long feared had come to pass, but none were sane enough to realize it.

COUNTLESS GENERATIONS LATER THEY LIVE LIKE ANIMALS; naked, filth-encrusted, and chattering ceaselessly. In large flocks they gather, trudging through the darkened underbrush and dirt searching for food or mates. All the while, the Crowmen gaze upon a world in fast-forward; trees grow tall and ancient in minutes, while the fauna die and decay into beds of maggots within seconds. They have learned to live with their vision through the generations, but it does not make them any less mad.

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 6
- **MOVE:** Standard, Fly Double standard
- **DAMAGE:** Beak and claws 1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Clutch 2d6, Flock 3d8
- **XP:** 100
- **FUTURE SIGHT:** The Crowmen have already seen their death. They can never be caught by surprise.
- **SWARMING NOISE:** The noise surrounding the Crowmen is thick and dangerous. Make a constitution save or suffer 1 sonic damage as your ears bleed.

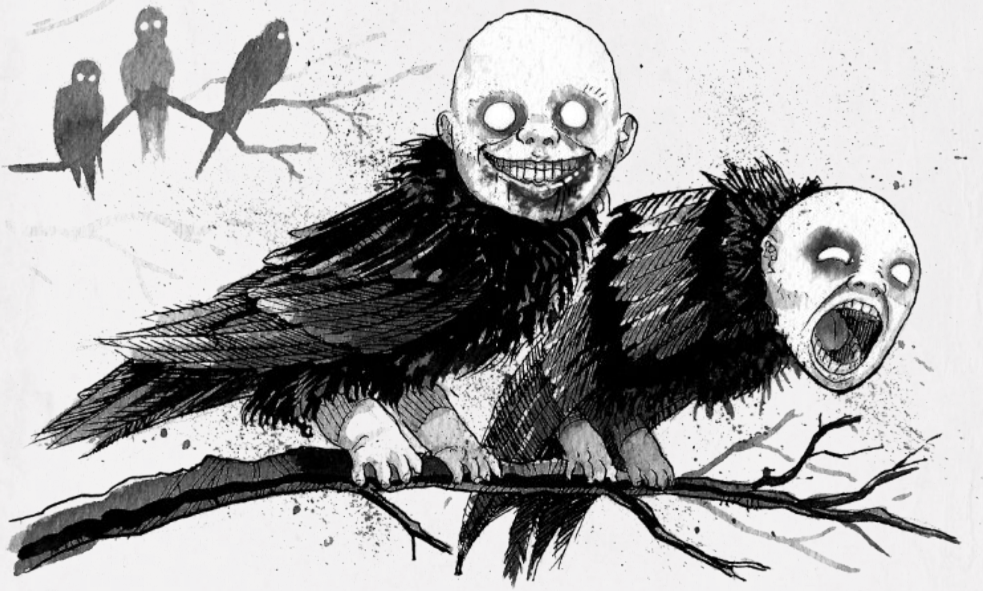
THEIR ONLY RELIEF AGAINST THEIR VISION COMES FROM THEIR CONSTANT WILD CHATTERING, which dulls the vision, if only briefly. Because of this, they are surrounded by a wall of their ceaseless cawing, each one screaming out over-top of the other to be heard. Standing close enough, one can hear their own future called out in their constant stream of predictions, if they have the will to stomach the noise.

TABLE: WILD PREDICTIONS

Listening to the Crowmen's wild and frantic portents for an hour causes one of a slew of various effects:

d100	RESULT
1-25	**Deafening Din** - IT'S VERY LOUD! Save versus poison or suffer deafness for the next 24hrs.
26-50	**Piercing Cackles** - The noise cuts and carves inside your skull. Save versus poison or suffer 2d4 damage as blood pools and dribbles out of your ears.
51-75	**Maddening Gibberish** - It makes no sense, nothing does. Save versus charm or suffer a level of exhaustion from madness.
76-83	**Lesser Portent** - You gain a hint of the future that may come. You may make one roll in the future at advantage.
84-92	**Greater Portent** - The future becomes clear, as well as the possibilities. Roll a dice and record the number rolled. You may swap any single roll you or someone else makes to that recorded number.
93-99	**Grand Portent** - Your fate and all possible outcomes life before you. Change one future attack, save, or skill roll to an automatic success.
100	**Vision of Death** - You gaze into the exact moment of your death. The next time you would be rendered out-of-action or killed outright, you may change whatever roll necessary to avoid it.

CHERUB



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 5
- **MOVE:** Standard, Fly Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Troupe 1d6, Choir 2d6
- **XP:** 100
- **WITHERING WORDS** - A group of more than 3 Cherubs can hurl a scathing and withering insult at a target within its vision. Save versus Charm or suffer one level of exhaustion.

THEY PERCH ON BRANCHES LIKE DERELICTS OR DELINQUENTS. Giant ragged crows the size of cats hunch down and reveal faces of grey-skinned newborn babies. Their eyes are milky white and their mouths twist in sadistic smiles. They flit from branch to branch hurling scathing insults, mocking with terrible precision.

CHERUBS ARE A SPECIAL KIND OF EVIL. They are a sadistic fey creature that feeds off of the suffering of intelligent beings; using their powers of malediction and insult to emotionally and spiritually hollow out their victims. Once they have broken the will or incapacitated their prey, they swoop down in malicious glee to peel the flesh from its bones in an orgy of gore and cackles.

WHEN A CHERUB LETS LOSE AN INSULT, IT IS NOT SOME UNCALCULATED JEST OR CRUDE VITUPERATION. They are capable of “seeing” the subconscious and most internalized fear of intelligent beings within their vision. From there they form an insult in lightning fast manner, specifically targeted to the victims fears or shortcomings. They do this to break the soul and strip the hope from their victims; to them, it makes their meat significantly more nutritious and savory.

ASIDE FROM THEIR ABILITY TO READ ASPECTS OF THE PSYCHE and form maledictions, the Cherub does not possess any extraordinary intelligence, being only about as smart as the common crow. They live like animals, making nests of bone and twigs on the limbs of dying trees while scanning the trails and trafficked areas for intelligent beings. They are incapable of sustaining themselves on normal game, and are willing to migrate in search of acceptable quarry.

STORIES SPEAK OF THEM AS INFANT DEMONS, tasked to live in the mortal plane until they have sown enough misery and hardship. Other tales claim they are the children of an ancient faerie noble, whose attempt at an heir was cursed to always produce a horrid beast. One final sorrowful ballad speaks of them as a wayward experiment by a mad archmage who wished, above all else, for a child to call their own.

WITHERING WORDS

The insults a Cherub utters are not mere words, but strike at the core of a person's fundamental beliefs and ego.

A long held secret revealed - "She would be alive if you weren't so stupid!"

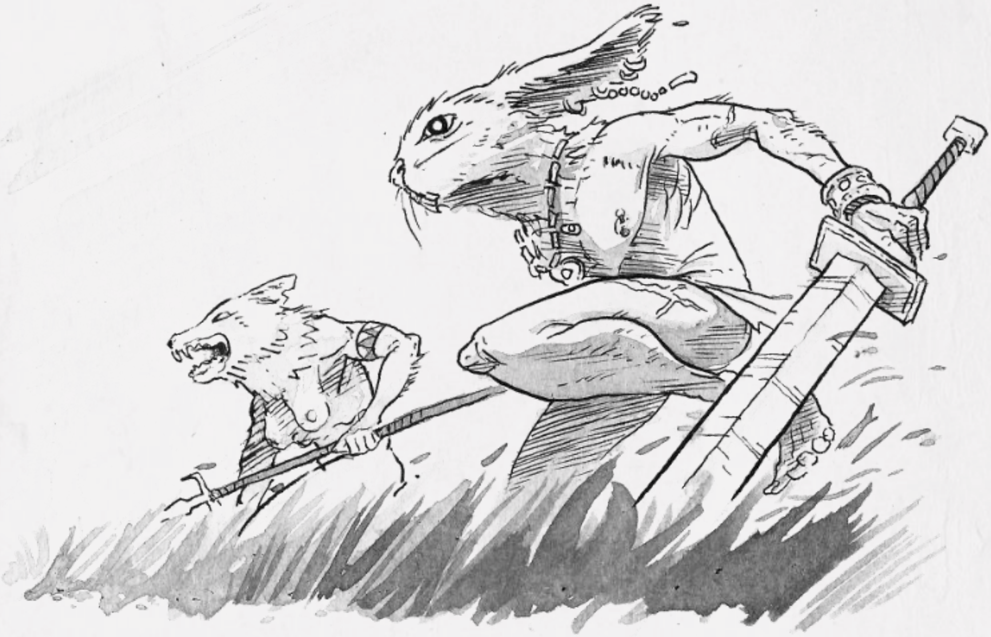
An insecurity on your abilities - "You're so weak! You'll die like the rest!"

Deep-held worries of your family - "Mother could never love you!"

Predicting the death of a loved one - "He's going to die! You'll never save him!"

A childhood fear - "The Skulk is coming to get yoooou!"

CHILDREN OF THE WOODS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 40
- **MOVE:** Standard (Unaffected by Natural Terrain)
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,000
- **WYRD AURA:** Anyone in the company of a Child of the Woods for more than a day suffers a random Call of the Wild. (pg. 22)
- **LORDS OF THE WILD:** Lesser animals within eyesight of a Child of the Woods obey any command it may give.

IT HAS THE HEAD OF A BEAST AND THE BODY OF A HUMAN. Thin with wiry muscles, it moves with an unearthly grace. Its eyes glint with a terrifying intelligence as it seems to look clean though you. The air grows still and quiet, its very presence prompting reverence from the very space that surrounds it.

THERE ARE GREAT AND POWERFUL SPIRITS THAT DWELL WITHIN THE WILDS, some of them more sympathetic to the plights of mere mortals. Occasionally, they will take interest in a singular mortal, bending their form to accommodate a more peaceful encounter. Sometimes it ends there, a chance meeting, and a courteous parting of ways; but in the rare times, when the mortal and the spirit find their souls intertwined by fate, they will share a passionate tryst within the groves of the darkened Wilds. All infants born from such a passion are Children of the Woods.

BEARING THE HEAD OF SOME WILD ANIMAL, THEY ARE USUALLY KILLED OFF or abandoned if born into mortal households; murdered out of fear and superstition. When born by their parental spirit in the Wilds, they are raised well and grow under the careful but dispassionate care of their parent. After only seven years they are full-fledged adults, stronger than a seasoned farmhand and wiser than a studious scribe. It is unknown how long their lifespans are, but it is assumed they are blessed with immortality.

THEY ARE LISTLESS AND WILD BEINGS, traveling all over the Wilds in search of either entertainment or purpose. Some garner fierce and terrible reputations as relentless killers, while others become known as helpful guides to lost and wayward travelers. They act according to whatever suits their fancy and are beholden to absolutely nothing.

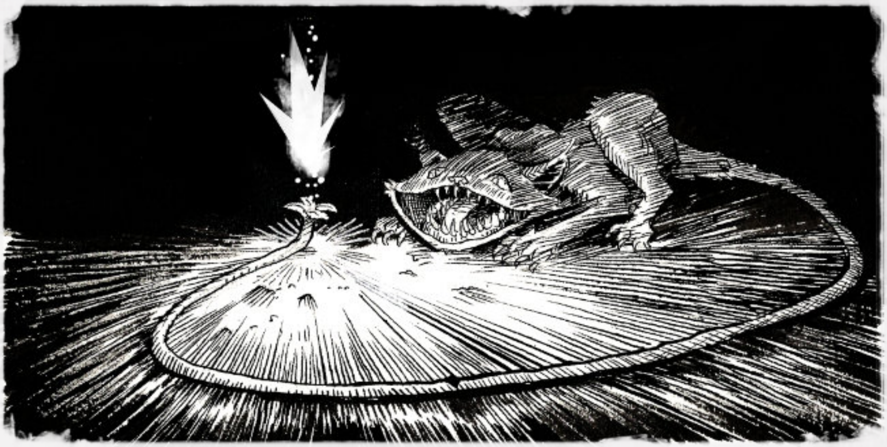
DESPITE THEIR VAGABOND STATUS, THEY ARE STILL IN A PLACE OF POWER WITHIN THE WILDS. Lesser animals are subjects of their rule, completely obeying any command they give, while the land itself tends to bend away from their step, never impeding their movement or actions. Even various fey and beasts owe fealty to these wandering lords and are unlikely to impose on them.

EACH OF THEM IS VARIED IN BOTH ACTION AND DEMEANOR. However, they all seem to share a few common quirks: they collect and seek out great objects of wealth or power, they never speak or utter a sound, and they seem to have a vengeful hatred of The Skulk.

RANDOM CHILDREN OF THE WOODS GENERATOR

d10	Name	Title	Quest	Treasure
1	Grahm	The Winter Night	Make pilgrimage to the original standing stones	A walking stick, made from an ancient Curseweald.
2	Felspok	Inheritor of Spring	Resurrect their long dead parent to ask them a question.	A ragged cloak that writhes and strikes like a beast.
3	Haust'dottir	The Iron Eater	Travel and walk every trail, known and unknown	A pike that was forged by the Linnorms for slaying dragons.
4	Oln	The Grave Word	Broker a peace between mortals and the Wilds	The skull of powerful Wild Elf, still full of Wyrd magic.
5	Saala	Of Sweetened Wine	Collect the eye of a great crimson Linnorm and gaze into the past	Fire, stolen from a Primal Deity, kept in a lantern.
6	Claid'heamh	Ruler of Lost Roads	Slay the King who burned down their forest.	Three threads of hair from the Lady of Broken Branches.
7	Ignitir	Of Pleasant Rains	Destroy the towns that have overstepped their boundaries.	A sword that sings greater than any bard, all sorrowful tales of lost love.
8	Brakkenr	The Sour Wound	Duel a worthy opponent	Silver knuckle-dusters feared by spirits, they ring when danger is near.
9	Sturmnir	Of Scars and Stitches	Find a cure for the Treewylding to save a loved one.	A shield, rusted and corroded, the worn seal is familiar...
10	Bharn'righ	The Unrepentant	Kill the Skulk	The true name of The Ruin.

CINDERSHAMS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 4HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 20
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Vicious Maw 1d6 plus 1d4 fire
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Pack 1d6
- **XP:** 500
- **CINDER BREATH: AS ATTACK,** the Cindersham belches out a gout of sparks and ash. Save versus breath weapon or suffer 2d6 fire damage.
- **HOT FLARE: AS ATTACK,** the Cindersham releases an explosive burst of light. Save versus breath weapon or suffer blindness for 1 minute.

A HUMBLE FLAME DANCES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DARKNESS. The size of a small campfire or single torch, its light is enticing. The light connects to a long furred tail as a great feline creature with a wide frog-like mouth. It hunches down in the shadows, the light gleaming off of its menacing eyes.

THEY ARE NOCTURNAL HUNTERS, ANGLERS OF THOSE LOST IN THE DARK. Blessed with the powers of fire they use their abilities to lure in the curious with their tails that emit a small steady flame. Capable of either ripping apart their prey with their vicious jaws or roasting them alive with gouts of cinders from deep in their bellies, they are a dangerous predator of the night.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

CINDERSHAM PELT - A coarse singed fur, cool to the touch.

Clothing or armor made of this material is resistant to fire, much like asbestos.

RARE GOOD:

FIREGUT - A rubbery organ that drips a volatile liquid.

Lighting and throwing this like a firecracker causes it to explode into a 10 foot radius of fire. Deals 4d6 damage to those in the impact area.

CURSEWEALD

◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Plate

◆ **HIT DICE:** 15HD

◆ **HIT POINTS:** 140

◆ **MOVE:** None

◆ **DAMAGE:** Noose vines, range 50 ft, 1d8 and Strangle

◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo

◆ **XP:** 3,200

◆ **UNHOLY:** Divine magic has advantage against it.

◆ **DESPOILED AURA:** the land around a Curseweald is poisonous and foul. If within one mile of a Curseweald for more than an hour, save versus poison or suffer 1 level of exhaustion.

◆ **STRANGLE:** Save versus Hold or suffer another 1d8 points of nonlethal damage from asphyxiation.

◆ **SPELLS:** 3/day: Dream Lure, Sleep

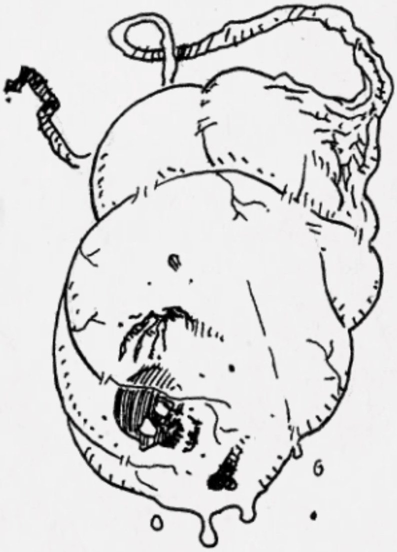
THE LAND HERE IS WRONG. The ground is moist and stings like acid, while the air is foul like sewage. At the center of it all sits an obese rotted tree, with gnarled slothful branches. Vines like decaying rope dangle and move like nooses in the wind. Amongst the branches are strange fat gelatinous fruits ranging in size from small children, to work horses; each the color of pink translucent skin.

CURSEWEALDS ARE THE DANGEROUS ROTTEN PITS OF THE WILDS. Great trees that leak poison across the lands, they are a menace to every living thing near them. Alongside their despoiling aura they are carnivorous, snatching up and strangling prey that gets too close, before slowly digesting them high up in their canopy. Attacking them is a challenge, due to their thick and gnarled bark.

A CURSEWEALD IS THANKFULLY BOTH RARE AND NOT NATURALLY OCCURRING. They occur when someone mistakenly tries to seal away a malevolent power deep within the trunk of some tree. Over the course of decades or centuries, the evil within spreads to infect the tree, twisting its nature and bleeding out into the surroundings. The tree develops a wretched and primal sentience, becoming hateful and malicious towards all life.

With the poisoning of the land, the Curseweald must seek out sustinece from elsewhere. Channeling the powers within its rotted core, **IT LURES IN THE WEAK-MINDED AND WEARY** to its hanging vines, before strangling them and pulling them into its canopy. From there, a fibrous network grows around the corpse, forming a skin-like film that slowly digests the body and provides the Curseweald with the nutrients it needs to survive.

THESE SACS OF PARTIALLY-DIGESTED BODIES ARE THE CURSEWEALD'S "FRUIT," and despite their horrible nature are quite sought after by less reputable sorts. Mad alchemists seeking to understand the process and deviant warriors who wish to gain their fortifying powers.



RARE GOOD:

CORE OF THE CURSEWEALD - The cause of the Curseweald's evil is buried deep within its trunk, for those willing to take the time to carve into its center.

Possible Items

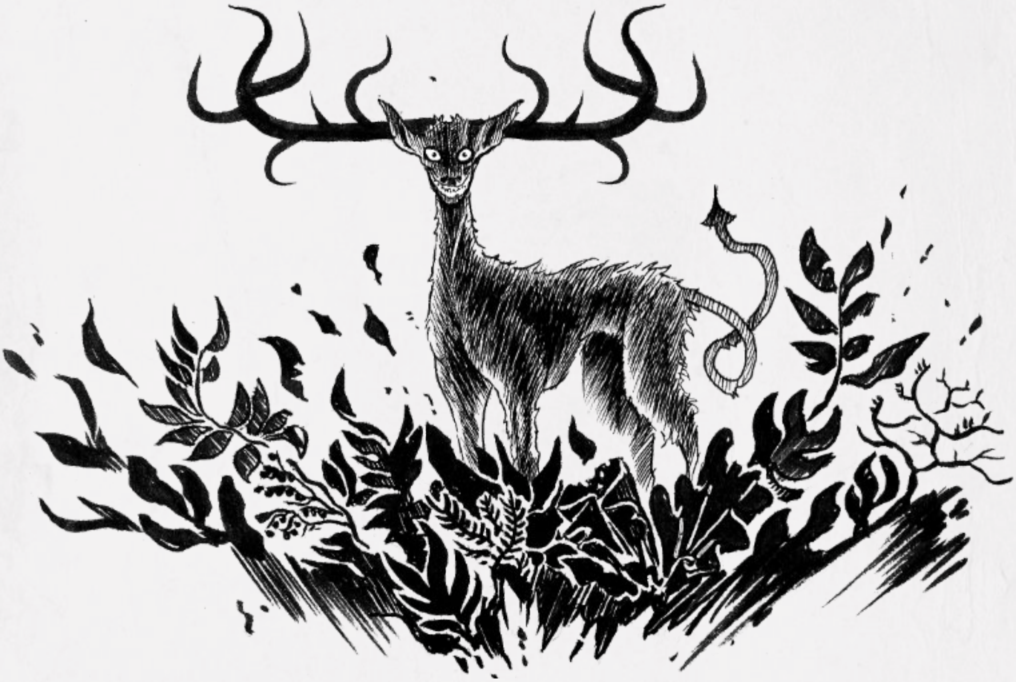
1. A Spellbook made of human skin, grants unspeakable power over death.
2. The bones of a lich, anxious for revenge.
3. A Hammer made of a demon's jawbone, breaks anything it touches.
4. A Ring of tarnished gold with the visage of a toothy grin, convinces others to do anything.
5. An Incantation of Vile Power, the last testament of a dead god-fiend.
6. A Word of Great Evil, speaking it will bring terrible things.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

CURSEWEALD FRUIT - This large peach colored gelatinous sac is made of a tough translucent skin. The insides reek of stomach acid and has the consistency of warm gelatin. Floating among the insides are the occasional bones.

Eating the contents of the fruit grants a minor regenerative and fortifying power. For 24 hours, you regain 1HP a minute and have advantage on all saves.

DEVIL STAG



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 7HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 35
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Horns 1d8
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 900
- **VISIONS OF GRANDEUR: AS A GAZE ATTACK,** save versus charm or see a grand and impossibly glorious future for yourself. You are blinded and charmed.

IT MOVES WITH A TERRIBLE GRACE. A deer the color of demonskin moves through the brush, accompanied by the smell of sulfur and brimstone. Upon its head is a set of wicked antlers made of tarnished gold and covered in carvings. However, its most unsettling feature is its mouth; a menacing grin made of glistening fangs.

DEVIL STAGS, OR BRIAR DEMONS, ARE THE FAUSTIAN DEAL-MAKERS OF THE WILD. They have made their home in the woods for as long as mortal life has told stories of monsters that bargain away your soul and eat your flesh. Cunning and intelligent, they can offer great power or second chances to those unable to act on their own. However, a deal with a Devil Stag is never quite what it seems and its bargains almost always end in terrible calamity.

A DEVIL STAG'S MOST POTENT AND INFAMOUS ABILITY, IS THAT OF GRANTING WISHES. While certainly not unlimited, the scope of a Devil Stag wish is practically that of divine intervention. Poor serfs find themselves as wealthy kings, arcanists are granted long-forgotten knowledge, and countless others have had their most fanciful or vengeful whim granted in mere moments. However, this is not a gift and there is always a price that must be paid.

A DEVIL STAG SPEAKS IN A LOW RUMBLING TONE THAT IS HALF VERBAL AND HALF TELEPATHIC. It knows every language that has ever existed, although it tends to have an archaic flare with its word choice. More often than not, it will remain hidden if possible, speaking with intruders and attempting to gauge their weaknesses and abilities before offering up a bargain of their own volition.

WHEN WORDS DON'T WORK, THE DEVIL STAG ATTEMPTS A MORE DIRECT FORM OF PERSUASION. Conjuring up visions of grandeur and pride in the minds of victims, it attempts to convince them of what can be gained of such power, even if the visions are all lies. Barring that, it will either flee (it despises violence) or try to kill the weakest member in a brutal rush. After all: a wish to bring back a dead companion is still a bargain.

THERE IS MUCH TALK OF THE DEVIL STAGS. Most comes in the form of children's tales and nursery rhymes that warn of them and the evil they sow. Another more mature tale is a particularly famous play that details the story of a cleric who bargains his soul for a perfect life. However, frightful and broken legends claim the Devil Stags have been around since the dawn of civilization, citing paleolithic cave paintings warning of a demon with golden horns.

DEVIL STAG WISH

While a wish from a Devil Stag has no real limits in scope (outside of god-hood or the like), they always tend to end in ironic disaster.

Immortality - become trapped in a cave-in, forced to slowly compress into nothing over an eon.

Wealth - Become the repeated target of assassination attempts.

Resurrection - The body is returned, but the soul slowly decays.

Return to the Past - Become caught in an endless time-loop

Great Knowledge - It becomes too much, madness sets in.

THE PRICE

Your firstborn child.

Your immortal soul.

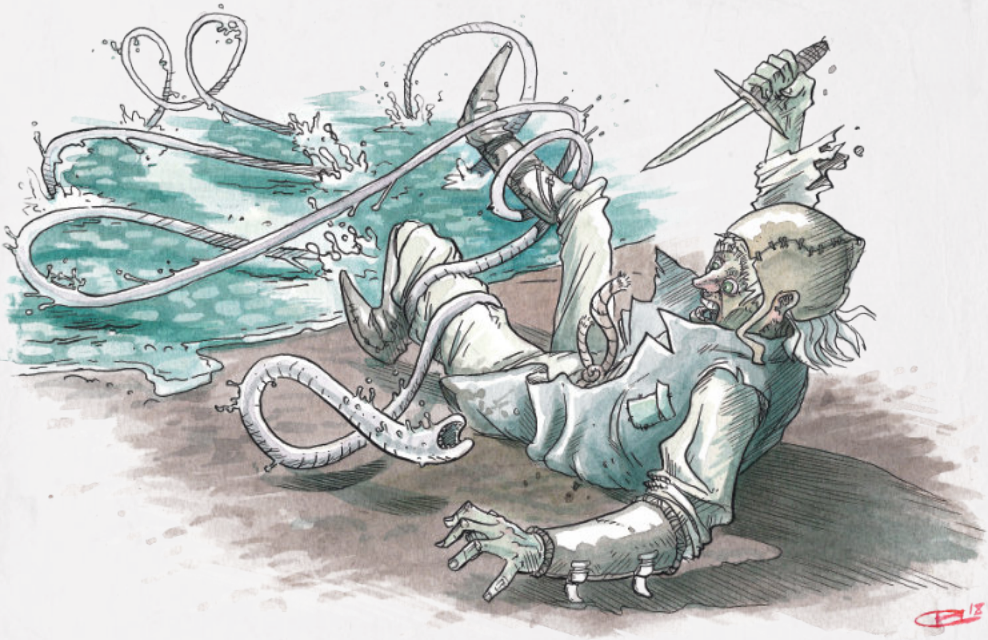
An unspeakable act.

RARE GOOD:

GOLDEN ANTLERS - A pair of magnificent wicked antlers made of solid gold. Demonic etchings twist around its surface.

A spellcaster holding the antlers, while speaking the command words, can cast the Devil Stag's ***Visions of Grandeur*** *like a spell 1d6 times per day.*

DIRE HORSEHAIR WORM



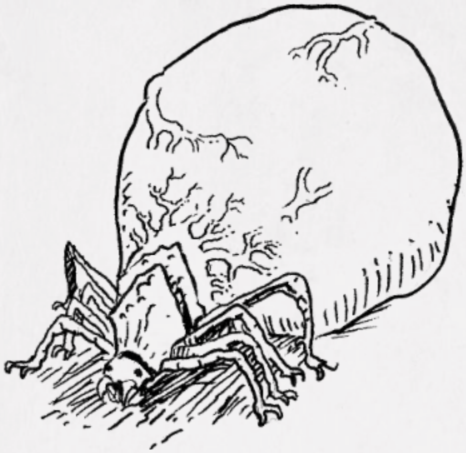
- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 5HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 25
- **MOVE:** Standard, Swim Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d6 and Burrow
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Cluster 1d4
- **XP:** 500
- **BURROW:** Save versus breath, failure means the Dire Horsehair Worm begins to burrow into the body, dealing 1d6 automatic damage for 1d4+5 rounds, after which it is fully burrowed into the victim's body. A successful strength check stops this process by violently ripping the Dire Horsehair Worm away.

IT MOVES LIKE A SNAKE IN THE THROES OF DEATH. A worm-like beast, the shape of rope and just as long, writhes in erratic twitching movements. Its head is a single gaping hole that opens and closes in a rhythmic breathing motion, while its body pulses like some wretched organ.

THE DIRE HORSEHAIR WORM IS A GIANT PARASITIC MONSTER THAT LIVES IN STAGNANT POOLS OF WATER. While able to live on land, it prefers an aquatic environment as it is necessary for it to breed. Measuring nearly 50 feet in length, its body is a mess of twitching coils that lash out in a hypnotic whipping motion.

IT SEEKS OUT WARM BODIES TO BURROW INTO, a violent far-cry from its common counterpart. Once inside the host for more than a month, it lays a string of 15 to 20 eggs that will hatch during the next springtime. The only way to remove it (or its eggs) is through a week-long invasive surgery, one that slowly pulls it out of the body, bit by bit.

DRAGON TICKS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale (or Leather if engorged)
- **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 8
- **MOVE:** Half Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d10 and Blood Drain
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Cluster 1d6
- **XP:** 150
- **ADAMANTINE TEETH:** Non-magical armor provides no protection from the Dragon Tick's bite attack.
- **BLOOD DRAIN:** Save versus breath, failure means the Dragon Tick begins to burrow into the body, dealing 1d4 automatic damage each round as it drains the victim's blood. A successful strength check stops this process by violently ripping the Dragon Tick away.

A FAT SQUAT INSECT THE SIZE OF A WATER PAIL DANGLES FROM A TREE BRANCH. Its carapace is a dark shell of cast iron with six segmented limbs like interlocking armor. Its head it dotted with a pair of beady eyes and a jaw of glistening fangs. A jagged spear juts in and out of its mouth in grisly anticipation.

DRAGON TICKS ARE MONSTROUS PARASITES-TURNED-PREDATOR. Originally a form of lice only found on dragons, they are an invasive species that finds soft and easy prey in its new home. Their adamantine teeth, used for piercing dragon scale, easily sink into even the heaviest armor.

A DRAGON TICK WILL HIDE IN THE CANOPY OF A TREE, sensing the air for a target before falling on them from above. Greedily, it implants its mouth into its prey, engorging itself on the victim's blood. A Dragon Tick distends to the size of a horse when fully engorged on blood, its soft translucent belly exposed and unprotected.

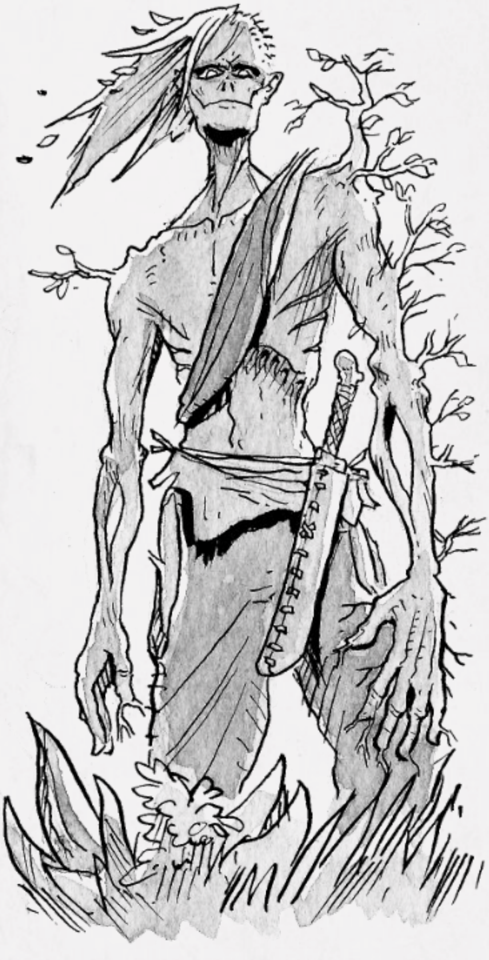
WHAT IS CURIOUS ABOUT THE DRAGON TICK IS THE ALCHEMICAL CHANGES IT MAKES TO THE BLOOD IT DRINKS. Strange magical properties are imbued into the blood, granting it a healing factor as well as boosting magical capabilities. Because of this, Dragon Tick blood is a hot commodity among the spellcasting community and the bounty for a live specimen can be a small fortune.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

DRAGON TICK BLOOD - A dark iridescent crimson blood, it remains hot to the touch.

Drinking a vial of this blood heals 1d6 damage. In addition, spellcasters who drink this blood maximize the effects of the next spell they cast (fireballs do maximum damage, healing spells heal the maximum amount of hit-points allowed, etc.)

DRYADI



THEY MOVE WITH A PRIMAL, UNPARALLELED GRACE. A humanoid the color of tree-bark, with hair like leaves in the wind, moves between the fens and groves with an unearthly ease. They wear sparing clothing, woven from grass and vine bearing tools of rock and bone. Their eyes are like pools of starless night and their hands end in twisted fractal twigs.

THE DRYADI, OR BRANCH-FOLK, ARE AN ANCIENT RACE OF TREE-LIKE BEINGS. They make their homes deep in the Wilds, hunting game and foraging for food amongst the terrors that lurk in the dark. Each one lives to be many centuries old and are incredibly dangerous if they perceive you as hostile.

THEY LIVE IN TIGHTLY KNIT TRIBES CALLED GROVES, EACH ONE BOASTING 10-100 MEMBERS. Most of the community members work as hunter-gatherers, with a few of the older members serving other communal tasks. Each member of the Grove is expected to be able to hunt and fend for themselves if needed, meaning each member is a usually capable fighter in a pinch.

WHEN NOT HUNTING, THEY CAN BE FOUND WORKING ON STRANGE AND ELABORATE CRAFTS. Due to their lengthy natural lifespans many of them dabble as artisans, creating masterful tools and artifacts. Occasionally, a Dryadi will be seized with an innate need to create, a mood colloquially referred to as “taken by the Wyrd,” which causes them to go somewhat mad in feverish creation. These members are called “Wyrdshapers” and their artistry and skill is absolutely unparalleled, indeed, even mythic and powerful at times.

THEY ARE NOT AN INHERENTLY DANGEROUS OR CRUEL RACE, but can be driven to unspeakable acts of violence if their community is endangered or attacked in any way. Stories abound of military camps and border villages being razed in a single night after a Dryadi is killed intentionally or by accident. After the screams die down and the sun rises, the surrounding trees will be decorated in the victims of the raid.

DRYADI GROVES

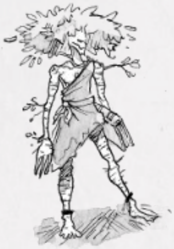
A DRYADI GROVE IS A TIGHT-KNIT COMMUNITY OF DRYADI RESEMBLING A COMMON VILLAGE. While each grove can vary wildly from locale to locale, at the center of every grove is at least one tree they refer to as the "Grandmother Tree." This tree is the spiritual center of their community and is protected at absolutely all costs.

The Grandmother Tree acts in many ways as a leader of each grove. Its voice is faintly heard by all Dryadi and those who are particularly attuned to the sounds of nature. It lives to be many centuries in age and through conversation and experience it becomes a great source of information and wisdom for the Dryadi Grove. However, like anything mortal, the Grandmother Tree can die through sickness or age, sending its Grove into an upheaval to find a replacement. This "replacement" is usually is in the form of a single elder member of the grove undergoing a lengthy transformation, shedding their natural body and becoming a new Grandmother Tree.

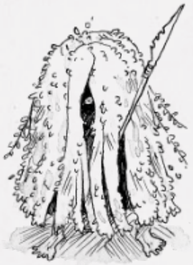
Because of their closed off nature, even from other Dryadi Groves, each Grove tends to develop certain physical and cultural quirks specific to them.

Oakskar - Standing a mere 4 feet tall with skin like thick bark, they look far more like squat trees than people. These Dryadi make-up for their lack of size in sheer mass and hardiness, most of them bearing terrible scars that would be lethal to anything else. They are exceptional brewers and are very slow to anger.

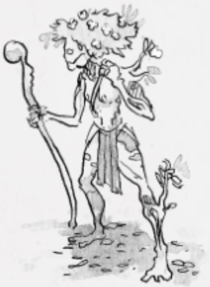
Birchwyn - Tall striking beings with elfen figures, their peeling bark is white with black stippling and leaves a fiery red. A typical conversation with a Birchwyn usually ends with them spacing out and growing bored. One of the few Groves to have delved into the arcane, they have inscribed hundreds of spellbooks dating back a millennia, each one bound and written in their own bark-skin.



Ul'elm - Tall and thin, their bark is marked with patterns and their leaves are jet black. The Ul'elm are a warrior culture who participate in ritual trophy hunts for both beasts and mortals. They carve symbols and patterns into their bark-skin for every successful act of bravery, the oldest members are practically works of art.



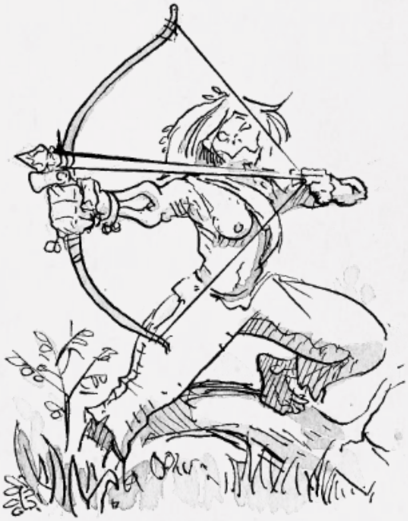
Whipillow - A mess of tangled willow branches, their gnarled hands and panicked faces are constantly hidden behind their own leaves. A conspiratorial bunch, they tend to keep to themselves and take great pride in being hidden from sight. They are dangerous sneaks and infiltrators, capable of hiding in plain sight and setting dangerous ambushes.



Kusawyld - Smooth ashen grey skin with white blossoms in in their hair, they are beautiful to behold. A sharp wit and pleasant demeanor, this Grove is one of the few willing to make contact with the outside world. They are so dangerously few in number, their groves scattered and lost to the four corners.

Rarely, in times of great danger or upheaval, the Grandmother trees will call to one another and send representatives of their respective Groves to meet. This moot of elders, warriors, and speakers will formulate plans and discuss great and terrible actions. It is said that when the Grandmother Trees call for a moot, the mountains themselves move in fear of what may happen.

DRYADI ENCOUNTERS



DRYADI HUNTER

◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide

◆ **HIT DICE:** 2HD

◆ **HIT POINTS:** 10

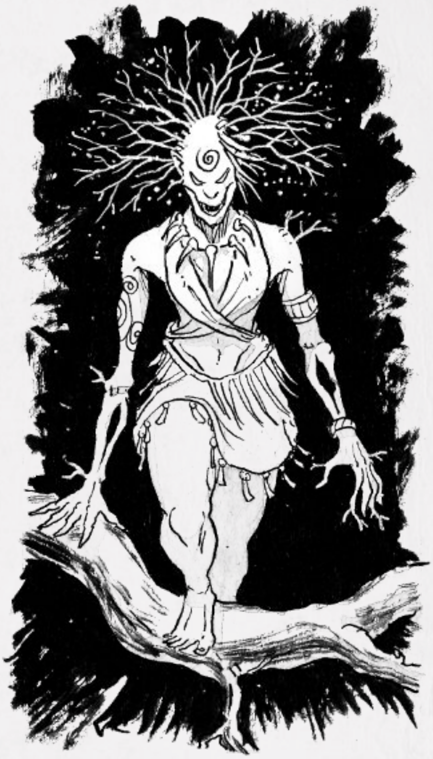
◆ **MOVE:** Standard

◆ **DAMAGE:** As Weapon (Shortbow & Dagger)

◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Party (1d6)

◆ **XP:** 100

A typical Dryadi encountered by travelers and adventurers. Cautious and deadly, they avoid combat with more dangerous foes, seeking prey and game they can easily run down. When cornered or pursued, they will fight back with a ferocious tenacity.



DRYADI WYTCH

◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide

◆ **HIT DICE:** 4HD

◆ **HIT POINTS:** 20

◆ **MOVE:** Standard

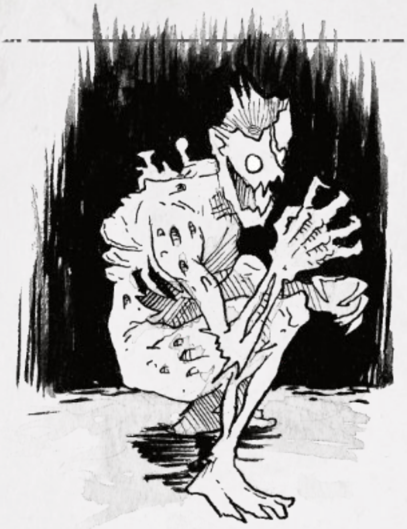
◆ **DAMAGE:** As Weapon

◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Circle 1d6

◆ **XP:** 500

◆ **SPELLS:** A Dryadi Wytch knows 1d6 spells from levels 1 through 3 and can cast 1d6 per day.

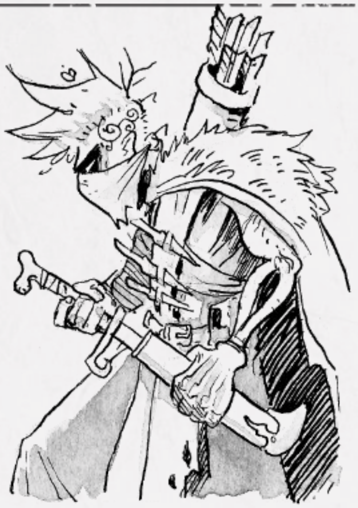
Some Dryadi have an affinity for the power of the Wyrd and become willing conduits for its magic. Most end up serving as elders in a given Grove, using their magic to assist their community in whatever way they can. In combat, they ruthlessly destroy and curse opponents, always seeking to kill or drive away threats rather than incapacitate them.



ROTWOOD DRYADI

- ◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- ◆ **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- ◆ **HIT POINTS:** 11
- ◆ **MOVE:** Standard
- ◆ **DAMAGE:** As Weapon or Claws 1d4
- ◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Gang 1d6, or Mob 3d6
- ◆ **XP:** 125
- ◆ **MOB MENTALITY:** A Rotwood Dryadi has advantage on attacks against an opponent if another Rotwood is attacking the same target.
- ◆ **ROTTED**: Rotwood Dryadi are immune to poison.
- ◆ **VULNERABLE TO FIRE**: Rotwood Dryadis' dry-rotted bodies are vulnerable to fire. They take double damage from fire and they actively flee from it.

Dryadi who lose their Grandmother Tree and fail to find a replacement undergo a horrible degenerative illness. Slowly developing a violent form of dementia, their bodies begin to rot from the inside out. Aggressive, maddened shambles of their former selves, they stalk the Wilds listlessly in mobs, bringing violence wherever they go.

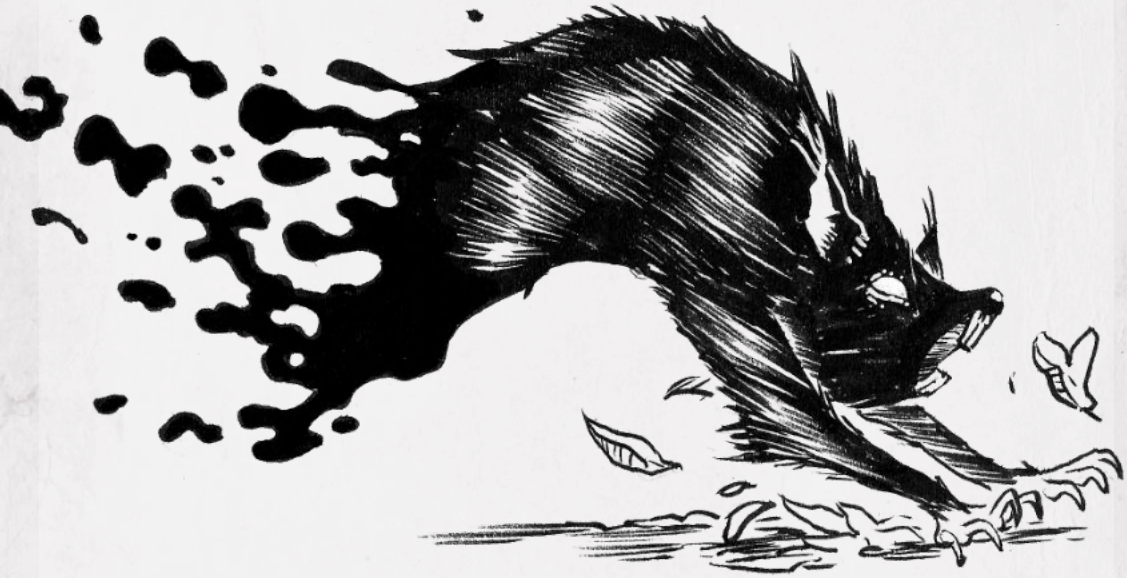


FELL HUNTER

- ◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Chain
- ◆ **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- ◆ **HIT POINTS:** 40
- ◆ **MOVE:** Double Standard
- ◆ **DAMAGE:** As Weapon (Longbow & Longsword)
- ◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Doomhunt (1d6 and 1d4 Trained Blukstounds)
- ◆ **XP:** 1,000
- ◆ **ADAMANTINE WEAPONS**: Non-magical armor provides no protection from the Fell Hunter's blades and arrows.
- ◆ **FELL STRIKE**: A Fell Hunter will study a single target for weeks on end, learning its weaknesses. The Fell Hunter has advantage on attacks against its chosen target.

Fell Hunters are the elite of the Dryadi hunters. Spending their entire life training and undergoing ruthless trials from early age, they live for nothing but the hunt. Adorned in the finest armor and armaments they set out in coordinated teams to snuff out dire threats or avenge wrongs for their respective groves. Those who find themselves being tracked by a Fell Hunter can look forward to a mercifully quick death.

ETHER RAT



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 4
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite and Claw 1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Pack 1d6
- **XP:** 75
- **ETHEREAL JAUNT:** The Ether-Rat can "hop" between dimensions, disappearing for one round, before reappearing one round later in a random space 1d20x5 feet away.

A SMALL CREATURE IS HEARD RUNNING IN THE UNDERBRUSH. Yet, every few seconds the noise disappears for a brief second before resuming in a completely different area. The creature is a small muskrat-like vermin, the color of an oil spill, and with legs like a fox. It moves swiftly before flitting in and out of existence, the smell of ozone accompanying its ethereal jaunts.

THE ETHER-RAT IS A QUICK-MOVING VERMIN CAPABLE OF JUMPING IN-BETWEEN DIMENSIONS. No longer than a large house-cat, it is a small omnivore that feeds on insects, carrion, nuts and berries. It is not particularly aggressive, preferring to retreat from larger creatures, only standing its ground when defending its young.

THE ETHER-RAT'S ETHEREAL JAUNT ABILITY, a minor mystery among the academic community, makes it incredibly difficult to be killed and has served to protect its species from even the most tenacious of predators. However, it does not have a very keen control over its ability, the Ether-rat only being able to have control over when it “hops” but little control over where it transports itself. It should be noted, that the Ether-rat has never been observed phased itself into an object, meaning it must have at least a semblance of control of where it ends up.

DESPITE ITS SEEMINGLY HARMLESS NATURE, THE ETHER-RAT IS FAR MORE OF A PEST THAN IT WOULD FIRST APPEAR. Its ethereal jaunt ability causes minor fluctuations in the interdimensional veil. While a single Ether-rat, hopping between dimensions over the course of a single day, may not cause any noticeable disruptions, an Ether-rat moving about the same area over an extended period of time causes noticeable interdimensional damage. This damage is enough for extra-dimensional predators to slip through the cracks, dangerous beings beyond the comprehension of mortal minds. Because of this, a pack of Ether-rats is a menace, if not danger, to civilization.

IT IS UNKNOWN WHERE THE ETHER-RAT ORIGINATED FROM. Some speculate that they are the result of arcane experimentation that escaped into the wilderness. Others see them as an invasive species from another dimension, prospering in the material plane without any natural predators. Finally, a few see them as a strange byproduct of evolution, and the ethereal jaunt ability being a genetic trump card gained after countless generations.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

ETHER-RAT PELT - A black pelt with an iridescent shine, its hair is so fine that it seems to pass through your fingers.

While it may take several pelts, a suit of armor or clothing made of Ether-rat pelts grants the wearer the ***Ethereal Jaunt*** *ability.*

ETHER-RAT RIFTS

An Ether-Rat Rift is an area of dimensional and spacetime instability, brought on by the Ether-Rat's ceaseless Ethereal Jaunts. It can do all manner of things.

1 - Anything standing near the Rift ages 1 year per minute.

2 - Passing through the Rift causes all colors to invert (passing through again reverses this.)

3 - The Rift is a portal to a random plane of existence, spewing monsters and terrible predators.

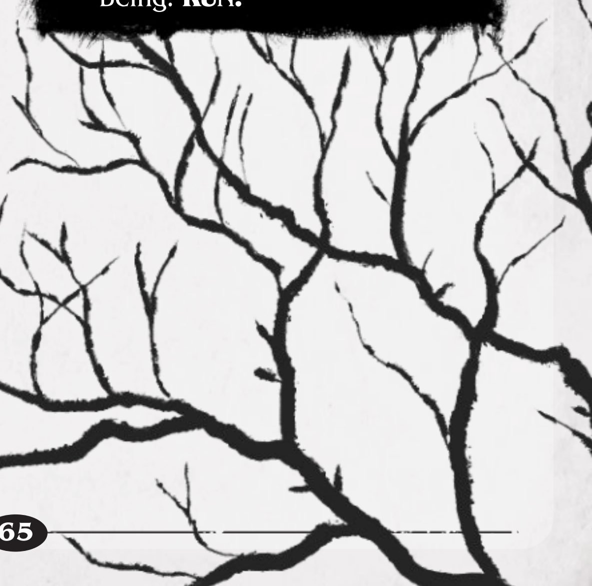
4 - The Rift is constantly screaming the surface thoughts of all intelligent beings.

5 - The Rift teleports anything passing through 1d6 miles away in a random direction.

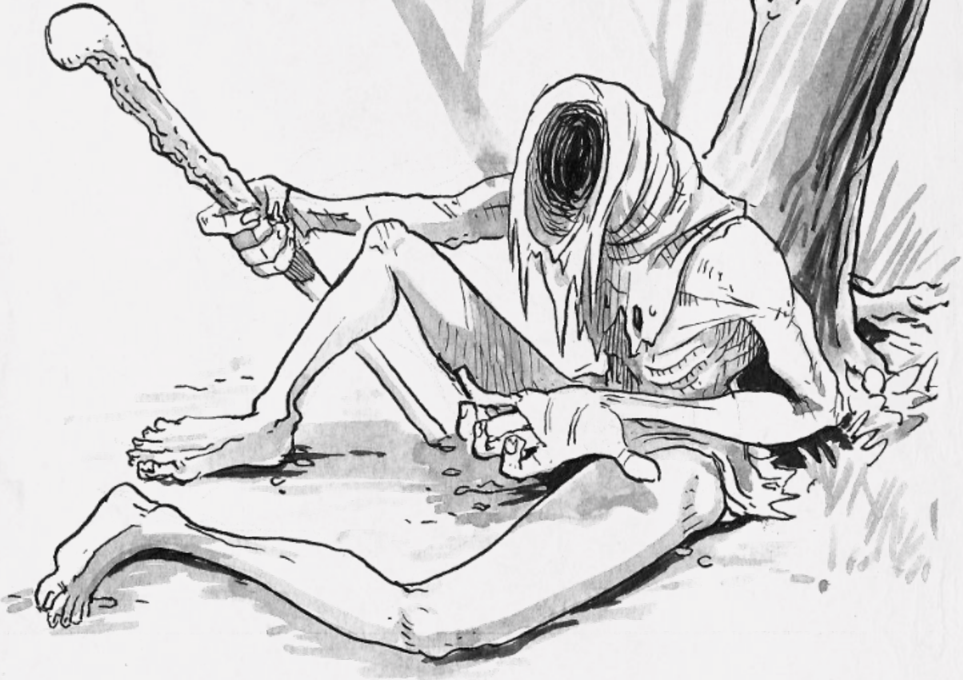
6 - Anything that touches the Rift is utterly disintegrated.

7 - The Rift acts as a permanent bridge to a dark parallel universe, complete with evil versions of the adventurers.

8 - The Rift is a personal doorway for an ancient and terrible being. **RUN.**



FALSE BEGGAR



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 11HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 52
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Petrified Cane 1d10/1d10
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 2,000
- **FALSE BEGGAR'S CURSE: ONCE PER DAY AS ATTACK,** Shouts a vicious sing-song rhyme at a character. Save versus Charm, Poison, or Breath Weapon (GM determines) or suffer a curse.
- **PUMMEL:** Attack for 1d10, then character is knocked back 1d4x5 feet and prone.

Wretch o' rags beside the road
Copperless and smells of mold
Coin sir?
No sir!
Curse your blood to boil!

THEY SIT ALONG THE ROAD, A PILE OF RAGS COVERING A CORPSE OF A HUMAN. Its ragged garb is sewn from cloth of many colors and cuts, forming a cloak and hood that obscures its face in perpetual darkness. It speaks in slow careful words, pleading for assistance in food or coin. Its hands, gripping a walking stick of ancient wood, betrays a hidden strength, as well as its shadowed face that glints with dots of starlight.

THE FALSE BEGGAR IS A BEING OF UNPARALLELED DANGER. Seemingly innocent and mundane, it is in fact a powerful fey that wields insidious and twisted powers. They dole out curses and hexes to mortals that cross them or fail to show them the courtesy they deserve. Be wary of those who beg on the side of roads, better to be charitous than risk the ire of a False Beggar.

PHYSICALLY, A FALSE BEGGAR IS FAR MORE IMPOSING THAN THEY APPEAR. Standing a full 6 to 7 feet tall when not hunched over or curled into a squat, they are strong enough to knock out a horse in a single strike and capable of sending highwaymen flying with a spiteful blow. False Beggars typically carry a thick walking stick, practically petrified with age, that they use with deadly effectiveness.

Despite their physical prowess, **THEIR TRUE POWER LIES IN THEIR ABILITY TO CURSE GREEDY MORTALS** or would-be vagrants. First hand accounts detail flesh warping into horrible shapes or minds broken and remade into a nightmarish parodies. Few people survive a curse from a False Beggar for more than a week; those that do are usually horribly hobbled for the rest of their miserable lives.

While False Beggars can be cruel, **THEY ARE NOT NECESSARILY MALICIOUS OR SADISTIC.** They consider themselves harsh justicators, punishing those not for failing to give to them specifically, but failing to to be charitous in general. Failing to give coin to one as pathetic looking as themselves shows a deep-seated greediness, something that is utterly disgusting to a False Beggar. One would be wise to be generous on the road.

CHARITY TO A FALSE BEGGAR IS SOMETIMES MET WITH KINDNESS AND HELP. When offered the chance to join your camp for meal and a spot by the fire, a False Beggar will turn down the offer three times; on the fourth time, relenting graciously and humbly with sincere praise. If a False Beggar joins your camp, it will more often than not impart a great boon or secret as a "modest repayment" for your generosity, as well as ensure that your sleep is not disturbed by wandering beasts, bandits, or weather.

FALSE BEGGAR CURSE

A curse from a False Beggar can do many terrible things. The only way to lift such a curse is by gaining forgiveness from another False Beggar or a higher power.

1 - **"Damn you! Blast you! Strike you blind!"** You are rendered both deaf and blind.

2 - **"Bubble and toil, your blood will boil!"** Your blood boils in your veins, dealing damage equal to half of your maximum hit points.

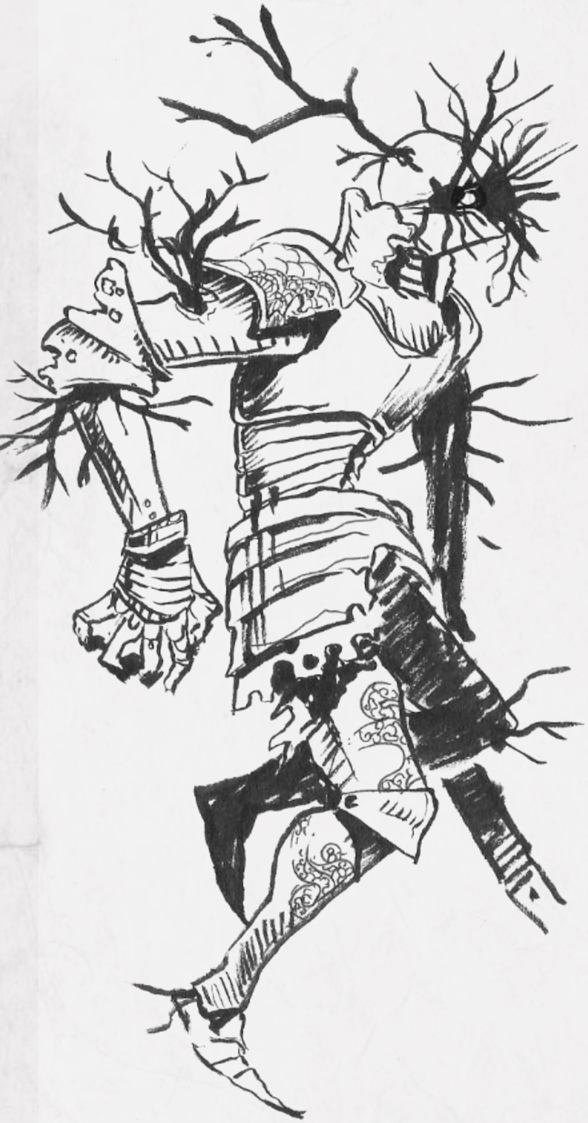
3 - **"Wretch in mind, so in body!"** Your body warps into horrible shapes, you lose 1d6 to all ability scores permanently.

4 - **"Your sleep, your peace, a dream long-gone!"** You can no longer rest or sleep, exhaustion still takes effect.

5 - **"Greedy mind and greedy belly!"** You develop insatiable cannibalistic urges.

6 - **"A stink! A filth! A rot you are!"** You permanently acquire three random diseases.

FERAL KNIGHT



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Plate (and shield if wielding one.)
- **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 45
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,100XP
- **RELENTLESS:** Immune to fear, will never flee from a battle, and fights for 1d3 rounds after dropping to 0 HP.
- **LEAPING STRIKE:** Leap 30 feet, then land on opponent and attack with weapon. Save versus breath weapon or be knocked prone.

THERE HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTS TO DESTROY THE WILDS THROUGH MARTIAL FORCE. Kingdoms raising mighty soldiers, heroes rising to become mighty warriors, magi crafting magical armaments, all to slaughter the terrors that plague the fringes of civilization.

The Wilds find all of them lacking, and so in the darkened shadows between the trees, **IT SPLINTERS THEIR MIND AND MAKES THEM CRAWL LIKE BEASTS.**

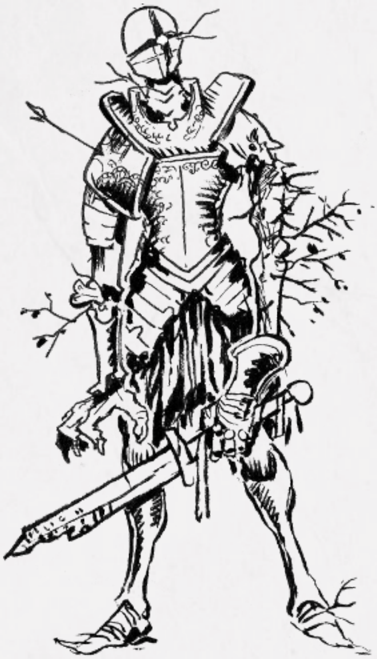
These once resplendent knights, bodies tempered and minds gone rabid, serve as unwitting sentinels of the Wilds. Some find themselves like bestial guards to powerful beings, while others simply roam about like wild dogs. Whether their broken mind can grasp it or not, they now act as lethal guardians against the civilized world, destroying its foes and seeking out trespassers.

THEY DO NOT COMMIT VIOLENCE AGAINST THE WILDS ITSELF. Any such case is only to feed, as they seem to have a taste for raw flesh. They are in tune with their surroundings, careful to avoid stepping on budding saplings, and oblivious to the creatures that writhe and nest on their armor. Surrounded by nature, they can easily be mistaken as a large suit of rusted overgrown armor if they lay still. Adventurers who succumb to this mistake find themselves in very mortal danger.

IN COMBAT THEY SWING THEIR

WEAPONS AND LIMBS IN RECKLESS SAVAGE STRIKES. Galloping, and leaping on all fours, moving more like ferocious wolves than martial combatants. While undisciplined and feral in their attacks, they make up for this shortcoming in raw power and speed. Their strikes can reduce tree trunks to splinters as they make great animal howls and shouts.

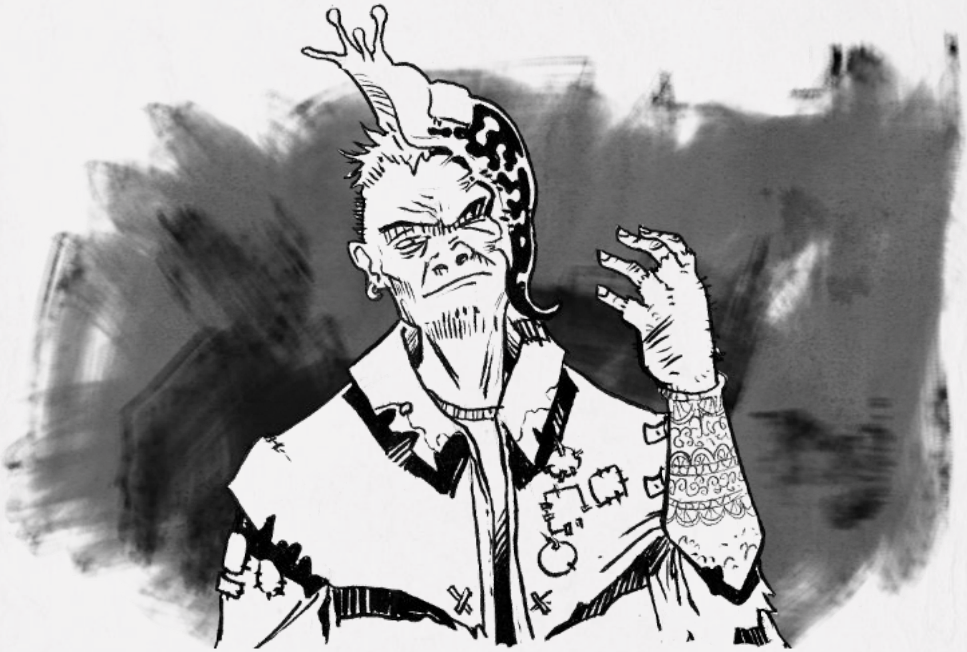
THEIR MINDS ARE BROKEN AND WEAK, AND THEY ARE EASILY BAITED AND LURED LIKE A COMMON COYOTE OR SIMILAR PREDATOR. There are hints of them retaining memories, as some find themselves wandering desecrated shrines or overgrown redoubts. Whether these sites were of importance to them before or if they even understand why they haunt them like solemn specters is unknown. They are beasts of the Wilds now, and it will never let them go.



RANDOM FERAL KNIGHT GENERATOR

D10	Description	Weapon	Story
1	Armor the shade of night, draped in flensed skin crawling with maggots.	A great executioner's axe, bearing etched tally marks in the dozens.	Failed to save their kingdom from an army of Wild Elves, wandered the Wilds to die.
2	Moss covered and surrounded by a cloud of fluttering moths.	A simple longsword corroded into a rust bloomed mess.	Hunts The Ruin with an unparalleled vengeance.
3	Armor crudely painted with images of monsters and nightmares.	A spear whose tip is actually the tooth of a dragon.	Serves the Lady of Broken Branches, but has lost their mind with age.
4	Muted green armor with a helm adorned in great elk antlers.	A pair of silvered rapiers, they seem to hum a song when striking,	Seeks the one who bears a shield with a familiar seal…
5	Silver armor, tarnished with age, bearing motifs of gods and angels.	A massive stone hammer, its head is inscribed with a story.	Last survivor of a failed crusade against the Wilds.
6	Iron plate, blackened as if by intense fire.	A halberd, still caked in scabbing dry blood.	Lost their entire family to the Treewylding.
7	A great ornamental spear pierces clean through their body.	A mace the color of ink in the shape of a praying lady.	A mythic knight who was exiled to the Wilds for a crime they did not commit.
8	Their shoulders are covered in grass, loam, and sapling elms.	A greatsword, serrated on one side and surround by flies.	Serves the Wild in atonement for some grave misdeed.
9	Ropes of leafy vine entwine their entire body.	A sword, broken in half, still sharp and terribly lethal.	The lone survivor of a band of legendary adventurers.
10	Beautiful golden armor, ravaged with claw marks and weapon scars.	A blade, immaculate and seemingly untouched by age.	The Wyrd stripped them of their pure soul and hid it inside a lone cherry tree.

GASTROPAL



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 2
- **MOVE:** Half Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Nibble 1d2
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Clutch 1d6
- **XP:** 15

A SMALL FLESHY MASS OF A CREATURE WIGGLES ITS WAY TOWARDS YOU. Resembling an oversized slug the size of a pork loin, it is pale like marble and bears strange rorschach-style patterning that seems to move and change. Its skin is tough as leather and wet to the touch. A set of eyestalks and feelers move about in curiosity while the creature makes small amicable chirps.

A GASTROPAL IS AN ODDITY among the teeming monsters of the woods. Rather than rely on violence or savagery for survival, the Gastropal relies on mutual profiteering. Seeking out strong intelligent beings, it offers its assistance in return for protection.

About as intelligent as a large parrot, **THE GASTROPAL FORMS SYMBIOTIC LINKS WITH TRAVELLERS AND ADVENTURES.** Allowing it to latch on and maintain contact with exposed flesh for more than a day is enough for it to form a bond. While bonded, it grants beneficial, albeit strange gifts to its host, only asking for food, water and protection in return.

THEY WILL REMAIN WITH THEIR HOST, so long as the host provides for them, does no harm to them, and does not leave the boundaries of the Wilds. That being said, some Gastropals gain a strong affinity for one host in particular and will actively seek them out, even after they leave the Wilds.

GASTROPAL BOONS

A Gastropal bonded to a host for more than a day grants one of the following abilities to its host so long as they are willingly in contact.

1 - **Leather-skin** - Your skin becomes tough and leathery, granting you skin as strong as leather armor.

2 - **Caustic Juices** - Your digestive tract is full of strong acids and reactive chemicals, causing you to belch loud and frequently. You have advantage on all constitution or poison-based saves.

3 - **Bendy Bones** - Your limbs become malleable and springy like rubber. You can never break a bone and always take half damage from falling.

4 - **Warding Musk** - You gain a strong pungent odor, most animals cannot stand it and avoid attacking or harassing you at all costs.

5 - **Sleepless** - You no longer need to sleep! While you still bear the look of sleeplessness (bloodshot eyes, baggy skin, etc.) you suffer no ill effects or exhaustion from lack of sleep.

6 - **Sticky** - Your body is coated in a thick, sticky, neon slime; granting you advantage on grapple, disarm, and climb checks. (You are also harder to disarm.)

GOEROE

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 9HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 45
- **MOVE:** Half Standard, Swim Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 2d6 and Swallow Whole.
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,150
- **GOEROE CRY:** Save versus fear, or become Frightened.
- **SWALLOW WHOLE:** Save versus Breath Weapon or become swallowed in its gullet.

SOMETHING STIRS IN THE WATER. A pair of ghostly blue eyes peer below the surface, each one the size of a dinner plate. A creature, with a body like a snake and the head of an owl-eyed lizard pulls itself out of the water with a pair of gnarled malformed arms. Its mouth stretches open impossibly, like a tent made of pink flesh and dagger-like teeth. It loses a horrible piercing cry; a cry of screaming children, of weeping soldiers, and the last terrified cries of a dying mother.

GOEROES ARE A BREED OF MONSTER THAT DWELLS IN THE LARGE FRESHWATER BODIES OF THE WILDS. Measuring 18 feet from snout to tail, it is the shape of an overgrown tadpole. Its mouth can open large enough to swallow an entire workhorse (as it has been known to do), extending and flexing to gulp down its prey like a snake. A pair of tiny muscled arms hang from its body impotently, strong enough to drag its body around and help keep a grip on swallowed prey, but little else.

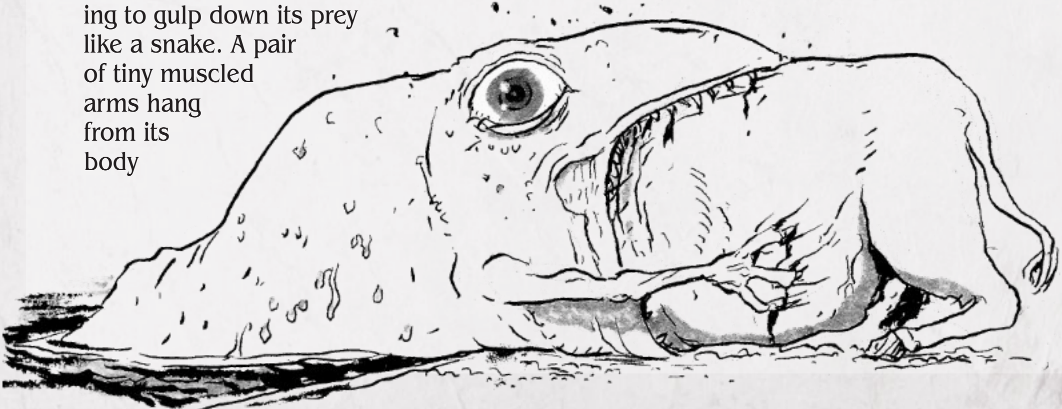
IT IS MOST KNOWN AND FEARED FOR ITS TERRIBLE CRY. A sound that has haunted both poets and scholars for generations, there is no concrete way of describing it. Some say it sounds like a chorus of wailing mothers, while others claim it sounds like cattle and hogs screaming out in pain. Whatever the sound, the effect remains the same: a frightful sensation passing over those who hear it, sending those too close into a blind panic.

DESPITE ITS TERRIFYING NATURE IT IS NOT A PARTICULARLY BRAZEN BEAST. Rather, the Goeroe uses its terrifying howl to scare off both predators and additional prey. Preferring easy or lone targets, it commits amphibious ambushes much in the same way an alligator does.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

GOEROE EYE - As large as a beachball and weighing as much as a small pig, the flesh is soft and spongy to the touch.

Those who eat a handful of Goeroe eye-flesh have advantage against all fear-based effects for 1 hour.



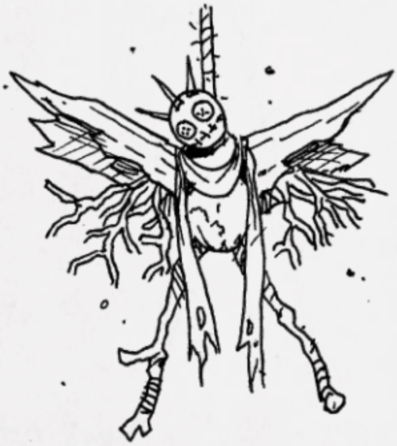
GRIMMKING

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 20HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 300
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Crushing Blows and Nightmare Maws 1d10/1d10/1d10
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 20,000
- **CONSUME:** A creature rendered unconscious near a Grimmking must save versus Poison. Failure means the victim is pulled in and added to its form, immediately killing it and healing the Grimmking a number of hit points equal to the HD of the creature consumed
- **MASTER OF THE WYRD AND WILD:** Grimmkings are the chaotic will of the Wyrd and Wild made flesh. Any interaction with the Grimmking has a random effect (see table).
- **UNBROKEN MARCH:** The Grimmking's movement is unaffected by terrain or magic. Its stride remains unbroken.
- **WYRD AURA:** The Wyrd power embodied within the Grimmking causes bodies and minds to twist and warp. Every minute spent within eyesight of the Grimmking requires a roll on the Call of the Wild Table (pg. 22)
- **SPELLS:** 1d12 random spells from level 1 to 9.

THE AIR GROWS SILENT AND STILL. A rhythmic rumbling courses through the ground. The sound of giant footfalls draw close and soon, the whispers and growls of a hundred feral mouths grows in volume. Standing as tall as the largest of pine trees, a creature of bone, branch, stone, and horrid writhing flesh looms. Cloth drapes over its profane form and upon its shoulders sits a horrifying parody of a head enshrined in a crown.

THERE ARE THINGS NO MORTAL SHOULD EVER DO. Unspoken rules of nature that are keenly understood by all druids and fey spellcasters, the "Rules of the Wyrd," as a few scholars call it. This natural order of things is bound firmly in place with a deep and ancient power, as old as creation itself. Those corrupt and greedy few who glimpse of this seemingly limitless supply of energy grow sick and delusional, thinking they can tap into and harness it for their own selfish gain. They are fools.

A GRIMMKING IS BORN WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO TAKE POWER FROM THE WILDS. The power of the Wyrd and Wild does not take kindly to being disturbed and punishes those foolish few by twisting them into massive nightmarish monstrosities. Every facet of their their psyche and being is abolished, and their new forms become vessels for the will of the Wilds, and a grim warning of what happens to those who trespass on power that is not their own.



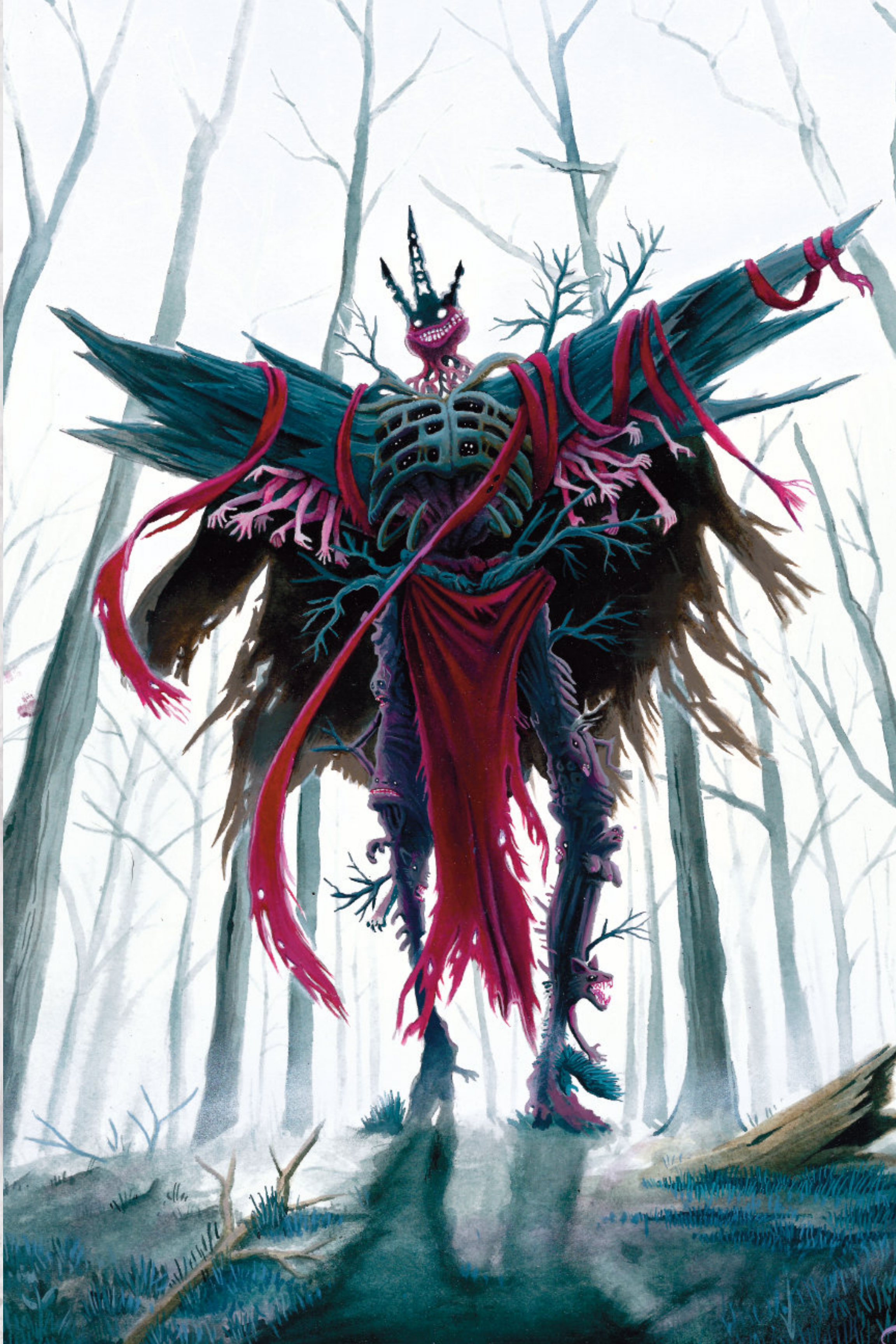
THEY ARE DEVOID OF EMOTION AND ANYTHING RESEMBLING A CONSCIOUS, instead directly driven by the metaphysical will of the Wilds to consume and destroy. Stalking the darkest parts of the wilderness, marching down trails older than any written word, they move endlessly to sow fear and destruction in their wake. This path of travel is unbroken, anything that dares to cross it is broken and devoured, merely adding to its abominable form.

GRIMMKINGS ARE FORTUNATELY MYTHICALLY RARE, centuries go by without any substantial reports of seeing them. First-hand accounts are rarer than platinum, and are always by maddened lone survivors. Despite this, some come to the frightening conclusion that they are not incredibly rare, but in fact, incredibly good at destroying any witnesses. These proclaimers tend to be maddened with terror, preparing for the inevitable day the Grimmkings all march on the bastions civilization. "The Grimmkings' path goes unbroken by all. Woe to the world when it leads to our walls."

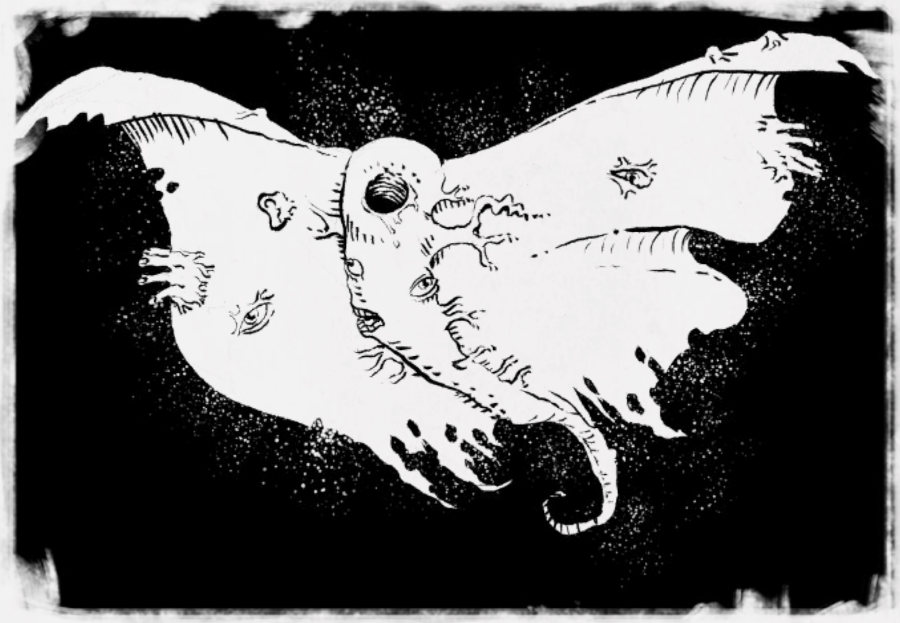
MASTER OF THE WYRD AND WILD

The following is a chart for generating random effects and curses the Grimmking imparts on those who dare to challenge it...

D100	I strike it...	I cast a spell on it...	I am touched by it...
1-10	No Effect	No Effect	No Effect
11-35	Your weapon permanently melds with your flesh. Rolling this again undoes the effect.	The Grimmking gains the spell and can cast it once.	Your speech is reversed. Rolling this again undoes the effect.
36-60	A mutant, deformed double of yourself with 10 HP springs out to fight you.	The surrounding area springs to life, becoming overgrown with horrid flora.	All of the colors in your body immediately invert.
61-85	Make an attack against yourself as your strike is repeated upon yourself.	The spell is fired back at a random creature within range.	You become incorporeal for 1d4 rounds. You must make a save versus magic to substantiate yourself.
86-99	Your weapon gains a grim sentience. Rolling this again only changes the personality.	The Grimmking vomits up 6HD worth of screaming violent Wild Elf children.	Your skin painlessly melts away like candle wax.
100	Weapon is transformed into a writhing mass of organs that lash out and strangle the wielder. They die 1d6 rounds later.	An enormous boil of volatile magic grows on the Grimmking's body and bursts 1d6 rounds later, dealing 10d6 damage to everything (including the Grimmking) within 60ft. Save versus breath to avoid.	You contract the Treewylding. Rolling this again counts as a failed save.



GRIPPLE BATS



◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale

◆ **HIT DICE:** 3HD

◆ **HIT POINTS:** 18

◆ **MOVE:** Fly Double Standard

◆ **DAMAGE:** Wing Slam, 1d6 and Grapple

◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Clutch 1d6, or Swarm 2d6

◆ **XP:** 250

◆ **FLESH MELD:** Once grappled the Gripple Bat adheres to the skin of the victim and drains 1d8 Hit Points each round until forcibly removed or killed. It heals 1d4 Hitpoints every time it does this. Removing it forcibly deals 1d6 damage as it is ripped from the body.

◆ **EYELESS SIGHT:** The Gripple Bat uses hearing, smelling, and heat detection to find its prey.

SOMETHING FLUTTERS IN THE DARKNESS ABOVE YOUR HEADS. You glimpse things like bats with pairs of wings dancing in the air. Thin fleshy beasts, the shades of human skin flap madly in wild circles above, a horrible breathing hole lies where their head should be. Misplaced human eyes, mouths, and fingers pepper its body, twitching all the while.

GRIPPLE BATS (OR SKIN-BATS TO SOME) ARE A NOCTURNAL MENACE. Plaguing the roads and trails of the Wilds they spring out at night to feed on unsuspecting prey. They are the size of a quilt and weigh little more, flapping with a pair of wings made of sinew and translucent veiny skin. The only part of them that might be distinguished as a "body" is a thicker middle portion capped with a moist breathing hole.

WHAT MAKES GRIPPLE BATS SO STRANGE AND HORRIFYING IS THEIR PECULIAR FEEDING TECHNIQUE. Known as "flesh-melding," a Gripple Bat wraps its body around its prey. Once wrapped, it makes skin contact with a patch of the prey's exposed flesh, immediately forming a chemical bond with whatever they are touching. The chemical bond is instantaneous and perfect, adhering and melding their own body to their prey's without so much as a seam. Once bonded, they "drink" their prey, draining them of fluids, flesh, and nutrients. Overtime, the Gripple-bat will consume the entirety of their prey, leaving behind only inorganic matter and a small "trophy" stuck to the Gripple-bat in the form of fingers, eyes, or mouths.

THEY MAKE THEIR HOMES IN TREE CANOPIES, forming small colonies that wrap themselves tightly to tree limbs during the day. Gripple-bats have an incredibly high metabolism, making them utterly voracious and requiring them to conserve their energy during the day. However, once nightfall comes, they strike out into the dark searching for prey via heat and smell. They need to consume 100 pounds of flesh per week to avoid starvation, needing twice as much during their mating season.

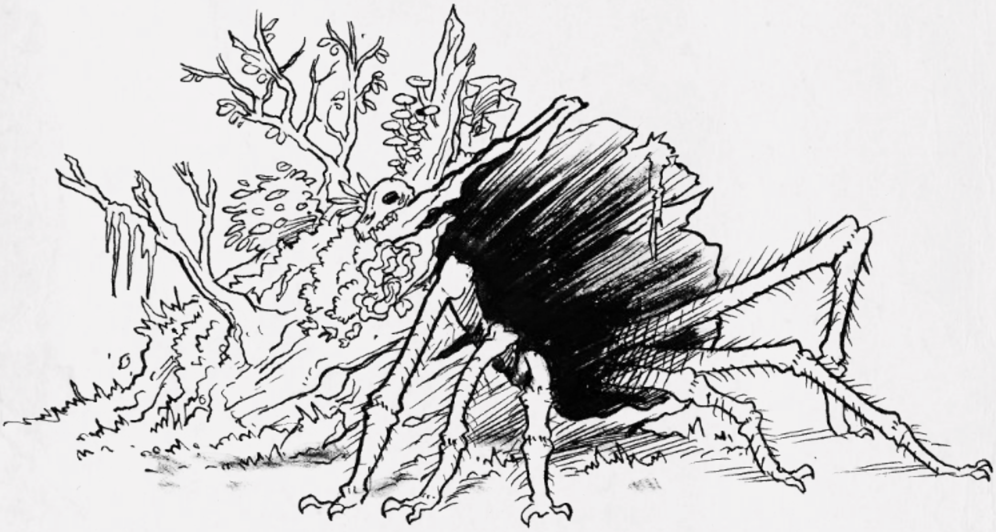
THERE IS NOTHING QUITE AS TERRIFYING AS WATCHING A LOVED ONE BE UTTERLY CONSUMED BY A GRIPPLE-BAT. Their skin melding to its writhing body, screaming all the while they are being consumed. Travelers who have witnessed Gripple-bat attacks carry their stories like lead weights, usually revisited with the nightmare of what they saw. Those who actually survive such attacks are reminded in a much more physical way, bearing horrible scars and disfigurements from removing the Gripple-bat from their flesh.

RARE GOOD:

GRIPPLE-BAT SKIN - A supple patch of skin, still very much alive. It needs to be handled with gloves to avoid accidents.

Gripple-bat skin makes excellent bandages, immediately stopping bleeding and patching wounds as it melds to flesh.

HERMIT SPIDER



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Plate
- **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 40
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d10
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Pair
- **XP:** 900
- **SNATCH: AS ATTACK,** if target is below half HP, they are dragged into the log and suffer 2d6 damage every round until they are freed or escape.

AN ENORMOUS HOLLOW LOG SITS BURIED INTO THE EARTH, its bark is decorated with all manner of mushrooms and moss. It shifts suddenly, dislodging itself from the ground. Six enormous hairy spider limbs spring out of the hollow, twitching and scraping the ground as it pulls itself ahead. It drags the log behind it and searches the area with a cluster of eight beady eyes.

HERMIT SPIDERS ARE ENORMOUS SOLITARY HUNTERS THAT DWELL WITHIN THE WILDS. Making their homes within hollowed out tree-trunks, they lie in wait for prey to come close before springing out in a brutal ambush. They measure ten feet across from leg-tip to leg-tip and their entire body is coated in long coarse bristles.

While a Hermit Spider's log serves as a form of protection, **IT MORE IMPORTANTLY SERVES AS A FORM OF CAMOUFLAGE.** The Hermit Spider will pick a spot high in traffic and partially burrow its decorated log into the ground. Once hidden, it will lie in wait for days or weeks on end, biding its time and waiting for prey to investigate its log. Once in range, it snaps into furious action, quickly tackling its prey before dragging it into its log to be messily devoured.

Because the Hermit Spider relies on ambushes **IT NEEDS TO PLACE ITSELF NEAR PLACES WHERE PREY ARE LIKELY TO FREQUENT.** Sometimes setting their log across a deer trail, snatching animals that cross over top of its log; occasionally burrowing near a wilderness outpost, grabbing anyone who strays too far from the outpost; even settling along caravan roads, killing anyone who stops to take a rest near their log.

MUCH LIKE A HERMIT CRAB, a Hermit Spider will go through several logs throughout its lifespan. Starting with a small branches at first, eating squirrels and other small vermin before migrating into larger logs later in life. While they can survive indefinitely without a log, they grow agitated and erratic without one. Some, incapable of finding a log, burrow holes into the ground or hide under whatever detritus can cover them.

Outside of its hunting habits, **THE HERMIT SPIDER HAS SHOWN A STRANGE HABIT OF "DECORATING" ITS LOG WITH VARIOUS THINGS.** Using its legs and clawed feelers for manipulation, the Hermit Spider seeks out various flora (an occasional fauna) to carefully add to the outside of its log. A typical log of an older Hermit Spider is usually completely covered with hundreds of fungus colonies, several species of moss, and more than a handful of animal nests. While the exact reason is not know, it is suspected that the Hermit Spider does this for either additional camouflage, or because it has a knack for home design.

RANDOM HERMIT SPIDER DECORATION GENERATOR

D12	Treasure (Roll 1d6 times)
1	1d10x1d6 precious stones, studded throughout the trunk.
2	An immense oil painting of a very obese and wealthy noble.
3	A series of skulls arranged in a line by descending order; ranging from a hummingbird to a Goeroe.
4	The body of a knight in immaculate gold armor, laid out with garlands of flowers as if for burial.
5	A string of 1d20 bronze medals, etched with scenes of ancient deities.
6	Withered, leathery corpses of 1d6x10 random animals.
7	A clutch of 1d10 rare mushrooms. There is a 10% they are magical.
8	A bed of Kingsleep Moss, tough enough to pull off and use as a blanket.
9	A fishnet satchel containing 1d6 colorful potions. Half are beneficial the other half are dangerous.
10	A carved ivory flute that plays a haunting tune when wind crosses its surface.
11	1d4 golden persimmons that grant youth, reversing 1d3 years for every bite taken.
12	A collection of rusted weapons, all of incredible quality and craftsmanship.

JUKKENROTTER

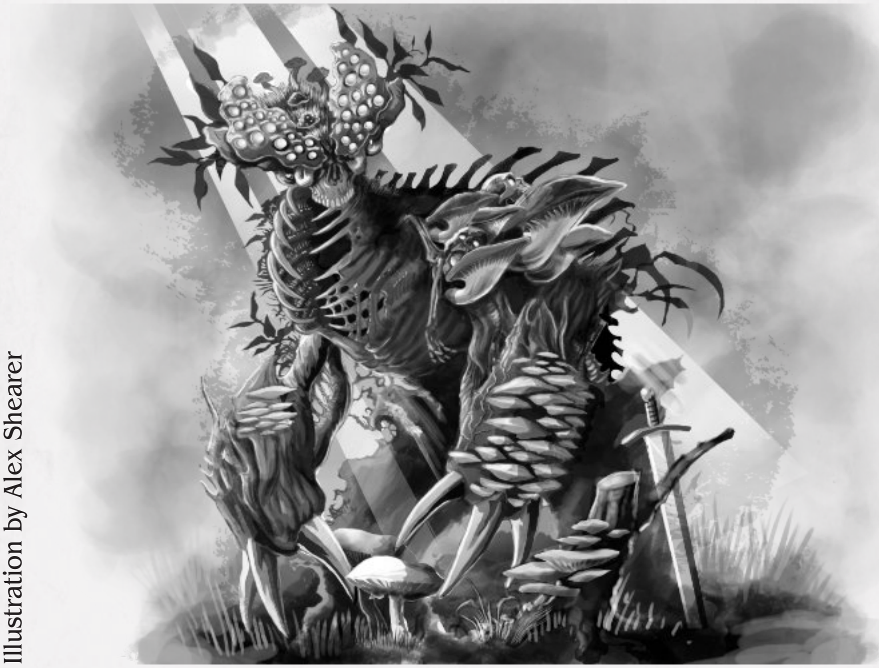


Illustration by Alex Shearer

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 12 HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 65
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d8/1d8 and Decay
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 2,400
- **EYES OF TIME:** The Jukkenrotter makes attacks at advantage, as it peers into the future.
- **LIFE BLOOM:** Colorful microbial and fungal life sprouts around the Jukkenrotter. The terrain around it is always treated as rough and save versus poison or suffer one random disease.
- **DECAY:** Anything touched by the Jukkenrotter must save versus magic or suffer 1d4x1d4 damage as flesh decays, mold blooms, and armor rusts to dust.

THE SMELL OF DECAY, OF SODDEN WOOD AND ROTTING BRUSH. A droning bellow reverberates through the trees, and the sound of crushing footsteps draw close. A monster, with a body of corpseflesh and rotted detritus towers over the field. It moves in careful measured steps, more akin to a king than any monster. Upon its head sits a crown of eyes; each one like a glimmering pearl in a sea of rot and filth.

THE JUKKENROTTER IS A BEAST THAT RULES OVER THE EBB AND FLOW OF LIFE. Standing taller than a polar bear and weighing almost twice as much, its body is equal parts living vegetation, twisting flesh, and rotting debris. Like a gorilla, it plods on all fours most of the time, each limb ending in wicked bony talons that are adept at cutting through metal and flesh. It sees the world through dozens of shimmering eyes, each one able to gaze far into the future, glimpsing the possibilities the world has in store.

What makes the Jukkenrotter so dangerous is its ability to manipulate the flow of time around it, causing rapid decay followed by blooms of fungal life within moments. Each step it takes withers to allow microscopic life to flourish, paving the way for the next generation of life to take its place. From its gaze that peers into the future, it inspects places where its gift would be best served, places where life has greedily hung on and deprived another generation of life to follow it. **IT DESTROYS THESE USURPERS OF THE NATURAL ORDER** with either a simple touch or a show of force, always willing to resort to brutal and bloody violence if the need arises.

THEY ARE A LONELY CREATURE. Due to their abilities, they operate as mobile composters, breaking down life and leaving behind nutrient rich soil in its wake. They seem to take nourishment from this action, as well as a quiet and reverent pleasure. Animals and wildlife tend to give the Jukkenrotters a wide berth, not wanting to risk their touch. However, a Jukkenrotter has no interest in destroying a life that is flourishing or does not create imbalance within the natural world; only becoming aggressive if attacked, disturbed, or it deems someone an "usurper."

DESPITE THEIR MONSTROUS LOOK, THE JUKKENROTTER IS A WILDLY INTELLIGENT AND WISE CREATURE. Capable of understanding almost any language, and willing to listen if they believe it does not affect their work. What's more, they operate with a sense of reverent and noble duty, knowing full well that what they do serves the greater good for the Wilds, the Wyrd, and life as a whole. They cannot speak, seeing no need to, but communicate in bows and droning song. To receive a bow from a Jukkenrotter is a mighty respect indeed.

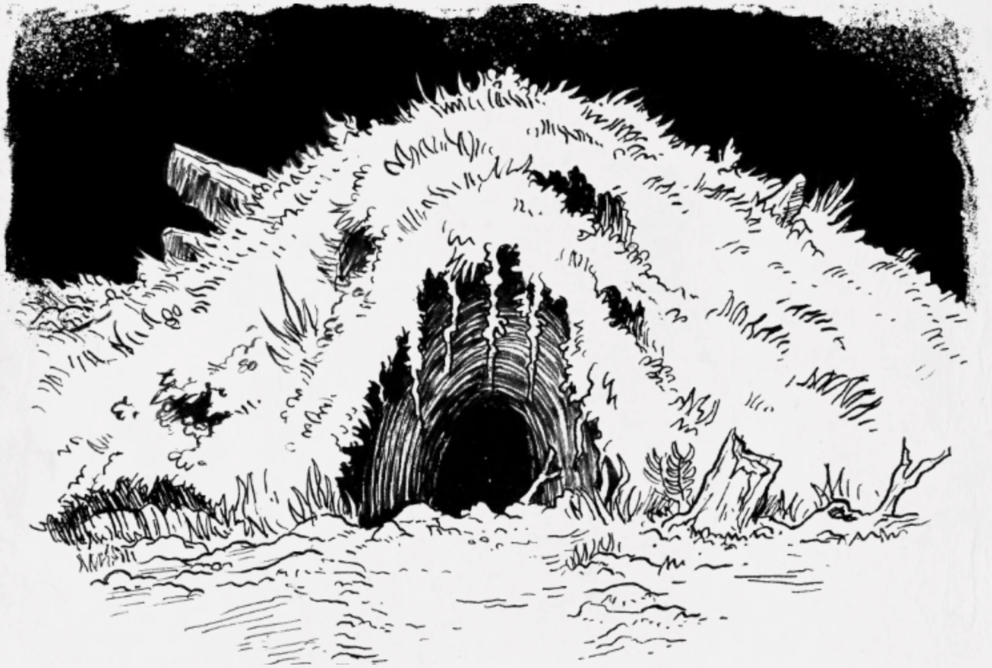
NO ONE IS SURE WHERE THE JUKKENROTTER ORIGINATES FROM. Records point to them existing long before the first cities were built, with archaeological evidence suggesting many primitive mortals worshiped them as gods. One theory claims they are servants of the Primal Wheel, lordly harbingers of decay and life. A more esoteric and modern hypothesis claims they are actually a highly evolved colonial organism, much like a jellyfish. Still, any druid or Wyrd speaker calls them a physical embodiment of the the natural order: the inevitable death, decay, and rebirth of all life.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

JUKKENROTTER EYE - It gleams like a pearl the size of a plum. Its surface reflects strange visions of blooming life and rotting death.

The eye of a Jukkenrotter is a powerful and highly sought after prize. Consuming one allows a character to make one re-roll within the next 24 hours. If the eye is implanted and grafted into the skull of another sentient being they can use this ability 1d6 times per day. However, each time risks a chance of madness, as the mortal mind was not built for such visions.

KAIR



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 20HD
- **HIT POINTS:** Cannot be damaged
- **MOVE:** None
- **DAMAGE:** See below (Metaphysical Consumption)
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** ???
- **METAPHYSICAL CONSUMPTION:** The moment someone sets foot into a Kair's mouth, they must make a save versus charm or magic a number of times until they roll a successful save, to avoid being drawn further into the Kair and consumed. (See Sidebar for details on the various effects).

A SMALL TUNNEL ENTRANCE SITS NEXT TO YOUR PATH. The inside smells faintly of fragrance and tea, and seems to be pleasantly dry and warm. The entry is tight but comfortable and leads further into a darkened tunnel. The tunnel grows tight in spots, curving and bending like the tract of some mighty snake, all the while the pleasant scent grows stronger and stronger. A strange pressure grows as you go further in, and you begin to feel your mind go-

... A small tunnel entrance sits next to your path. The inside smells faintly of fragrance and tea, and seems to be pleasantly dry and warm...

Have you been here before..?

A KAIR APPEARS AS NOTHING MORE THAN A TUNNEL OR CAVE. An inauspicious hole or entrance, whose only real feature is that it is comfortable to stay in and smells pleasant enough. The "body" winds deep into the earth, the scent growing stronger to lure in those to0 curious for their own good. At the absolute "end" of the Kair's body, the victim is, for lack of a better term, "consumed" from the current timeline and restored in a different parallel timeline.

THE KAIR'S ACT OF "CONSUMING," IS NOT A PHYSICAL CONSUMPTION, but a temporal and metaphysical one. **A KAIR EXISTS ACROSS SEVERAL PARALLEL TIMELINES SIMULTANEOUSLY,** sending out a series of "tendrils" to physically appear in as many timelines as it can. These tendrils appear as caves, and attempt to lure prey deep into its temporal organs to be consumed. It repeatedly does this to the same being across countless timelines, devouring versions of a victim over and over, leaving behind only a vague sense of deja-vu each time they enter a pleasant smelling cave, only to never be seen again.

THERE ARE FEW PEOPLE WHO HAVE EVER SURVIVED AN ENCOUNTER WITH A KAIR. For the longest time the massive temporal creature went unrecorded in bestiaries until a particularly iron-willed individual managed to break from its mental clutches. This single event allowed a rudimentary study of the "Temporal Time Worm Tunnel," eventually shortened to Kair after some peer review. The findings unfortunately pointed towards an ability both impossible to understand and terrifying in its implications.

IT IS UNKNOWN WHAT THE TEMPORAL BODY OF A KAIR LOOKS LIKE. Some paint it as more of a magical force, a strange arcane phenomena rather than a living thing. Several scholars speculate it is a breed of ancient ethereal predator, living in a place between dimensions while feeding off of the physical. Others see the Kair as a singular being, a god-like monstrosity of infinite tunnels and tendrils all woven across the infinite scope of creation.

METAPHYSICAL CONSUMPTION

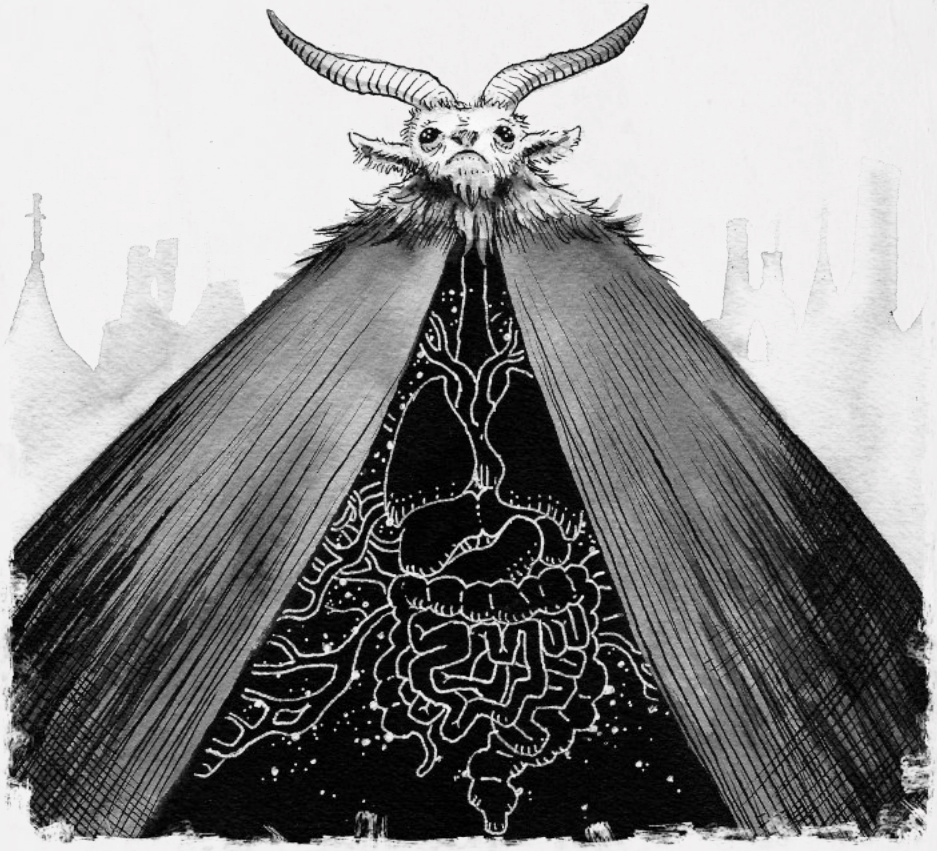
Each time a person is drawn into the Kair and they fail a save, that version of them is consumed from the timeline they exist in. When this happens, the alternate realities of the victim experience the death of their counterpart in various ways; each lasting roughly a week.

D6	Effect
1-	You dream in vivid detail of every single time you were erased.
2-	When you move, you disappear for seconds at a time.
3-	You lose track of time, you only remember every other memory or action.
4-	You develop a phobia of dark rooms, tunnels, and caves.
5-	You become translucent and semi-ethereal.
6-	You make little sound and must scream to be heard as a whisper.

However, this can only happen so many times before a person is utterly erased from the multiverse, as if they had never existed at all. If a character fails a number of saves greater than their hit dice, they experience a total erasure from the multiverse. They cannot be resurrected in any way, there is utterly no record or memory of them, and the world operates as if they had never existed.

A successful save represents one of the timelines "snapping to" and breaking the Kair's cycle of consumption. They find themselves at the exact moment they saw the cave entrance, with a vague and terrifying vision of entering the cave and being erased.

KYRKOGRIM



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 42
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Slam and horns 1d8/1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,100
- **PRIMAL TERROR:** The first moment you witness the Kyrkogrim, make a save versus fear. Failure means you become panicked.
- **SHADOW JAUNT:** Can appear in any shadow within 50 feet of it as a move.
- **DIMENSIONAL SNATCH:** Once per day, if the Kyrkogrim hits with an attack, it may choose to do no damage. Instead, pulling the victim into itself, transporting them to a dimension between moments for 1d4 rounds. At the end of the time, the victim reappears 100 feet from where they were last standing and suffers 1d6 cold damage.

THE AIR GROWS COLD AND SOUND BEGINS TO DAMPEN, as if a fresh snow has fallen. Vision distorts and a shape appears where there was once nothing at all. It appears as a massive cloaked figure, utterly lightless as if made of shadow. Its body terminates with a grisly animal head, its eyes have a terrible frightening light.

THEY ARE MAN-MADE MONSTERS. Byproducts of a ritual that mortals accidentally uncovered, with no concept of what they meddled with. That being said, they are loyal monsters.

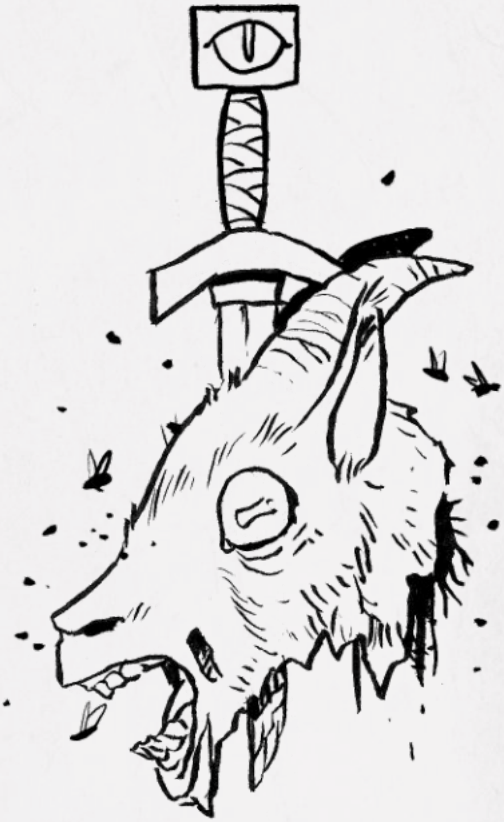
The first of these beings was brought into existence when an animal was buried alive under the foundation of a shrine. A coincidental ritual, done as some crude and cruel protection charm. What surprised everyone was that it actually worked.

CREATED AS GUARDIANS OF HOLY SITES AND CHURCHES the Kyrkogrim are eldritch beings bound to serve as the eternal caretaker for particular spots. They do this willingly and dutifully, with timeless alien minds observing the actions of mortals curiously, as if a child observing a line of ants.

WHEN THEY MUST DEFEND THEIR DOMAIN THEY FIRST CHOOSE TO DO SO WITH FEAR. Revealing their monstrous presence is usually enough to scare off would-be defilers. They only resort to bloodshed when it is absolutely necessary to keeping the sanctity of their charge. But when bloodshed is required, they do so unwaveringly.

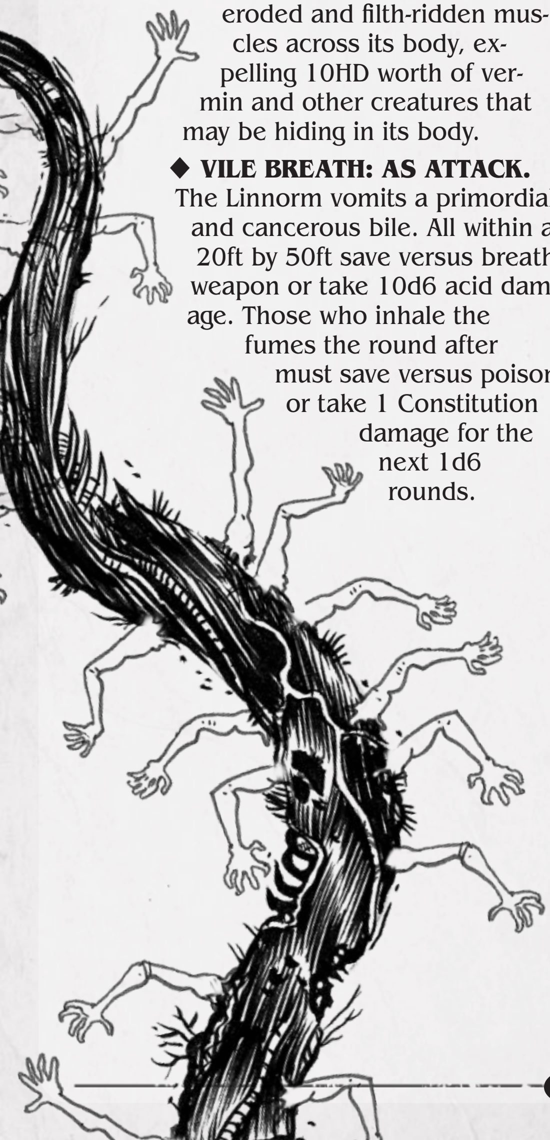
Sadly, the exact ritual for their creation was lost, and many of the sites they lord over have fallen to ruin. Yet still they stand guard. Like menacing pools of shadow, crowned with the head of some poor animal, they will watch over their task until the last stone has crumbled away to dust.

IF ONE IS CAREFUL, THEY MAY PASS INTO THE KYRKOGRIM'S DOMAIN UNSCATHED, but only by approaching their sites in a specific manner and with the permission of their owner or their owner's progeny. Bowing before and after entering is necessary to avoid the Kyrkogrim's wrath, and an offering of some kind before passing the threshold is traditional. If all steps and manners are followed, the Kyrkogrim will never reveal itself.



LINNORM

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Plate
- **HIT DICE:** 20HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 400
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** 1d8 Hands 1d4, Bite 2d12
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 20,000
- **EXPEL VERMIN: ONCE PER DAY,** the Linnorm clenches the eroded and filth-ridden muscles across its body, expelling 10HD worth of vermin and other creatures that may be hiding in its body.
- **VILE BREATH: AS ATTACK.** The Linnorm vomits a primordial and cancerous bile. All within a 20ft by 50ft save versus breath weapon or take 10d6 acid damage. Those who inhale the fumes the round after must save versus poison or take 1 Constitution damage for the next 1d6 rounds.
- **SWALLOW WHOLE: AS ATTACK,** Grapple, Victim is swallowed whole. They take 4d6 damage every turn unless they cut themselves out or are cut out by another.
- **THE OLD MAGIC:** The Linnorm is adept in magics older than anything that exists today. Casting spells on a Linnorm have a 50% of reflecting back at the caster.
- **SPELLS:** 4d6+2 Spells Between Level 1-9



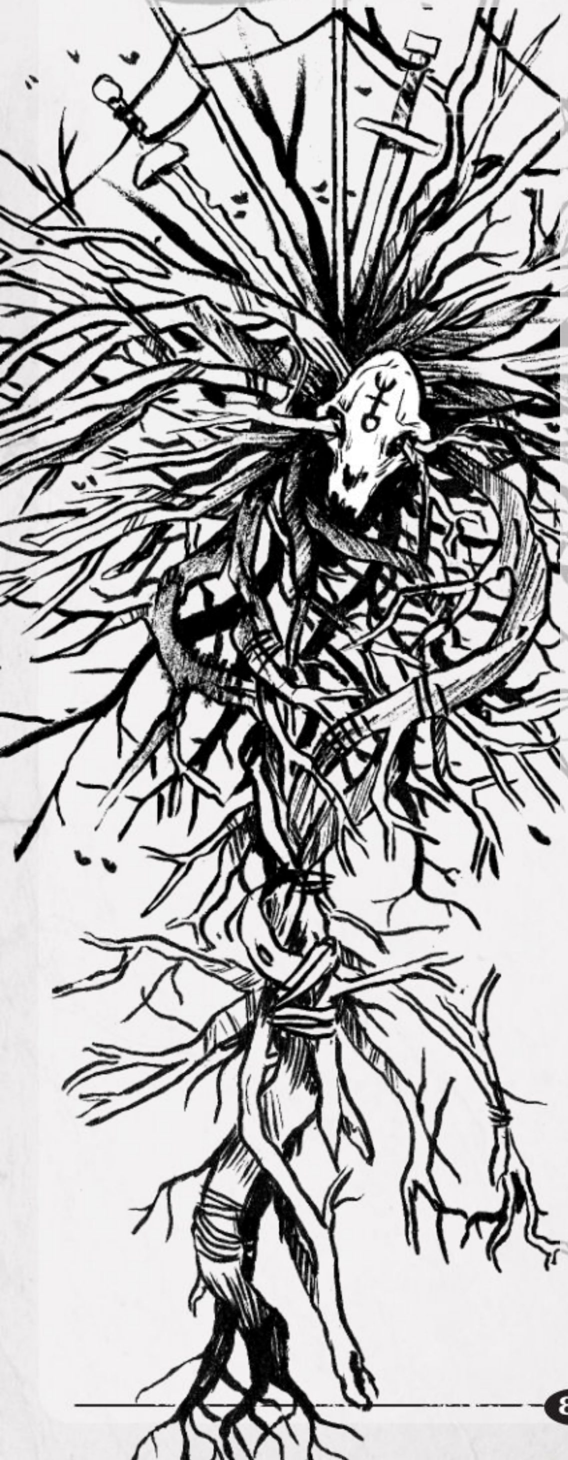
THE GROUND GROANS WITH THE WEIGHT OF SOME MASSIVE WEIGHT. A sound like boulders slowly plowing through the woods echos from all directions and a smell of rotted meat and compost carries on the air. A serpentine monster of turf and rotted flesh snakes and drags its massive body on pairs of withered corpse-like arms. Its body stretches beyond sight, and its form is made even larger from the mounds of turf and rotted vegetation that weigh on its back. Its skin is alive with countless, writhing vermin, and its head is a withered draconian face with and expression set in a tortured, malicious smile.

A LINNORM'S BODY STRETCHES AN ENTIRE MILE IN LENGTH, two rows of reptilian arms line its body like a millipede, dragging its corpse-like body through the Wilds. Its flesh is mostly rotted with age and acts as a practical flagship for countless vermin that burrow throughout its body. **MOUNDS OF FILTH AND EARTH HAVE BUILT UP ON ITS BACK OVER A MILLENNIA,** and now looks more like a living hill than anything remotely serpentine. It is in constant agony, but spite and maddened purpose carries it on.

THE DRAGONS WERE NOT THE FIRST BEINGS OF THIS WORLD, that is a propaganda they have flouted until it became a fact. The first beings were the Linnorms, great serpents that slithered and swam across the planet, sowing and trawling the ground for the great forests that were yet to come. For ages they ruled the world as deities, worshiped and feared by all life, so great was their power. Their reign was ended when the Dragons, beautiful and glorious in ways the Linnorms were not, took prominence. Within an age, the Linnorms were cursed as monsters or left to be forgotten, all they had done being appropriated by the Dragons. Long have they wallowed in anger and sorrow since then, their bodies and minds rotting with the endless march of time.

THEIR IMPOSSIBLE AGE HAS LEFT THEM DEVOID OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE CONSIDERED HUMANITY, a personality coupled with a burning hatred for the world that was taken from them. That being said, they are intelligent beyond compare, and have secrets and wisdom known only to them. They are not beyond reasoning with and their hatred for the Dragons and other "usurpers" can be used as a bargaining chip; for they are eager to see their predecessors suffer and be exposed for the frauds they are.

LIVING IDOL



- **ARMOR CLASS:** Varies, Dependent on construction
- **HIT DICE:** 1 per 5 followers (Avg. 6)
- **HIT POINTS:** 30 (As 6 Hit Dice)
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Slam 1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Solitary
- **XP:** 50XP per Hit Dice
- **FALSE GOD'S FAVOR:** Each turn, The Living Idol can grant one of its followers advantage on all rolls for one turn. Follower must be within eyesight.
- **CALL TO WORSHIP:** Each turn can attempt to **CHARM ENEMIES** into becoming worshipers. Must save versus Charm or become a follower. Re-roll save with advantage if attacked.

OCCASIONALLY SOMEONE, BE AN EXILED PRIEST, A CRAZED LUNATIC, OR A FAILED ARTIST WILL HEAR THE SIREN CALL OF THE WILDS. Banished from their own society they find visions of false deities and spirits in the darkened surroundings of the Wilds. Overwhelmed with these visions, they begin construction of a deranged idol, divorced from rationality and spurred by the maddening call of nature.

For most, it ends there, the creator dying alone in the wilderness and their bastard creation decaying into nothing.

BUT SOME DON'T DIE EASILY. Some latch on to like-minded mortals, beckoning them to worship its horrid form. Its congregation grows, their prayers and actions spawning something within it.

Slowly, ever so slowly its consciousness finds purchase in reality. After all, a god is nothing without its followers, and the idol already has so many.

Living Idols are the bastard creations of women and men driven insane by the Wilds, animated by the numerous prayers and psychic force of its worshipers. **THEY ARE USUALLY QUITE LARGE,** standing tall as to be imposing to their followers and anyone unfortunate enough to cross their site.

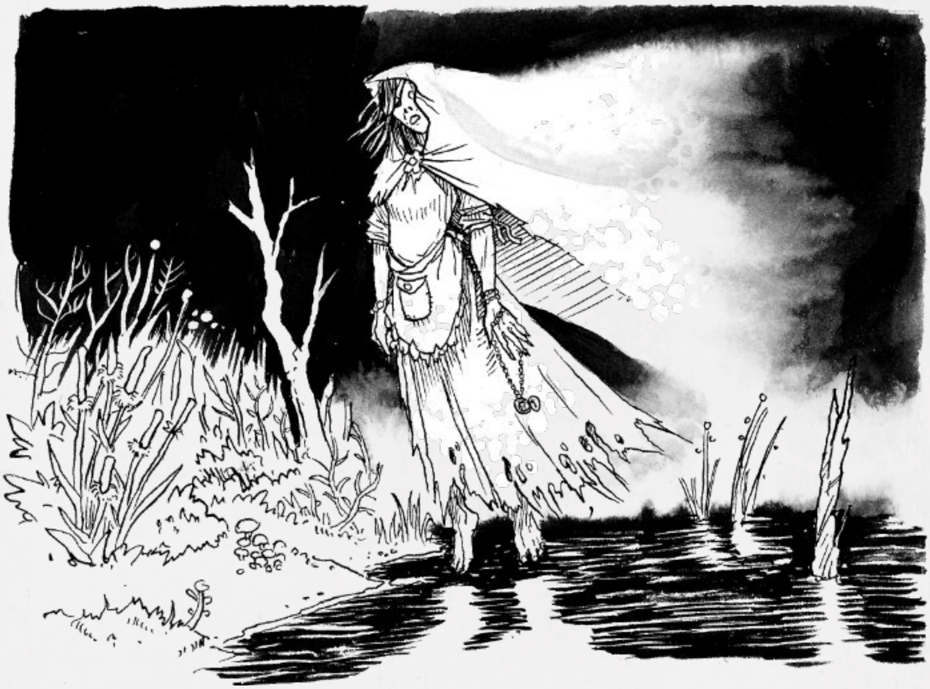
THEY ARE UTTERLY MAD, since their consciousness is derived from the psyche of their deranged congregation, which they in turn command to greater acts of depravity and madness. While they are incapable of speech, they **CAN COMMUNICATE COMMANDS AND FEELINGS TELEPATHICALLY TO ANYONE WITHIN 100 FEET OF THEM.**

THERE IS NO END TO THEIR GROWTH, as they gather more followers they grow in strength and size, their followers adding more detritus to their already profane form, and their will growing stronger from the additional devotion. There exist delirious accounts of deep-wood hunters discovering Idols the size of houses or fortresses, their congregation numbering in the hundreds, and all living within its twisted body.

RANDOM LIVING IDOL GENERATOR

d12	Name	Title	Construction	Decoration
1	Gorchak	The Nightjammer	Ancient repurposed statue, its face worn away to nothing.	Spiraling script painted in feces.
2	Zau-thuul	Crow God	Broken wagon parts tied to a withered tree.	Many antlers tied to its form.
3	Craws	Of Blistered Feet	Masonry bricks poorly stacked upon a stump.	Covered with sticky fresh blood.
4	Bodoksa (followed by a Click)	The Holy Corpse	Several corpses and branches, sewn into a horrid amalgamation.	Angry runes hacked into its form.
5	Feegus	The Jibbering	Wicker and brush, woven into a mighty goat.	Adorned in stolen jewelry and gold.
6	Heguwi	Of Infinite Teeth	A great mound of moist clay with a single skull.	Scraps of parchment with written prayers tied to it.
7	Dramut	Bloody-Eyed	Sculpture of bones, all tied together with ribbon.	Iron nails jammed into its body.
8	Jinjakuwa	The Black Spot	A dead tree packed with vermin corpses.	A mighty robe of rotting hides.
9	Killimoog	The Green Tide	A blossoming fruit bush, roughly in the shape of a woman.	Standing upon a bonfire
10	Grop Snar	The Nameless	A giant suit of rusty, corroded armor.	Small animals are nailed along its outside.
11	(Intelligible Shriek)	Of Milken Eyes	Standing stone split down its middle, lashed together with guts.	Weapons are stuck in its back.
12	Nor'qua	The Golden One	A two-headed elk skeleton.	Live birds tied to its limbs.

MIRE GHOST



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 5HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 25
- **MOVE:** Fly Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Chill Touch 1d8 cold
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 600
- **UNDYING:** As a spectre, there is only a 50% chance that defeating the Mire Ghost actually kills it. If not killed, it returns in 1d6 days.
- **THE CHILLS:** Every minute the Mire Ghost drops the surrounding temperature by 10 degrees Fahrenheit or 6 degrees Celsius.

AN ICY MIST ROLLS ACROSS THE GROUND. Vision obscured as the area fills with a fog that chills you to the bone. A figure moves through the ephemeral haze, drifting ever so slowly through the fog. A humanoid being steps out into your vision, the mist coalescing around them, and their presence bringing a deathly chill into the air.

A MIRE GHOST IS A SPECTRE OF A DEAD MORTAL THAT HAUNTS THE FENS AND SWAMPS OF THE WILDS. They appear no different than they did in life, save for a deathly pallor and grim expression. Everywhere they go they bring a chilling obscuring mist that rapidly drops the temperature of a given area into deadly sub-zero temperatures. Where a Mire Ghost goes, it is not uncommon to cross swamps and waterways completely frozen over in the dead of summer.

A MIRE GHOST IS DRIVEN BY AN UTTER ABSENCE OF "WARMTH," both physically and metaphorically. Those who die unloved and uncared for in the cold dark of the Wilds can find themselves in a state of undead limbo; perpetually trapped in an icy prison of their last harrowing moments. They stalk the Wilds, searching for company, shelter, or at the very least a small campfire. All is met with failure as the very air around them becomes deadly with chill.

SOME MIRE GHOSTS GO MAD IN THEIR ICY LONELINESS, becoming vengeful spectres that prowl the fringes of civilization bringing misery and ice wherever they go. While this is uncommon, most preferring a joyless and inescapable loneliness, the ones that do make this turn for the worse are a danger to villages and outposts too far away to seek help. Horror stories abound of a "fog like winter wind" rolling over villages in the dead of night, killing all from chill while they sleep, and leaving nothing but a frozen well in their wake.

However, when peaceful contact is made with a Mire Ghost, **THEY CAN SOMETIMES BE QUITE HELPFUL.** They know many things from their past life and have learned several valuable insights in their endless wanderings. Asking only for the chance to talk and borrow a little warmth, they can be great wells of stories and local information. A campfire chat with a Mire Ghost, while incredibly cold and bordering on dangerous, is never boring or without a small gain.

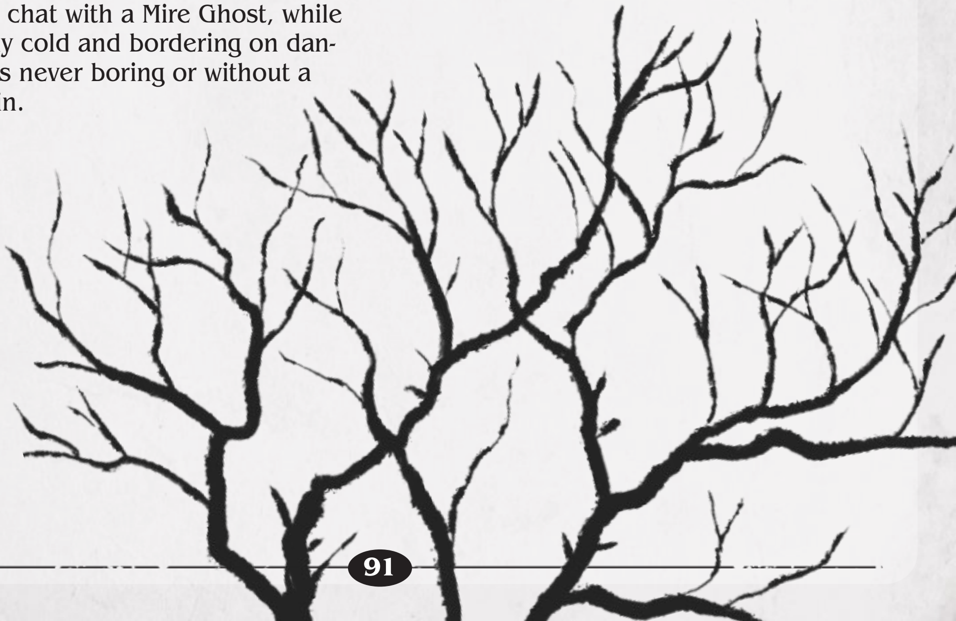
EXORCISING A MIRE GHOST

A Mire Ghost cannot be easily killed, instead it must be exorcised in one of several ways.

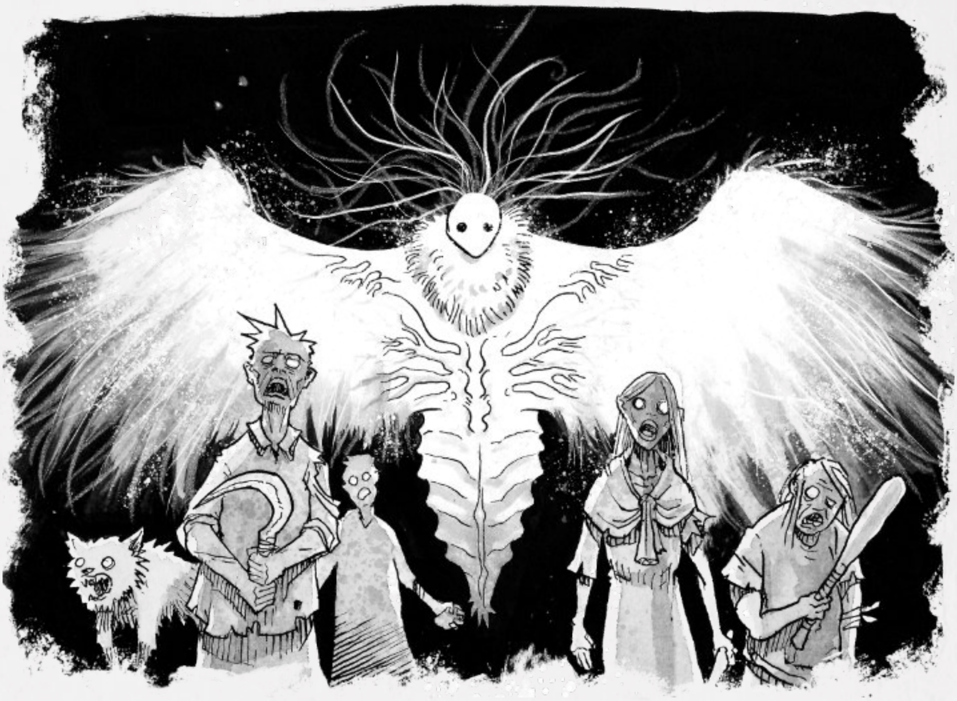
Heating an iron nail until it is white hot and driving it into the head of the Mire Ghost. Then, quickly tossing the cooling nail into a deep well, trapping their spirit to the nail and sinking them to the icy depths.

Building a massive bonfire with a center hot enough to melt iron into slag, and having the Mire Ghost willingly enter its flames; the warmth and gesture finally enough to satisfy their soul and allow them to pass on to the next life.

Finding the bones or remains of the corpse and slowly burning them over coals from a Carol Tree with tinder from Obsequy Ragwort. While it burns, speak to the ghost as if it were an old friend.



MOON SLAVER



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 6HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 30
- **MOVE:** Fly Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Tendrils 1d6 acid
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Congregation (1 plus 4d6 enslaved thralls)
- **XP:** 750
- **LURE:** Anyone within sight must save versus charm or become entranced with the Moonslaver, slowly moving towards it while disposing of weapons and armor.
- **ENSLAVE: AS ATTACK,** the Moonslaver implants a long thin tendril into the skull of an unconscious, paralyzed, or willing victim; reorganizing their brain in an attempt to turn them into a thrall. Save versus madness or charm; a success leaves the victim conscious but paralyzed, while a failure causes them to become a thrall to the Moonslaver.

A SINGLE BRILLIANT LIGHT DRIFTS THROUGH THE DARK. A delicate creature with slowly flowing wings flutters to the ground before scanning the area with a pair of lightless eyes. Its body is obscured by the blinding moonlight glow that it gives off, but a careful look reveals a feathered elegant body segmented like a moth. A series of tendrils like spider-silk drift from its head and its once brilliant nature is replaced with an aura of dread.

A MOONSLAVER STANDS NO TALLER THAN A MAN with an elegant insect like body and thin feathered wings that move like silk in the breeze. Its head terminates with a cluster of thin probing antennae and its skull bears a pair of eyes that seem to consume the light around them. They drift to the earth when the moon is full to break and bend the minds of lesser beings and inflict great misery upon the world around them.

THEY ARE TERRIBLE, INTELLIGENT AND SADISTIC CREATURES that drift down from the heavens when the moon is full to feed on the flesh of others. At first seeking weak-minded prey via telepathy, they attempt to lure creatures close enough with their psychic power of suggestion. Once close enough, they stick their tendrils into the victims' skulls, forcibly turning them into thralls that obey their psychic commands.

A thrall of a Moonslaver is not fully cognizant of what they are doing. Each time the Moonslaver takes control they enter into a dream-like stupor, all memories of the atrocities and violence committed feel like a strange and vivid dream. It is only after the Moonslaver leaves and the poor thrall "awakes" to see the blood on their hands that they realize the the horror of what they have done.

BECAUSE OF THIS ABILITY, A MOONSLAVER WILL CONSTANTLY RETURN, FULL MOON AFTER FULL MOON, to gather more thralls and command those already enslaved to greater acts of barbaracy. With each victim of violence or fallen thrall, the Moonslaver laps up the blood and gnaws on the body with a strange proboscis like mouth. Month after month they grow fat on flesh until a particular area is devoid of sentient life, thrall or otherwise. Only then does the Moonslaver move on to another spot and start its murderous cycle anew.

THE MOONSLAVERS ARE IN FACT EXTRATERRESTRIAL BEINGS. They drift through space, circling the globe and forming strange nests in the darkened sky made of moonlight and silk. A few nests have fallen to earth throughout history, revealing much information about their utterly alien reproductive cycle. Rumor has it they are not originally from this world and are in fact cosmic invaders, come to feed on the easy and defenseless prey that lives on its surface.

UNCOMMON ITEM

MOONSLAVER PELT - A pelt of fibers, finer than any fur, gleams and sways as if under the constant glow of moonlight.

A fashionable and incredibly expensive material, especially for nobles looking to impress at a gala. Donning a cloak or clothing made from a Moonslaver pelt grants a dim illumination like torchlight.

RARE ITEM

DOMI-BELLUM - A fat slimy organ resembling a stomach bathed in moonlight is peppered with long twitching tendrils resembling flowing silk.

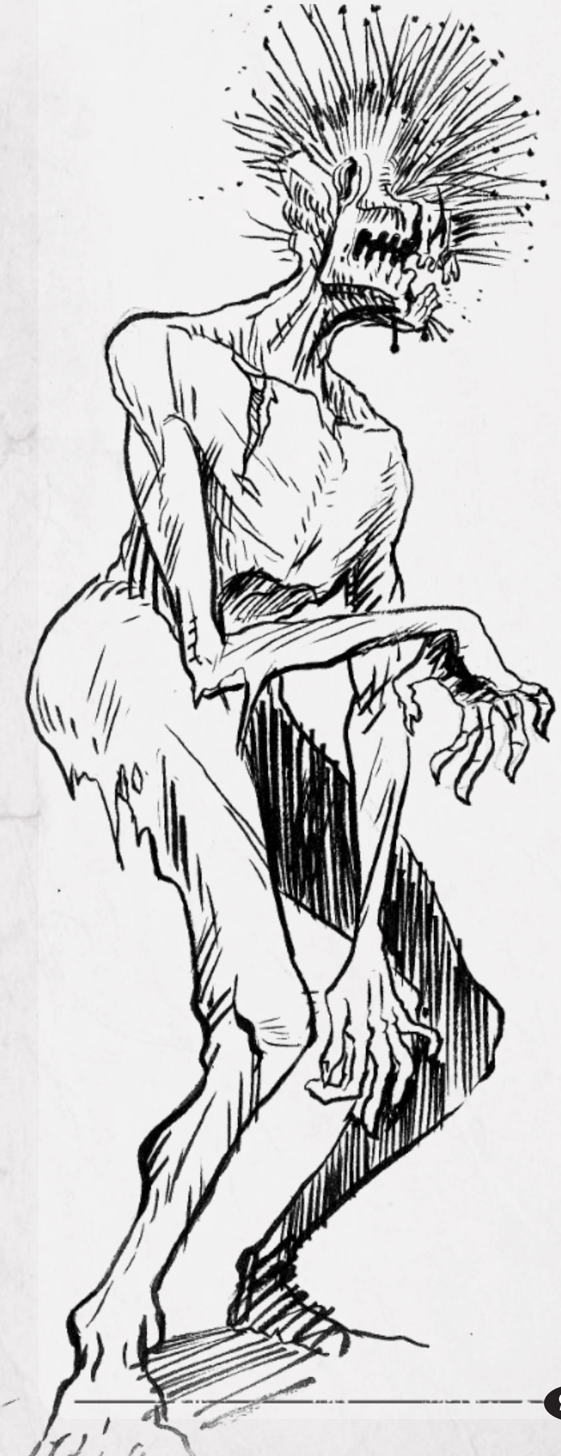
The organ responsible for the Moonslaver's ability to sway and bend the minds of those around it. A somewhat dangerous and experimental surgery can implant the organ into a willing host's skull, giving them the Moonslaver's Enslave ability.

MOONSLAVER THRALL

Those who become a thrall to the Moonslaver act normal and remain unchanged as long as the Moonslaver is away. However, anytime the Moonslaver that enslaved the thrall is within 1 mile, the thrall begins to experience intense migraines.

At will, the Moonslaver can take full control of the actions of the thrall, commanding them to do anything so long as they are within 1 mile. The only way to end this control is through the death of the Moonslaver.

MYCELIUM ZOMBIE



- ◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- ◆ **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- ◆ **HIT POINTS:** 12
- ◆ **MOVE:** Standard
- ◆ **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d4/1d4 or Bite 1d8
- ◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Group 1d6, Outbreak 4d6
- ◆ **XP:** 125
- ◆ **SPORE BREATH: AS ATTACK,** 15ft cone of Rotten Masque spores (see sidebar), save versus breath to avoid.
- ◆ **EXPLOSIVE DEATH:** When killed there is a 1-in-4 chance the Mycelium Zombie explodes in a cloud of spores. All within 15ft of the corpse must save versus breath or inhale Rotten Masque spores (see sidebar).

THE SMELL OF MOIST EARTH AND RANCID BODY ODOR PERMEATES THE AIR. A naked humanoid creature staggers into view, letting out rapid wet bursts of breath and exhalation. Its face is a twisted amalgamation of bone and filament-like growths, and it moves with violent purpose.

THE MYCELIUM ZOMBIE IS IN FACT A HUMANOID that has become an unfortunate victim of a dangerous and lethal fungus. Known as "The Rotten Masque" its spores drift throughout the air attempting to be inhaled into the respiratory system of a humanoid being. When given this opportunity, the spores will begin burrowing a vast network of tendrils throughout the soft flesh, overtaking the nervous system of the victim in slow creeping fashion.

OVER THE COURSE OF A WEEK, THE FUNGUS SLOWLY EATS AWAY AT THE MIND OF ITS HOST, attempting to destroy the brain matter and hijack the bodily functions. As the host's mind decays, small filaments begin to sprout from the face and body, and the bones underneath the skin begin to deteriorate and fracture into abnormal shapes. Within time, the mind of the victim is erased completely, the flesh becomes a slave to the fungus.

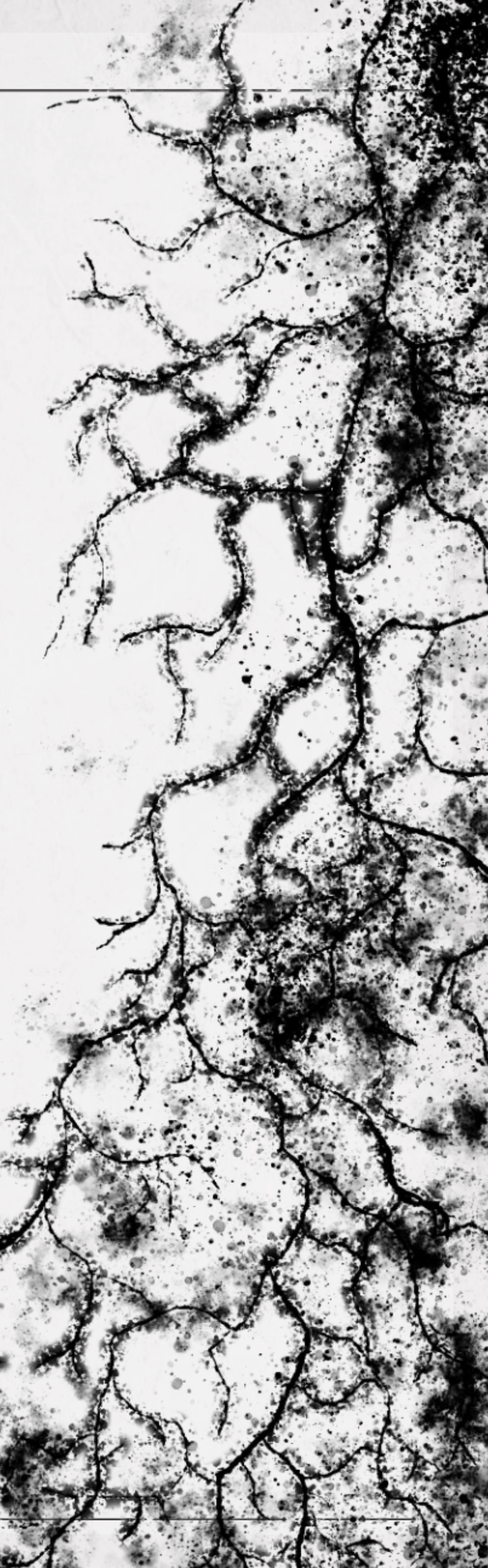
THE FUNGUS ITSELF PREFERS COOL, DAMP PLACES WITHOUT LIGHT, forcing the body of its host to hide in burrows or within the roots of trees. Inadvertently, this usually makes it great at ambushing unsuspecting victims, as the Mycelium Zombie viciously attacks any humanoid in an attempt to spread more of its spores.

THE ROTTEN MASQUE

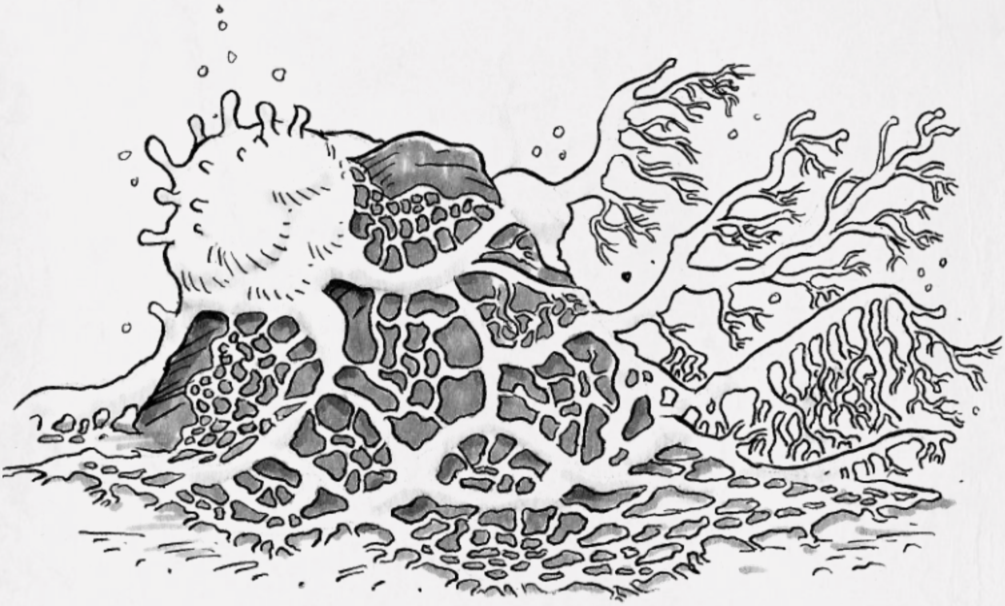
The Rotten Masque appears as a thick black carpet of long micro-thin filaments. Peppering its surface are large fat nodules, swollen with spores and with the hint of a skeleton under the carpet of filaments. It prefers dark and damp places.

Anyone within 10 feet of a Rotten Masque bed must save versus poison or have the spores implant themselves in their body.

Each day the host must make a save versus poison or suffer 1d3 points of intelligence damage that cannot be healed until cured of the spores. This will continue until the host makes 3 successful consecutive saves (eradicating the spores from their system), or the host's intelligence reaches 0, at which point they die and become a Mycelium Zombie.



ORACLE SLUDGE



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 6HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 30
- **MOVE:** Half Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Tendril 1d8 acid
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Cluster 1d6
- **XP:** 750
- **ABSORB MEMORIES:** The Oracle Sludge reads the surface thoughts and memories of anyone it touches. It gains advantage on attacks and defense against the last creature that made contact with its body.
- **DIVIDE:** Anytime the Oracle Sludge is dealt damage by a physical weapon, it splits its body in two, creating two identical creatures with half the Hit Points and half the Hit Dice of the original.
- **VULNERABLE TO COLD:** Cold damage deals double damage to an Oracle Sludge.

THE SMELL OF VOMIT DRIFTS LAZILY THROUGH THE AIR. Along the ground a bright, slimy yellow pseudo-pod snakes along the dirt in a slow deliberate line. As it moves, it extends a carpet of thousands of thread-like fibers along every surface it touches, as if feeling its surroundings; seeking with a horrible intelligence.

ORACLE SLUDGE, IN THE SIMPLEST OF TERMS, IS A VAST MOLD NETWORK THAT POSSESS A SUPER-HUMAN LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE. Amorphous and without a single point of that can be called a “center,” it freely divides and multiplies as it sees fit. It spreads out its tendrils and spores, seeking food and information of the world around it as it plots grand plans for collecting more knowledge and sustenance.

EACH ENCOUNTER WITH AN ORACLE SLUDGE IS MERELY A SMALL

PART OF A MUCH LARGER WHOLE. Pieces will routinely seek out and merge with one another, sharing information before dividing and striking out again in search of food or information. The intelligence accrued, information of the mold is entirely dependent on the size of it; small lumps that are only about as smart as a border collie, while larger ones rival event the most astute mages.

THE ORACLE SLUDGE IS INCAPABLE OF SPEECH, VISION, OR VOCALIZATION, relying entirely on an acute sense of touch and an insidious form of mind reading. While capable of "reading" by running its body across a page and translating the minute changes in elevation into words, a more direct approach to learning is sometimes required. By attaching itself to a creature it slowly feasts on the flesh as well as scans the surface thoughts present in the nervous system. Consuming the creature entirely grants it all memories as it slowly picks apart and digests the mind.

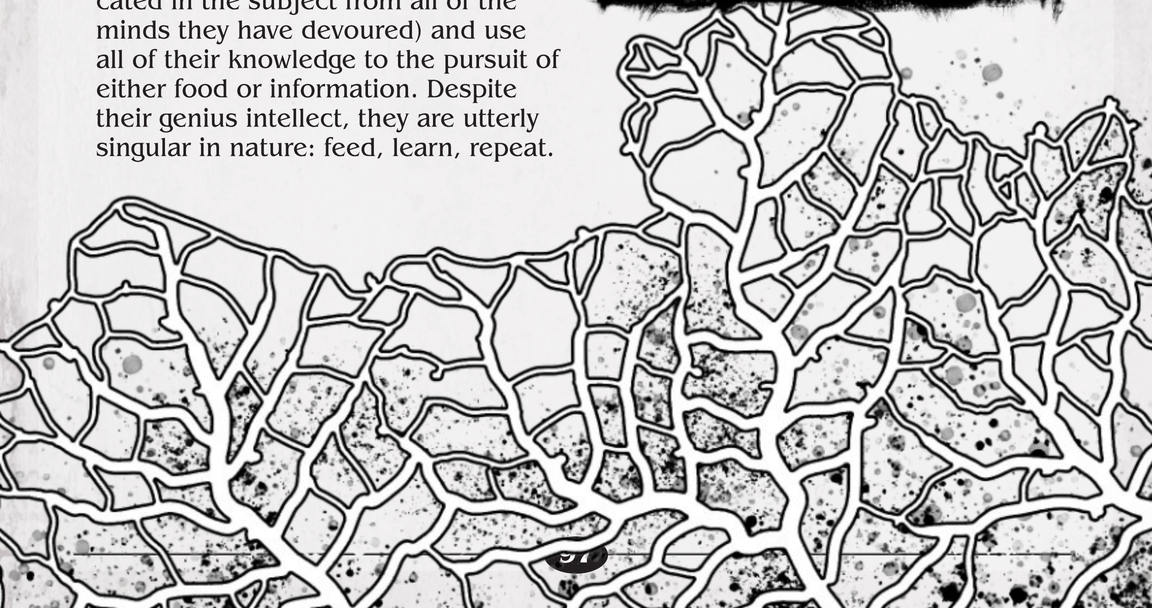
ORACLE SLUDGE CARES LITTLE FOR ANYTHING OUTSIDE OF FEEDING AND COLLECTING MORE KNOWLEDGE. They are devoid of mortal emotions (although very educated in the subject from all of the minds they have devoured) and use all of their knowledge to the pursuit of either food or information. Despite their genius intellect, they are utterly singular in nature: feed, learn, repeat.

While there is no conclusive answer for the origins of the Oracle Sludge, (boasting theories of magical experimentation, evolutionary byproducts, and a profane god's work) there is one long-held rumor that many scholars agree on. Since the Oracle Sludge is so keen on collecting information, it must have a place that it chooses to store it; an "archive" of all of its accrued memories and knowledge. Somewhere deep in the Wilds, a single massive collection of Oracle Sludge meditates, plots, and collects; drawing sustenance from its thousands of limbs, and orchestrating its grand design.

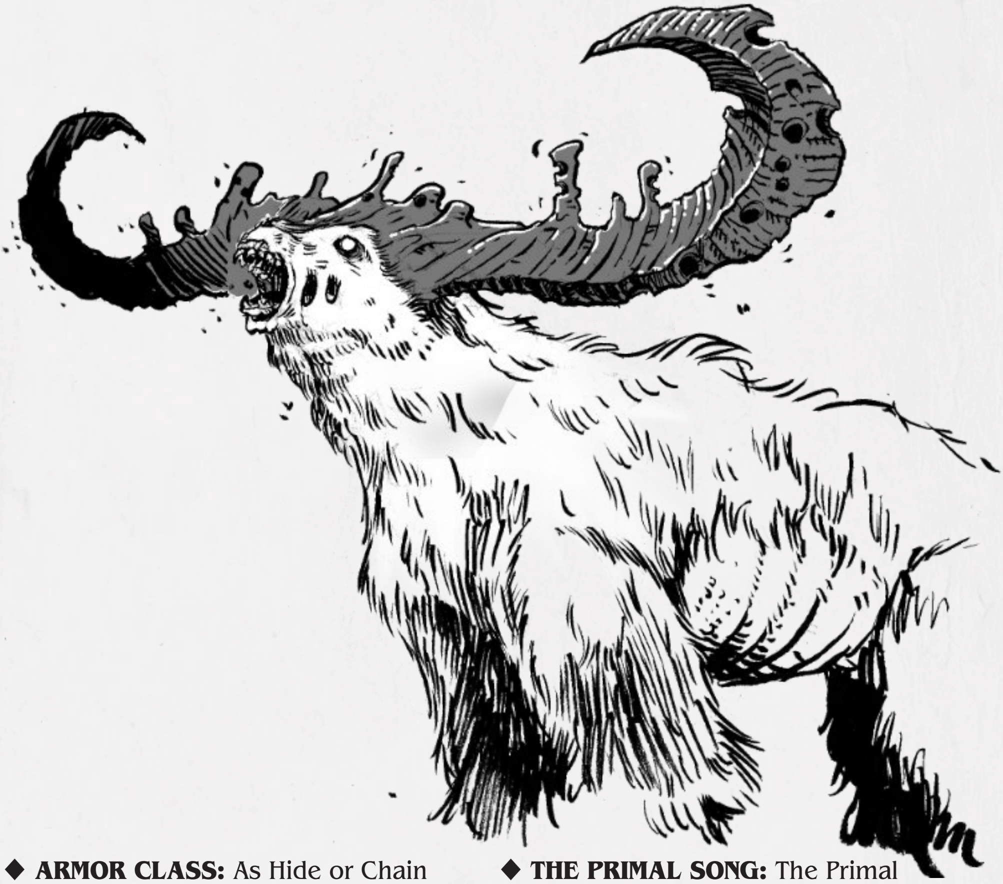
MIND MELD

Each time the Oracle Sludge attacks someone, it absorbs some of their memories and surface thoughts. However, the transfer works both ways and those assailed by the Oracle Sludge find themselves temporarily imbued with vast intellectual insights.

Those attacked by an Oracle Sludge gain advantage on all intelligence based checks for 1 hour. As well, there is a 5% chance that the victim permanently learns some obscure but important piece of knowledge.



PRIMAL SKAAL



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide or Chain
- **HIT DICE:** 7HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 64
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d10 OR Hoof and Horns 1d6/1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 900
- **CACOPHANIC DESTRUCTION:** Range of 40ft, save versus breath weapon or suffer 2d20 sonic damage as everything explodes with noise.
- **OVERWHELMING NOISE:** Spells with verbal components are drowned out, you must concentrate to cast.
- **THE PRIMAL SONG:** The Primal Skaal is constantly droning a strange melody that bends reality. Each turn the sound is either:

  SWEET LIKE HONEY: Disadvantage on attacks.

  SOUR LIKE VINEGAR: Disadvantage on skills.

  SOFT LIKE A LULLABY: You move at half speed.

  SHARP LIKE KNIVES: 1d4 sonic damage.

  TWISTED LIKE MADNESS: Save versus charm or begin to go mad.

THE FIRST BARDS WERE NOT MEN, BUT BEASTS. Beasts who found the magic in-between the notes they sang and slowly learned the power their songs could wield.

But unlike men, they could not see beyond their primitive needs and wants. So they became like mighty casters, unshackled by morality.

They grew strong, and were like cruel tyrants among their animal kin; wielding their song to command the world to better suit their animal needs. All of the Wilds knew their call and all would bow to their siren songs.

But the Wilds do not tolerate tyrants.

So it was that they were cursed to be deaf and ignorant to their own song, and slowly driven mad by their prison of silence.

THEY ARE BEASTS WITH THE POWER OF MIGHTY BARDS. They are devoid of humanity, their only drives are those of an animal. While intelligent to a point, they are straight-forward with their powers, using them for either protection, feeding, or safety.

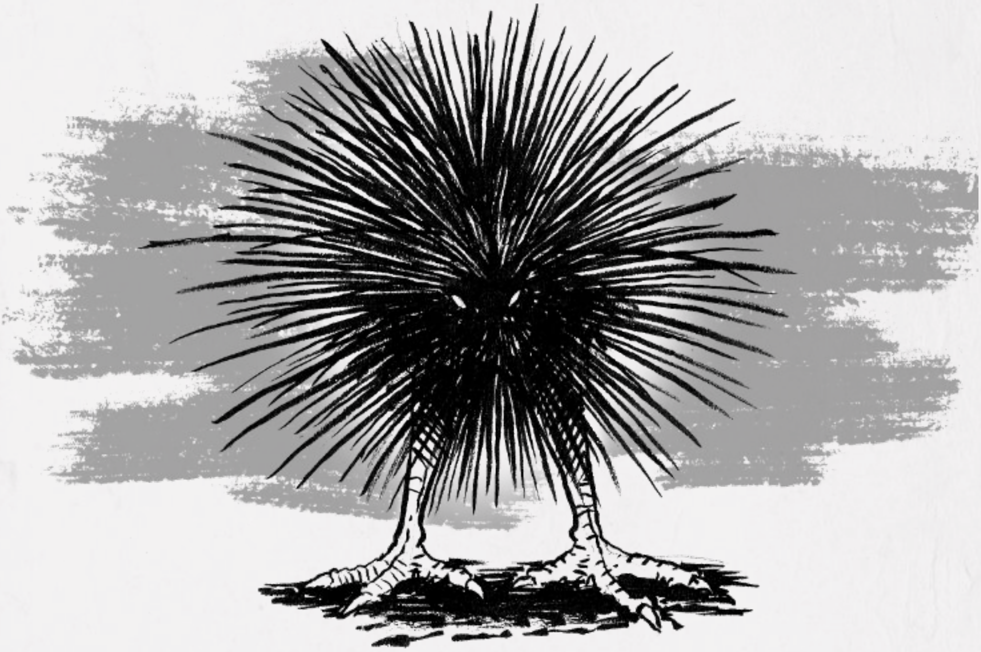
RARE GOOD:

HORNS OF THE PRIMAL SKAAL - Great horns, as long as an oarsman's arms and hard as ironwood. Each is hollow and perforated with small acoustic holes.

Mighty artifacts, sought after by both scholars and collectors of the esoteric. However, those that know the horn's true power seek them for the strange and delicate acoustic tunnels that run through the length of each one.

Fashioning the horns into an instrument or simply using them as a large makeshift flute, allow the wielder to use the Primal Skaal's Primal Song ability. They must be an adept musician, as simply blowing into the horns can have little to disastrous effects.

QUILLUFFS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Chainmail
- **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 11
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Quills 1d4/1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Pack 1d10
- **XP:** 150
- **QUILLS:** Save versus breath weapon of have a painful quill implanted into your skin. The quill makes concentration and fine motor skill difficult.
- **"THE QUILLUFF SPECIAL": AS ATTACK,** the Quilluff launches all of its spikes in an explosive fashion. Everyone within 30ft of the Quilluff must save versus breath weapon or suffer 1d8x1d4 damage and be covered in painful quills. The Quilluff is left naked and defenseless after this.

SOMETHING SHUFFLES ITS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AND LEAVES, accompanied by the sounds of low throaty grunts. A creature resembling an enormous sea urchin on stumpy bird legs makes its way along the ground. The quills that cover its body so entirely are thin and sharp like a porcupine's and point in all directions threateningly. The sounds it makes are of an irritated and aggressive nature.

QUILLUFFS ARE THE IRRITABLE, DANGEROUS, BASTARDS OF THE WILDS. Standing no taller than a meter from toe to quill tip and weighing about as much as a medium dog, their body is mostly composed of sharp, rapier-length quills. Their high metabolism means they are constantly scanning the forest floor for vegetation and insects to eat with its small beak mouth located on the underside of its body. A pair of beady black eyes peer out from deep within their mass of quills and it gazes about contemptuously.

In addition to being a walking ball of knives, **QUILLUFFS ARE INCREDIBLY TERRITORIAL AND AGGRESSIVE.** Instinctually bullying away anything that may contest its meals, it rarely is challenged due to the painful barbed quills that pierce and stick to even dragonhide. It is not uncommon to find a Quilluff belligerently challenging a predator twice its size and, more often than not, scaring the would-be assailant away. They never run from a fight, choosing rather to die or become seriously injured than back away from a challenge or contested meal.

While normally solitary and utterly incapable of companionship, **DURING THEIR MATING SEASON THEY FORM GREAT "HERDS."** A group of hundreds of Quilluffs all moving as one, feasting, breeding, and siring young to raise in the safety of a literal mobile palisade of quills. After such events, the new adults and parent Quilluffs all go their separate ways and revert back to their solitary, belligerent nature. However, during this time, a Quilluff herd is a dangerous and overwhelming mass of spikes and aggression.

Despite the danger they possess, **THERE IS A PROFITABLE TRADE BASED AROUND THE TRAPPING AND BUTCHERING OF QUILLUFFS.** The quills, are actually quite malleable and possess properties similar to metal, even able to be combined with other metals into alloys.

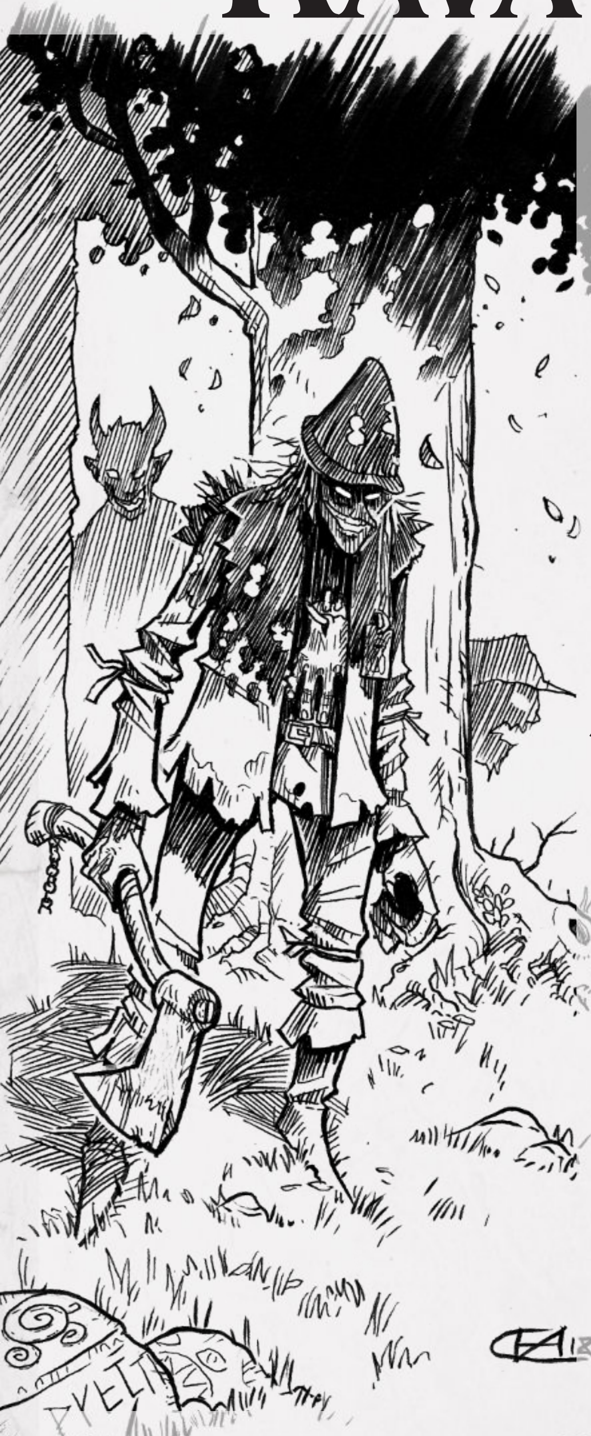
While completely unfounded, **THERE ARE SOME ODD RUMORS SURROUNDING QUILLUFFS.** Mostly no more than campfire yarns told by deepwood hunters, their are supposedly some rare subspecies of Quilluffs that make their home in only the deepest parts of the Wilds. Quilluffs with quills that act like silver, abhorrent to the undead and spirits; Quilluffs whose spikes are harder than steel, capable of piercing full-plate; and, of course, the impossible story of the "Colossal Quilluff," a specimen as large as a cabin and with Quills the size of ballista bolts. Nothing more than campfire stories and ramblings. Right?

UNCOMMON GOOD:

QUILLUFF QUILLS - Long dark spines with a serrated edge. Hard as an iron nail and thrice as long.

Quilluff Quills are capable of being crafted into any weapon or tool that requires a sharpened point to function. Arrows, bolts, rapiers, and daggers are all capable of being made out of the quills with some ingenuity and craft. As well, ammunition made from the quills have a habit of painfully sticking into their target and are quite difficult to remove.

RAVAGERS



AN ANIMAL MOVES THROUGH THE DARK. A pair of legs move with a confident swagger, and a humanoid vagrant of rags and bestial trophies steps into view. It carries a vicious weapon and the air fills with a smell of musk and dried blood. Every muscle in its form is coiled and taught like an animal, and its body shows strange quirks: stubby horns, furred skin, and proportions more suited to a beast than a human. Its eyes fix on you and a smile forms, showing rows of sharp ragged teeth. There is only violence behind its eyes.

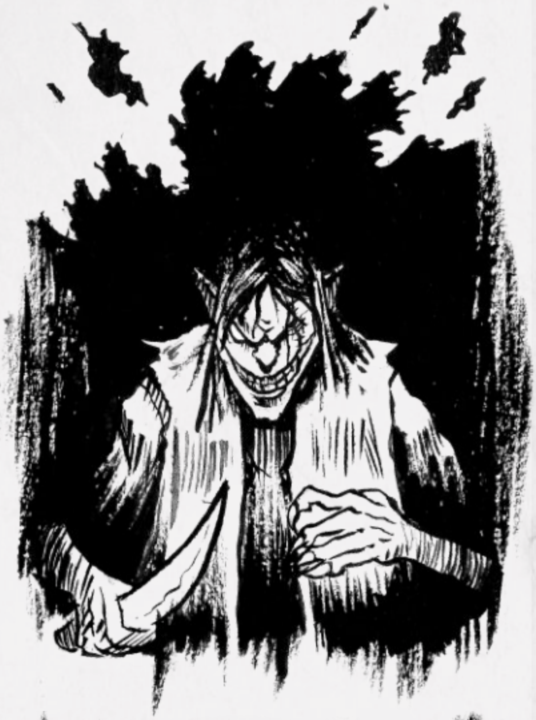
THE WILDS DO STRANGE THINGS TO PEOPLE, BENDING THEM, CHANGING THEM, BREAKING THEM. For many, the Wilds means their death, a place abandoned by civility and the gods themselves, a hell of sorts. However, there are some men and women who don't just survive in the darkened groves, but thrive. The bloodshed, the violence, the madness, it calls to them and they come to the enlightening realization: this is exactly where they need to be. These people are Ravagers.

THE WILDS GIFT THESE MONSTROUS INDIVIDUALS WITH SAVAGE BLESSINGS, to be a Ravager is not just a state of mind but a physical, bestial change. Over time their bodies degenerate and undertake more feral qualities. Malformed horns, spiny growths, jagged claws, and cat eyes are all common telltale marks of a Ravager. As their mind erodes into a more savage state, so too does their flesh, and the most far-gone gallop on all fours like a crazed beast.

MANY, IF NOT MOST, CRIMES THAT HAPPEN ON THE ROADS THAT WIND THROUGH WILDS ARE DIRECTLY ATTRIBUTED TO RAVAGERS. Many of them form "packs" and operate as violent highwaymen, stripping travelers of all earthly possessions before killing a few for good measure. Survivors of such attacks report animal howls and shrieks before the Ravagers descend on them with a hellish fury, clawing, hacking, biting and burning, sometimes even descending on victims to snack on their flesh. It is not uncommon for a Ravager to carry a skull of their previous victim, as well as leather and jerky of a horrifying nature.

RAVAGERS ARE THE ANATHEMA OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD. For every lawmaker or state troop, there is a Ravager armed to the teeth and hungry for blood. They disrupt travel, they raid villages, and sow disorder and destruction wherever they go. Collecting in large mobile settlements, they operate under the leadership of the strongest and most capable individuals in the group. These “Ravager Lords” concoct simple yet effective plans for raiding and despoiling the local area, moving on once there is nothing worth pillaging.

Hunters and bandits who have had contact with the Ravagers (some even roaming with them for a time being) bring back stories of utter depravity; slaving, cannibalism, and torture only begin to scratch the surface. More concerning, there seems to be a hidden hierarchy; **A SECRET CHAIN OF COMMAND AND RESPECT** that even the Ravager Lords bow too. Among the impermanent edifices of their camps they erect strange totems and preform bizarre rituals at certain times of the year, all in honor of some dark and omnipotent presence that is known to all Ravagers but they refuse to speak of.



FANGSPEK

There is a crude half-language of colloquialisms and butchered words that the Ravagers speak. While it seems simple at first it is actually an elaborate code of second meanings and idioms, used to disguise commands and words to great effect. It acts as a second language and is known only by Ravagers or those who have spent enough time with them.

Fang em'!- Kill order.

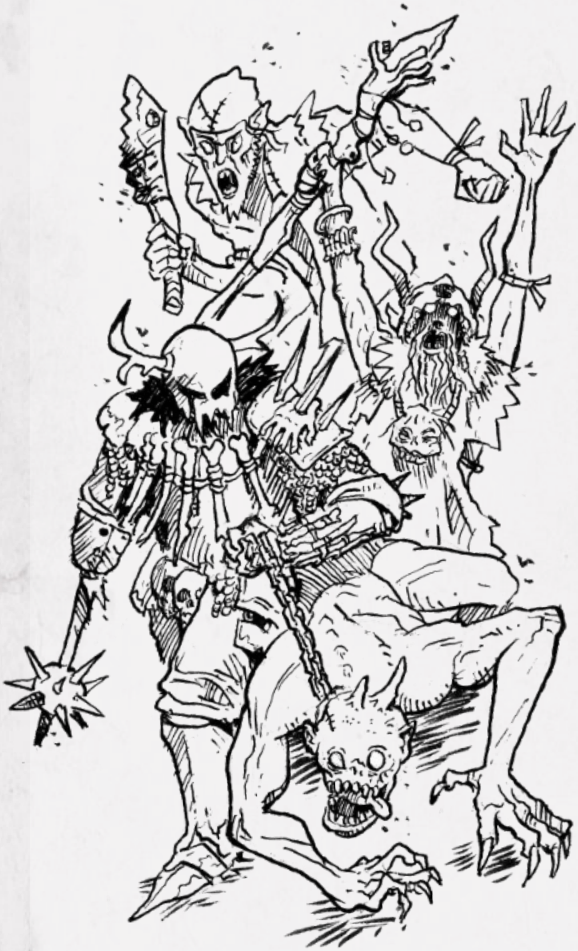
Let slip'em n' go fox-like- "Let them go, then follow them."

Smells o' cobble- Someone who has been in the city.

Cobblefoot- A "civilized" folk

Wyrdly- Magical or arcane.

S'goteeth- "He/She has got teeth," a term of savage respect for non-ravagers.



RAVAGER ENCOUNTERS

PUP

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 8
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pack 2d4
- **XP:** 75

The youngest or greenest of the Ravagers, they are little more than criminals or bandits who have started to embrace their savage nature. They never hold positions of power. More often than not they are bullied and used as whipping boys for their more experienced and feral piers. Because of this, they are always eager to prove themselves. The first to fight and the first to die, they always operate with reckless abandon in whatever they do.

CLAW-DOG

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 6HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 54
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d6/1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pack 2d4
- **XP:** 600
- **MAUL:** If both Claws hit the same target, the Claw-dog makes another attack at 1d10 as it bites, rips, and tears at its prey.

Some members have their minds completely lost, their bodies and instinct carrying them on despite the loss of any higher thought. Ravagers chain these members up like animals and use them like feral dogs and trackers. Some retain a level of respect among their peers, garnishing a bloody reputation and frightening presence.

BLOODER

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Armor
- **HIT DICE:** 4HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 22
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon
- **QUANTITY:** Pack 1 and 1d4 Pups; Raiding Party 1d6, 2d6 Pups, and 1d4 Claw-Dogs
- **XP:** 500
- **RAGE:** Once per day for a minute, the Blooder gains advantage on attacks, 1d10 temporary hit points, but disadvantage on defense.

The members who have both "bled" and made others bleed. Experienced Ravagers with more than a few kills to their name. They have discarded their humanity and delight in their newfound gifts.

SKAALMAGE

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 5HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 24
- **MOVE: STANDARD**
- **DAMAGE:** As Staff or Wyrdbolt (1d6 magic at 120ft)
- **QUANTITY:** Solo; Circle 1d4+1; Raiding Party 1, 2d4 Pups, and 1d6 Blooders
- **XP:** 600
- **STIR THE BLOOD:** The Skaalmage chants a vile verse that send everyone into a primal frenzy, all within earshot gain advantage on attacks and disadvantage on defense.
- **WYRD-CURSE:** 1d6 times per day, a Skaalmage can utter a powerful word from the Wyrd at a single ally or enemy. The target gains one random trait from the Call of the Wild Table (pg. 22).
- **SPELLS:** 1d8 Level 1, 1d3 Level 2

A Ravager with a penchant for the magic powers does not abandon their arts. They become spiritual leaders and casters, acting as soothsayers and diviners, cursing victims from afar and spying with arcane eyes. In battle, they scream incantations and send their listeners into a frenzy, as they reign down destructive and primal magics.

FANG

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Armor
- **HIT DICE:** 8HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 70
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pack 2d4, Raid 2d4 and 1d8 Claw-Dogs.
- **XP:** 900
- **RAGE:** Once per day for a minute, the Fang gains advantage on attacks, 1d10 temporary hit points, but disadvantage on defense.

People made into monsters. They wear armor adorned in grisly trophies and have bodies twisted and malformed into something between an animal and a person. They have drunk deep from the gifts of the Wilds and are unfettered in their actions. They become strongmen and enforcers.

RAVAGER LORDS

The leaders of Ravager packs and tribes. They rule with violence and brutality, as any member can challenge their authority if they want. Sending out packs and establishing camps they direct the various raids and attacks. They are not always the most physically intimidating, rather, it is the most deadly and capable Ravagers who make it to the rank of Lord.

CALL OF THE WILD

A Ravager will begin to pick up odd animalistic traits; "gifts" from the Wilds to mark them and occasionally better serve them in their newfound freedom. (Roll for every 2HD)

1- **Long limbs** - The bone and muscle extends. Increase speed by 10 feet
2- **Horns** - A pair of malformed horns sprout from the head.
3- **Claws** - Fingernails thicken and lengthen. Damage 1d3/1d3.
4- **Fur** - Tufts of matted fur begin to sprout in areas.
5- **Scent** - The sense of smell heightens. They can track by scent like a dog.
6- **Fanged Maw** - Their face lengthens and they grow sharpened fangs. Damage 1d8.
7- **Cat-eyes** - Their eyes go slitted like a cat. They gain darkvision.
8- **Hot Blood** - The blood runs hot in their veins. They ignore pain and anything that may slow them down in their destructive pursuit.

RITTERMOTE

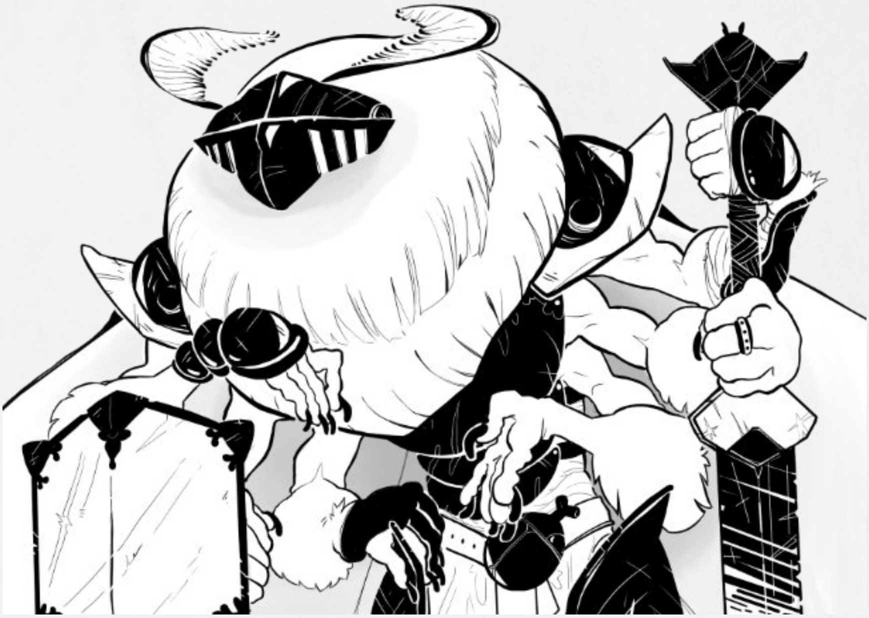


Illustration by Michele Henry

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Armor
- **HIT DICE:** 6HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 35
- **MOVE:** Standard, Fly Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** As Weapon (up to 4)
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Trio
- **XP:** 900
- **BUFFET: AS ATTACK,** The Rittermote flaps its wings vigorously. All within striking distance must save versus hold or become knocked prone.
- **LE DANSE RITTERMOTE:** With age and experience the Rittermote accumulates various fighting styles, referred to as "dances." It knows one random dance for every worthy opponent it has beaten (usually 1d4), but only knows "The Dance of Death" if it has accumulated all other dances. (See Sidebar)

A SOFT RHYTHMIC WIND PICKS UP FROM ABOVE. The sound of sheets flapping in the breeze. A creature the size of a bear alights from above with beautiful patterned wings like that of a moth. Six furred insect limbs sprout from a segmented body and a pair of plumed antenna eagerly twitch atop its head. It wears piecemeal armor and brandishes armaments scarred with many battles. It gives a odd bow before settling into a warrior's stance, weapons at the ready.

THE RITTERMOTTE IS AN ENORMOUS, SEMI-INTELLIGENT BEAST THAT DELIGHTS IN THE NOBLE ART OF DUELING. Standing a whole head taller than a person, and with a wingspan more than twice that, it is usually wearing a full set of scavenged armor and wielding an assortment of weapons and shields. It scopes out opponents to challenge to duels, dropping down from the sky before offering an approximation of a formal challenge with a bow or some form of respect.

STARTING ITS LIFE AS A GRUB, it eats as much as it can to grow strong enough, eventually forming a chrysalis before sprouting into a small but capable adult Rittermotte. Moments after shedding its cocoon, a Rittermotte already has a basic grasp of martial combat and quickly begins to scavenge battlefields and bodies for weapons and armor to practice with.

IT TRAINS BY ITSELF NON-STOP, OPERATING ON AN INHERENT INSTINCT, honing its skills and practicing technique with every weapon it can get its hands on. After a year or two of this, almost fully grown at this point, the Rittermotte sets out with a strange excitement, seeking its first opponent to challenge.

A RITTERMOTTE OPERATES UNDER AN ODD SET OF MANNERS. While only about as smart as an intelligent dog, they are capable of mercy, goodwill, and will always act with the utmost grace and respect when challenging an opponent. However, despite their good graces, their martial skill makes Rittermottes incredibly dangerous and they are more than willing to kill opponents they deem "unworthy." There seems to be no higher reason for why they fight, only a dull instinctual desire they need to fulfill.

AFTER A RITTERMOTTE HAS PARTICIPATED IN A SERIES OF DUELS, A STRANGE ENNUI WILL WASH OVER IT. Not satisfied with simply winning, it will set out in search of a worthy opponent to both test its mettle and prove itself in martial combat. It undertakes this adventure, searching out exquisite weapons and armor and training rigorously, all the while searching the Wilds for an opponent who smells of blood and bears the scars of countless battles.

IT IS NOT ENTIRELY KNOWN WHAT BROUGHT THE RITTERMOTTE INTO EXISTENCE. Some speculate it is the natural course of evolution, a creature that is not only capable of defending itself but actively trains to better survive in the dangers of the Wilds. Others sing a tragic ballad of a knight who was never satisfied with their opponents, and was changed into a monster in their despair. Another folktale revolves around a simple moth that fell in love with a great warrior. The moth followed the warrior everywhere they went, watching their every move. When the warrior was killed, the moth took up the weapons and armor of their fallen love, and set out to slay the murderer.

LE DANSE RITTERMOTE

A Rittermote typically knows 1d4 dances.

FLYBY PIROUETTE - AS ATTACK, an aerial assault of spins and twirls. Flies overhead and attacks anyone in its path.

FLAMENCO DE SANGRE - AS ATTACK, a burst of sharp, precise strikes aimed at arteries and veins. 1d4 damage and victim bleeds 1d4 damage for the next 1d4 rounds.

CRIPPLING WALTZ - AS ATTACK, careful an measured strikes aimed at joints and weak points. If the attack hits, the victim makes all attacks and skill checks at disadvantage for an hour.

ALLEMANDE PARRY - AS ACTION, rhythmic steps and flourishes in a canny defense. Melee attacks against the Rittermote are at disadvantage.

THE DANCE OF DEATH - AS ATTACK, a whirling dervish dance of killing blows and eviscerating strikes. Once per day the Rittermote doubles the amount of attacks it makes against all within striking distance.

If befriended, a Rittermote can teach the dances it knows to someone with sufficient martial prowess.

RITTERMOTTE DUEL

When a Rittermotte defeats or is defeated by an opponent, its reaction can vary widely.

1 - **Suicide** - The failure is too ignoble to bear! The Rittermotte drops it weapons and awaits the death blow. If it does not come, it attempts to take its own life.

2 - **Gracious Defeat** - The Rittermotte accepts its defeat with a bow, before disappearing into the sky.

3 - **A Noble Death** - The Rittermotte fights on! Whether to die in battle or kill its opponent, a glorious death awaits!

4 - **The Gifting** - The Rittermotte retreats with a bow, before returning 1d6 months later with a splendid weapon as a gift for such a worthy battle.

5 - **A Worthy Adversary** - The Rittermotte flies away and trains rigorously. In 2d6 months it returns, stronger than before, to resume its duel. It will continue to do this, until it is killed or defeats its opponent.

6 - **A Worthy Companion!** - The Rittermotte sees its opponent as not just a worthy opponent, but a worthy companion! It travels as a friend, willingly laying its life down for its companion (and expecting the same in return).

RITTERMOTE GENERATOR

1d4	TITLE
1	Knight
2	Scoundrel
3	Warrior
4	Paladin

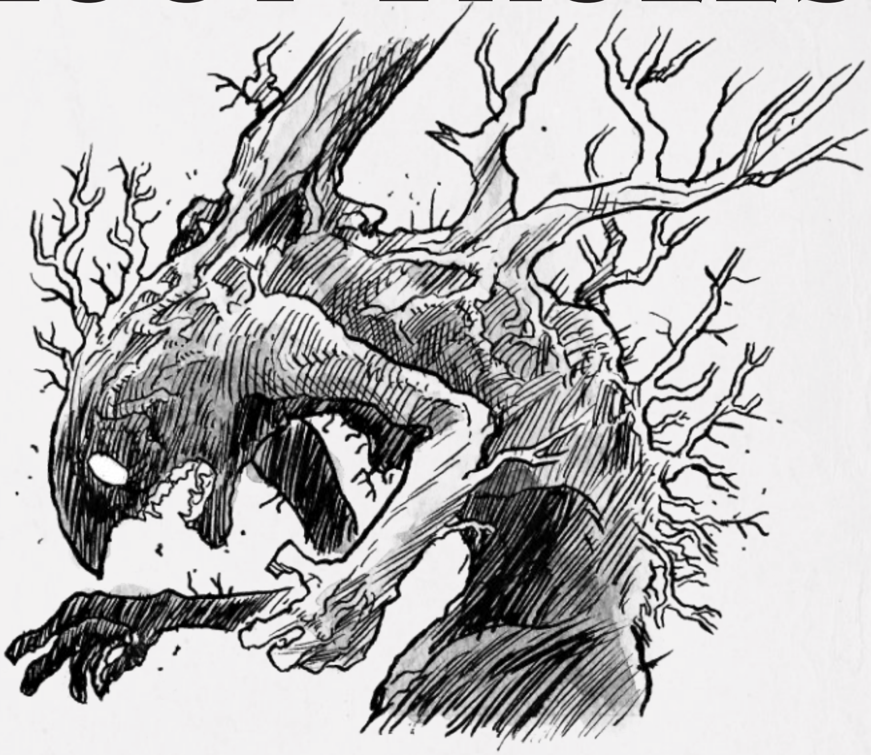
1d6	CLAIM
1	of Broken Swords
2	to the Questing Beast
3	of the Errant Strike
4	of Bloodied Foes
5	to no Mortal Master
6	of the Graceful Blow

1d8	WEAPONS
1	A short blade in each hand
2	Spear and shield
3	Two greatswords
4	An axe and flail
5	Whip in each hand
6	Massive ball and chain
7	Single enormous club
8	A pair of rapiers and buckler

1d10	DESCRIPTION
1	Furry and brown, like an enormous winged bear.
2	The color of jade with beautiful blue and gold moon symbols.
3	Snow white with wings that are tipped with crimson veins.
4	Jet black and battle worn, great pink scars cross its body.
5	Hazlenut body, speckled with white and great ragged wings.
6	The color of the night sky with a skull emblazoned on its back.
7	Vast wings the color and pattern of roiling storm clouds.
8	Stripes of gold and bubblegum pink across its fur and body.
9	Devoid of fur or hair, with four great eyes emblazond on its wings
10	Dirty grey and speckled white with a prominent blue head.

1d12	QUIRKS
1	Despises mortals and the like.
2	Seeks a specific artifact.
3	Overly cautious and careful.
4	Curious and trustful of mortals.
5	Hunts down unnatural horrors.
6	Rules over a stretch of woods.
7	Targets only martial combatants.
8	Defends the weak and needy.
9	Hates sunlight.
10	Searches for a lost companion.
11	Wants to train a student.
12	Serves an unknown master.

ROOT-TROLLS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Scale
- **HIT DICE:** 15HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 75
- **MOVE:** Half Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claw 1d6/1d6 or Bite 1d12
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,600
- **TREE SENSE:** Within 1 mile the root troll can hear the words of the trees and sense their pain.
- **REGENERATION:** Heal 1d6 Hit Points every turn, except from fire damage.
- **TREE CONTROL: AS ATTACK,** the Root troll can command trees near it to act in its defense. Turning the ground into difficult terrain, using vines to ensnare opponents, or making tree limbs strike at interlopers.

THE SMELL OF BODY ODOR, OLD SOIL, AND MOSS HITS LIKE A WALL. Something large slowly shambles between the trees, breathing heavily. Into view, it looks as if a great gnarled tree is moving towards you. A great creature painfully makes its way closer. Its limbs are entwined with roots, branches sprout from its back, and a great trollish face peers about menacingly.

ROOT TROLLS ARE A DANGEROUS, BUT PITIFUL CREATURE OF THE WILDS. Standing some 8 to 10 feet tall in body, their tree limbs sprout out in all directions, making them seem larger than they are. Their painful symbiotic link with a tree allows them to communicate and control the surrounding flora, a gift they use to protect themselves and their dwellings.

A ROOT TROLL IS THE PRODUCT OF A TREE OR SAPLING BECOMING ROOTED AND SPROUTING FROM A TROLL. Due to their bizarre regenerative physiology, the tree finds the flesh of the troll quite nutritious and an ideal place to grow. Its roots wind throughout the troll's body, and its branches sprout from under its skin. While this is incredibly painful to troll, the entwining grants the troll the ability to hear the faint voices of the trees and in turn speak to them like a shepherd to their sheep.

THEY ARE SOLITARY BEASTS, preferring to dwell and listen to the needs of the trees around them. While willing to guard and protect their grove, the pain within them makes Root Trolls incredibly aggressive and cantankerous, lashing out at anyone who intrudes on their domain. Crushing intruders and tearing them apart with the assistance of their flora brethren, they messily devour the corpses left behind. The trees and plants don't mind this, as the remains provide a delicious compost.

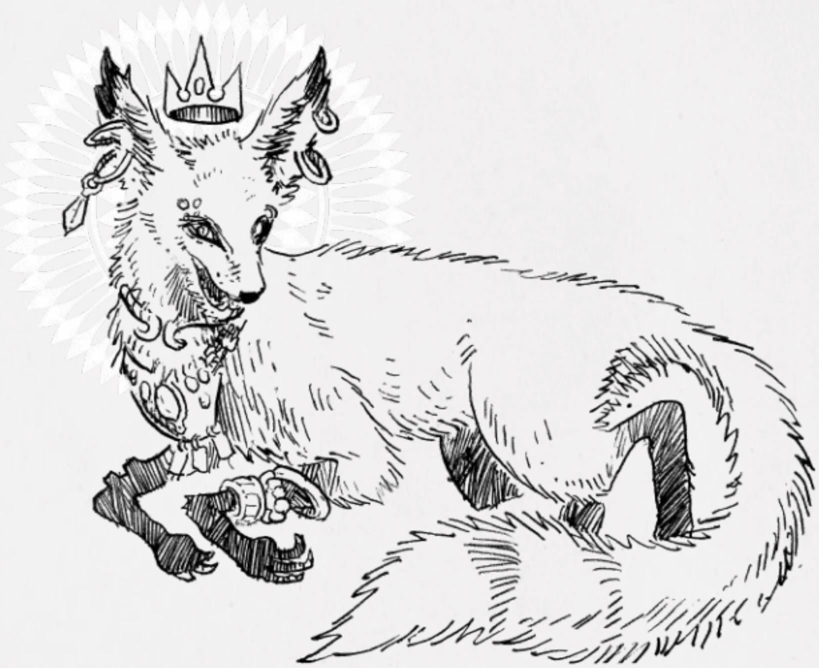
As the Root Troll grows older, **THE TREE WITHIN IT MAKES MOVEMENT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.** Mercifully, the pain slowly begins to subside, and the tree begins to provide sustenance for the Root Troll through its root system. After a lifetime of pain, the most ancient Root Trolls become entirely encompassed into the tree's form, a gentle and pleasant embrace as their consciousness melds with the tree. Within time, the Root Troll disappears, leaving behind only a single massive tree and the sorrowful gratitude of the surrounding grove.

Outside of the science and physiological study, there are numerous stories of the tragic history of the Root Troll. The most famous is a poem by an unknown bard.

"Long ago the troll sowed pain,
breaking branch and green made lame.

So in the night a seed was sown,
and forevermore a pain was known."

ROYAL FOX



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 5HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 25
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 750
- **DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY:** The Royal Fox has made bargains with various objects and concepts, making it completely immune to them and their ill effects.
- **SPELLS:** The Royal Fox knows 1d6 random spells between level 1-5.

SOMETHING FLITS AND DARTS ACROSS BRANCH AND STONE WITH A DELICATE GRACE. The smell of spices, exotic and subtle, pass by your nostrils momentarily. A most exquisite fox enters into view, its body adorned in jewelry. Its pelt is fine and clean beyond compare, while its jewelry is untarnished and set with glittering gemstones. Its eyes and face betrays a deep intelligence, and it watches you with caution and curiosity.

A ROYAL FOX IS A CREATURE GIFTED WITH THE POWER OF COMPLETE DIPLOMATIC PROTECTION. Through cunning and bargains, it has gained the trust and blessing of nearly every ruling being within the Wilds. Because of this, they are supernaturally immune to nearly everything, even time itself, so long as they travel within the boundaries of where they enjoy their diplomatic protection.

APPEARING AS NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON FOX WEARING ELABORATE JEWELRY, they can speak and understand almost every language and always have the highest of manners.

They rarely fight (as they almost never have need to), are competent spellcasters, and are cunning beyond compare. A Royal Fox abhors violence, but is more than willing to make a bloody exception in the name of revenge or a personal slight.

Due to their invulnerability, **THEY MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL AS GUIDES, SPIES, AND AMBASSADORS** to the powerful entities that vie for power within the Wilds. They are even willing to assist adventurers and travelers, provided they offer a substantial payment or the promise of a personal favor. There is little that escapes the ears of a Royal Fox and they are more than happy to provide esoteric information, for the right price.

THEIR NUMBERS ARE VERY FEW, supposedly only 14 remain alive to this day, and several of them are in the direct employ of demigods and divine beings. Those in direct employ typically relay messages and arrange diplomatic meetings between powerful entities. There are few that are foolish enough to disregard the summons of a Royal Fox, as to do so risks the ire of any number of dangerous beings.

THE ROYAL FOX IS A FAVORED SUBJECT AMONGST STORYTELLERS AND BARDS. A group of foxes so smart and cunning that they convinced even Time itself to grant them immunity is too much to ignore when it comes to spinning tales. However, there are darker ballads that speak of them as devious tricksters, speaking half-truths and twisting words to suit their selfish needs or leading people astray at the orders of a higher power. In the end, one idiom rings true across all stories:

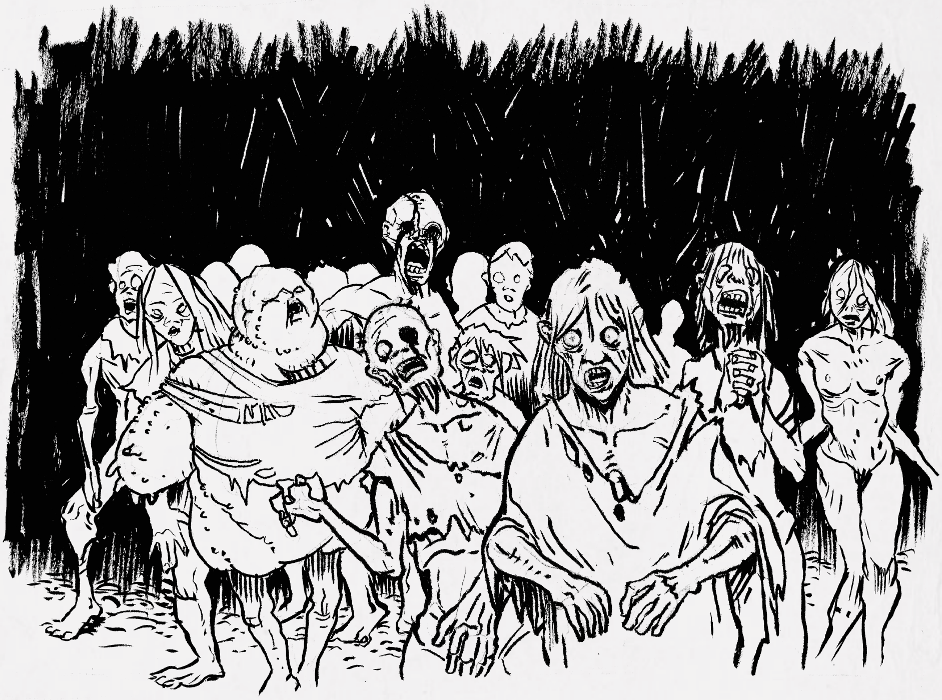
"Be wary of a Royal Fox, it is always ten steps ahead of you."

ROYAL FOX IMMUNITIES

Each Royal Fox has made a series of bargains that grant it special diplomatic immunities. Each one is immune to 2d10 things from the following chart, and cannot be harmed by them in any way.

D20	IMMUNITY
1	**Piercing**
2	**Slashing**
3	**Bludgeoning**
4	**Acid**
5	**Fire**
6	**Cold**
7	**Electricity**
8	**Mages**
9	**Clerics**
10	**Gold**
11	**Silver**
12	**Iron**
13	**Stone**
14	**Wood**
15	**Bone**
16	**Time**
17	**Monsters**
18	**Animals**
19	**Mortals** (pick one, can be chosen multiple times)
20	**Demigods** (pick one, can be chosen multiple times, extends to their servants)

SHAMBLERS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** None
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 5
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claw and Bash 1d4
- **QUANTITY:** Party 1d6, Pack 3d6, Horde 6d10
- **XP:** 50 each
- **GANGPILE:** If two or more Shamblers attack the same target, they gain advantage.
- **DISEASED:** Each Shambler has a 50% chance of carrying a random disease.

THE SMELL OF SWEAT, TEARS, FILTH AND DESPAIR. A moaning of someone utterly broken and a pair of plodding wretched, footsteps. A human, filthy and wretched steps forward like a drunk or sleepwalker. Its clothing is decayed to nothing and its flesh shows signs of disease and degradation. It moves towards you with a spark of malice, its pathetic form can't disguise the hatred it feels for you.

THE WILDS TAKES A STRANGE DELIGHT IN BREAKING MORTALS. Those poor, lost, and lonely masses who find themselves trapped in the darkened gut of the woods are broken down into nothing more than husks of their former selves. These people, devoid of any dreams or emotions they once had, are filled with despair and a hatred of the unbroken. They carry their diseased and twisted bodies into the dark parts of the Wilds, bemoaning their fate, hoping to die.

KNOWN AS SHAMBLERS, THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE DEAD IN ALL BUT FLESH. They congregate in the dark, forming masses of filth and anguish.

THEY RARELY EAT OR SLEEP AND AVOID THE ELEMENTS ONLY WHEN IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. The only time Shamblers are truly active is in the presence of “the unbroken,” regular people or travelers who remind them of their former selves. Their hatred of these people is their only true drive, stemming from their own self-loathing.

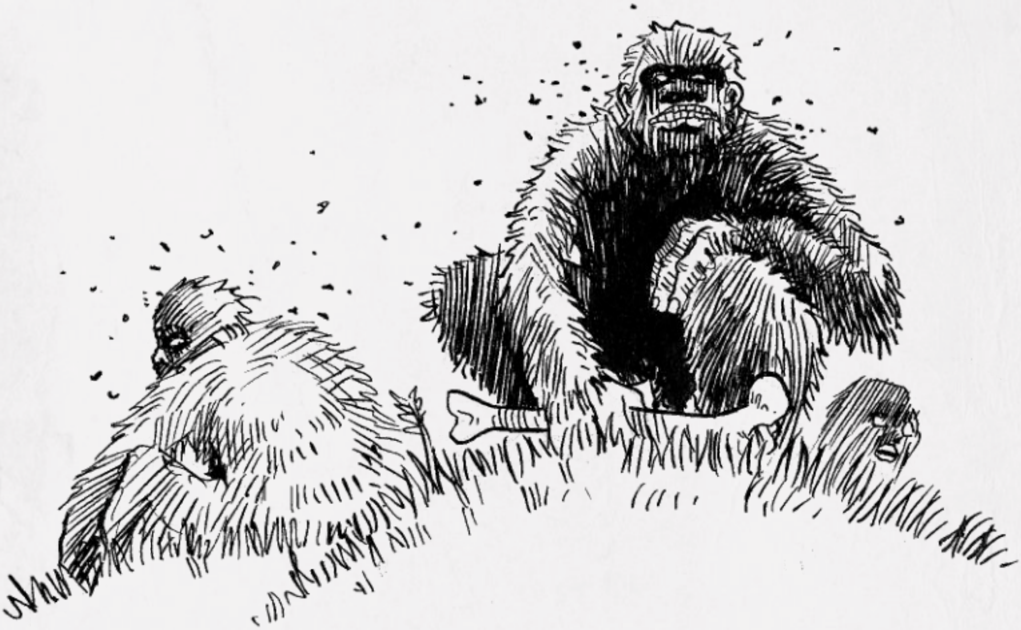
THEY ALWAYS SEEM TO FIND ONE-ANOTHER, and indeed have shown signs of a dull hive mind. They prefer only the most loathsome and wretched places: shadowed bogs, tight and damp caves, and squatting in the bowels of long ruined buildings. It is within these bastions they gently wail and hum, a silent sorrowful tune that scares off animals and brings strange tears to listener’s eyes.

BECOMING A SHAMBLER

One who has suffered greatly at the hands of the Wilds has a chance of becoming a Shambler. Repeated injuries, exhaustion, and degradation cause tiny erosions of a character’s mind and each new one carries a larger and larger risk of devolving into a Shambler.

GM’s who wish to introduce this as a possible and persistent threat should discuss it with their players first.

SKUNK APE



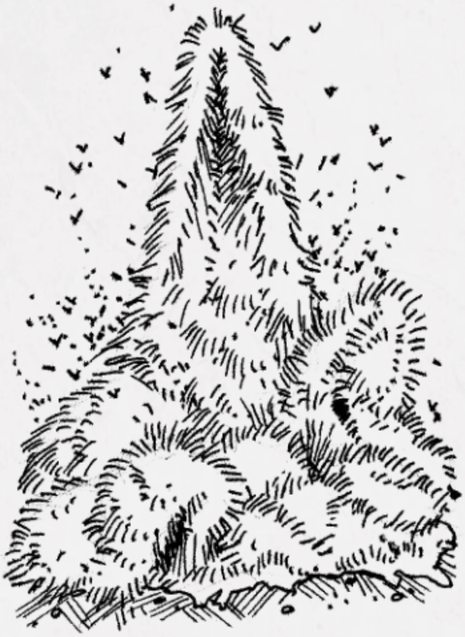
- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 3HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 18
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Fists 1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pack 1d6, Tribe 3d6
- **XP:** 250
- **BRUTAL STRENGTH:** Once per day for a single round, a skunk ape can go berserk. It attacks at advantage and deals maximum damage.
- **STENCH:** Those within sight of a skunk ape must save versus poison or become nauseated.
- **ILLUSIVE:** The Skunk Ape is sometimes little more than a rumor. Tracking, hunting, and collecting information on them is always at disadvantage.

THE SMELL COMES IN WAVES. Worse than spoiled chicken on a hot day, worse than a tree that has rotted from the inside out, and worse than a waterlogged deer carcass. A vaguely human shape, covered head to toe in moldy matted fur, lumbers closer, carrying the stench with it. Its face is that of snarling ape and its mouth is filled with a row of rotted molding teeth.

THE SKUNK APE IS A LARGE PRIMATE CREATURE THAT BASKS IN FILTH AND GARBAGE OF THE WILDS. It takes pride in the detritus that collects in its fur and each one is constantly attempting to distill a more horrid stench. Eventually, their smell becomes so overpowering that it creates a sensory overload in those who smell it, causing nausea or sending people into an unconscious stupor.

THEY ROAM PARTICULARLY FETID SWAMPS AND FENS as omnivorous predators, eating almost anything, but with a preference for rotted fruits and flesh. While preferring a solitary existence, it is not uncommon for them to form small communal groups. Such communities swap particular scents and mingle the odors they have accumulated, forming new and awful combinations of smell. The largest and most distinguished members will have pelts that reek enough to attract flies from miles around and it is not uncommon to encounter clouds of persistent flies around these alpha Skunk Apes.

While recorded among many bestiaries, **THE ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF SKUNK APES IS WIDELY DEBATED** and incredibly divisive on both sides. Those who have even glimpsed or smelled a Skunk Ape are adamant in their claims, while others firmly and unequivocally doubt the claims and accounts of witnesses, passing them off as nothing more than superstition.

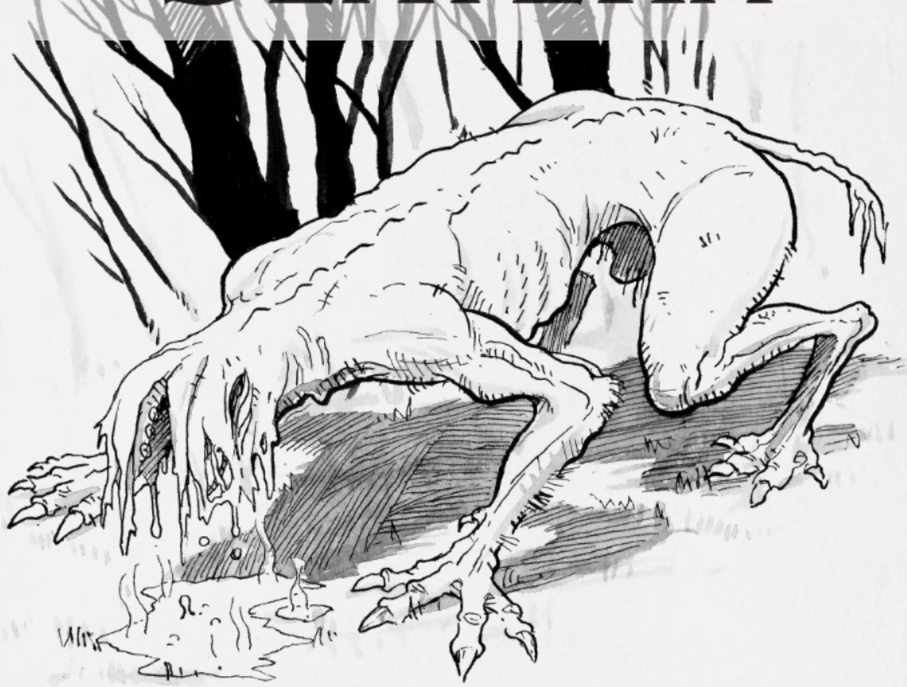


UNCOMMON GOOD:

SKUNK APE PELT - The fur is permanently stuck and tangled together and reeks beyond compare.

A person wearing this grows used to the horrid stench and in turn gains advantage on other smell-based saves.

SLAVERN



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 4HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 20
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Slobber 1d6 and Slavern Acid, or Spit, Range 40ft 1d4 and Slavern Acid (see below)
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Pair
- **XP:** 500
- **SLAVERN ACID:** Deals 1d6 damage for 1d4 rounds. Dissolves most metals and organic material after a minute of exposure.
- **IMMUNITY:** Acid

THE SOUND OF A RAGGED BREATH LIKE A TUBERCULOSIS PATIENT BREATHING THROUGH WET RAGS. A smell like vomit and sulfuric acid begins to build. A creature resembling a bloodied tortured wolf staggers into view on all fours. Its face is a mess of dripping fleshy rags, and its emaciated body is covered in patches of loose fur. It sniffs the air in long sucking breaths before losing a scream of agony and bloodlust.

A SLAVERN IS A HORRIFIC, TORTURED MONSTER THAT DIGESTS ITS VICTIMS WITH A VIRULENT ACID. The bones in its face have long since melted away from its own digestive juices, and it wanders about blindly seeking prey based on scent and sound. In combat, it lashes out wildly and violently, spraying acid and tearing apart opponents in an attempt to quickly kill a meal. When it eats, it slathers its food in acid and slowly sucks up the soft partially digested meat, unable to chew it without teeth.

Known most infamously for its odd eating habits, **THE SLAVERN PRODUCES**

A DIGESTIVE ACID CAPABLE OF MELTING STEEL INTO PUDDLES OF COARSE SLIME. It can project its acid with deadly accuracy and is known for the horrifying burn wounds it leaves in its wake. While the Slavern's flesh is immune to its own acid (and almost all caustic, non-magical chemicals), its bones are tragically not, causing its skull to soften and partially collapse well before adulthood.

THEY ARE NOT NECESSARILY APEX PREDATORS, preferring prey smaller than themselves that they can easily dispatch. However, a hungry Slavern can be just as tenacious and foolhardy as a rabid coyote, attacking armed caravans or veteran adventures without quarter. Such attacks by Slaverns have been witnessed enough to garnish it a reputation as a dangerous and crazed creature when hungry. Those who have survived such attacks rarely speak of them and often carry horrible disfiguring scars across their body from where the Slavern's acid ate through their armor and melted their flesh.

Oddly enough, **THE LOCAL FLORA AND VEGETATION BENEFITS GREATLY FROM THE PRESENCE OF SLAVERN.** The partially digested prey that a Slavern cannot slurp up quickly decomposes and provides an abundance of nutrients to the ground. Areas with one or more Slaverns are known for being overgrown with lush and healthy vegetation. These "Slavern Groves" contain soil healthier than anywhere else in the world and are abundant in edible vegetation, in turn attracting a number of game animals.

THEY ARE AN ODD EVOLUTIONARY THREAD. Equipped with a deadly biological weapon that makes even the most crazed alchemists sweat, they in turn suffer a horrible deformity because of it. As pups, they retain their eyesight for only a few months before the acid within themselves causes their skulls to collapse. They wander blindly for the rest of their lives, cursed with the memory of vision but unable to ever return to it. Despite its vicious nature, one cannot help but pity it...

UNCOMMON GOOD:

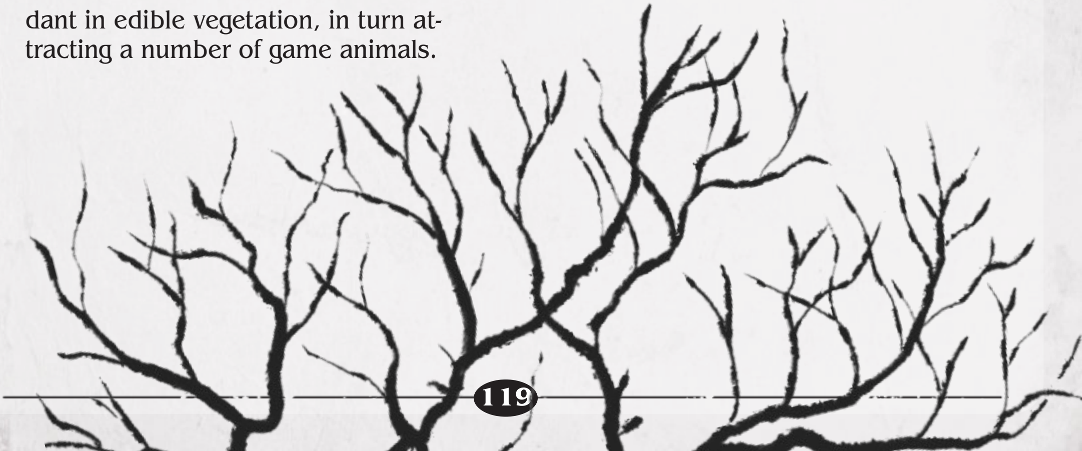
SLAVERN PELT - Tough pink leather, and patchy fur the color of ash, it smells faintly acrid.

Armor or clothing made from this is resistant to acid, dealing only half damage to the wearer.

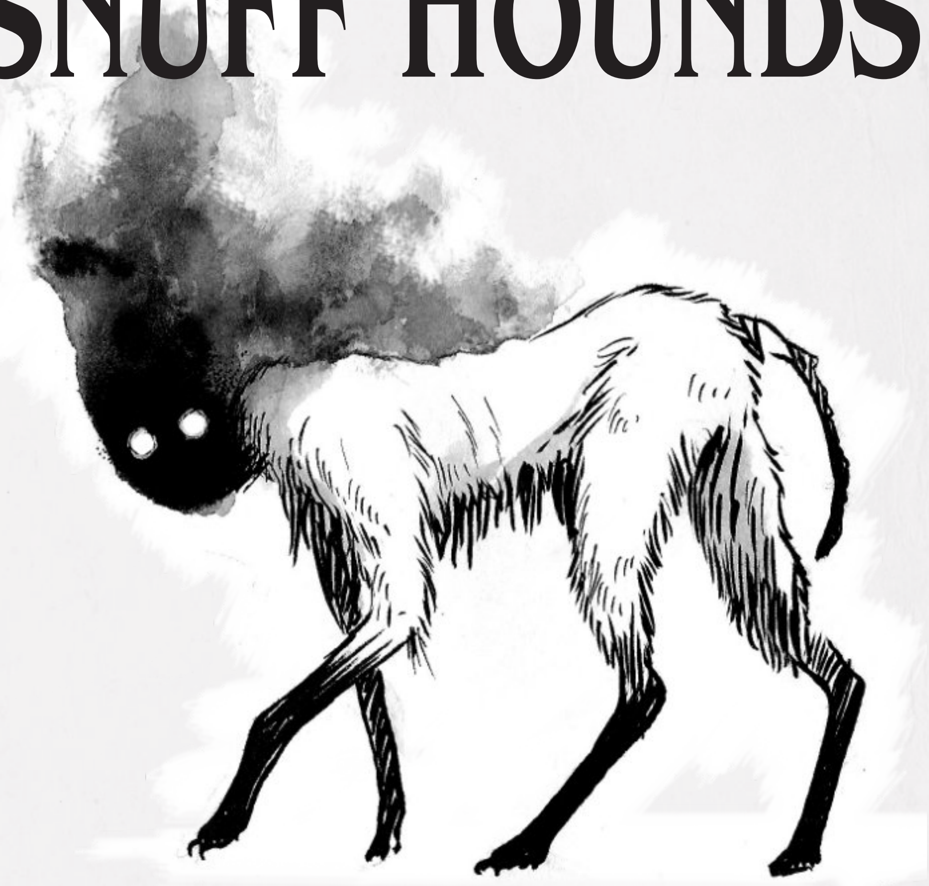
RARE GOOD:

SLAVERN ACID - This thin ochre tinted acid smells dangerously acrid, even from a distance.

A single vial of this acid is enough to melt a suit of armor into a puddle of steaming mush. When thrown as a grenade it deals 3d6 damage on contact as it eats through anything metal or organic.



SNUFF HOUNDS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 2HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 9
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d6
- **QUANTITY:** Pack 1d12
- **XP:** 150
- **LIGHT EATER:** Any source of light the Snuff Hound comes in contact with, magic or mundane, is immediately put out and rendered unusable. The hound then heals 1d4.
- **DISTORTION:** Ranged attacks against the Snuff Hound suffer disadvantage as the light plays tricks on its form.

IT COMES ONLY AT NIGHT. It waits out in the shadows, just a pair of eyes floating in the dark and the faint smell of incense. It moves with canine swiftness, letting out a deep undulating howl, like a screech owl's call many octaves too deep.

THEY ARE BEASTS THAT STALK THE NIGHT IN PACKS, SEARCHING FOR SOURCES OF LIGHT TO FEED FROM, snuffing them out in the process and rendering them either broken or unusable.

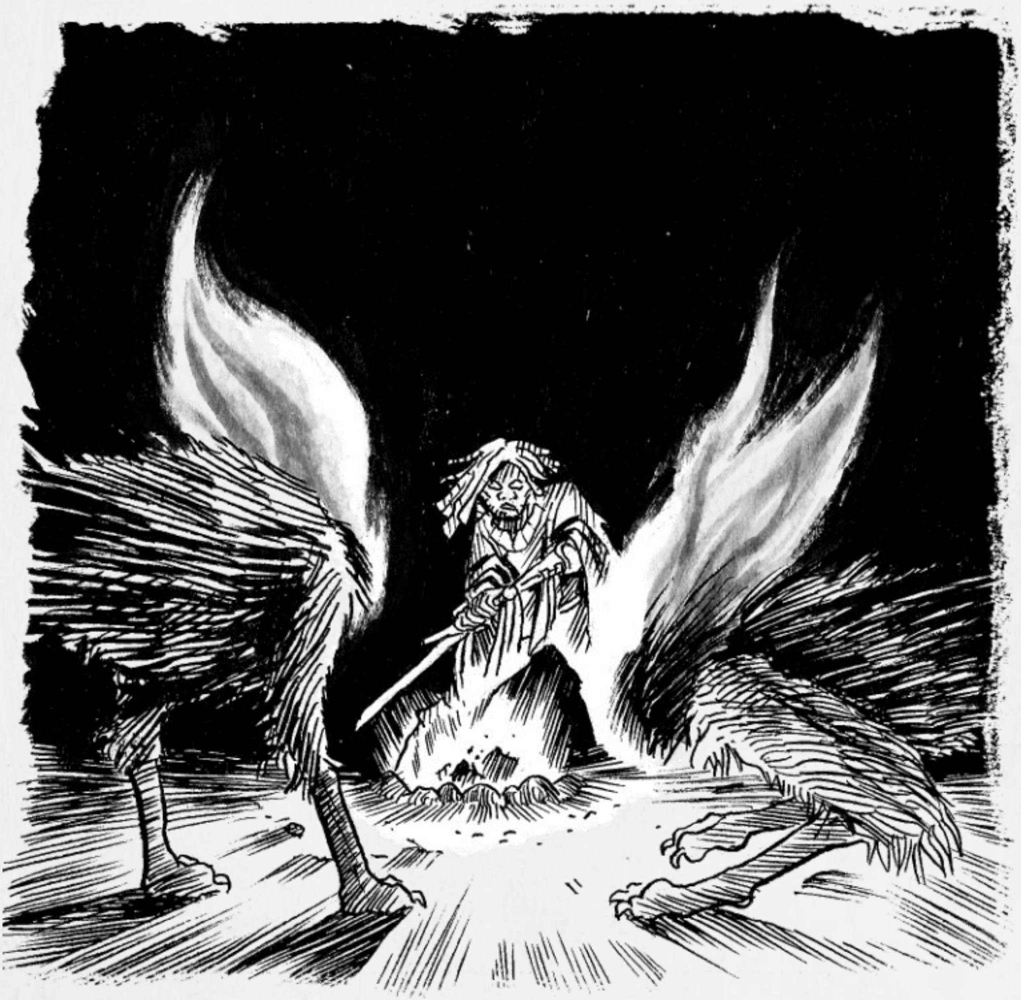
While they are animals, they never harass travelers without reason, only attacking if they carry lit torches or make campfires. Once they have eaten, they peel off into their darkened surroundings, in search of another stray meal before sunrise.

THEY CAN BE LURED AND SATISFIED WITH A LARGE ENOUGH BONFIRE, stalling them as they dip in and out of the light, drinking from it in small quick bites. They can be avoided if fires are put out before it is too late at night, and putting out lanterns when their strange alien howl sounds in the night.

UNCOMMON GOOD:

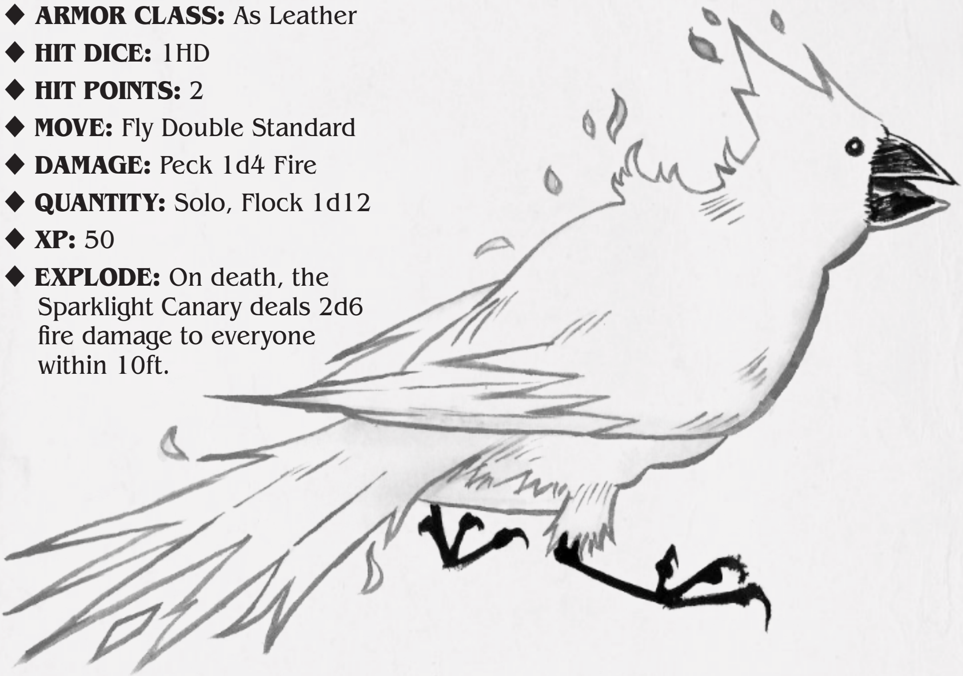
SNUFF HOUND MANE - Darkly fur, quite soft and fine, its hairs are hard to look at.

Leather armor or clothing made with this fur grants the wearer advantage against ranged attacks, as the light seems to play off of their form in strange ways.



SPARKLIGHT CANARIES

- ◆ **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- ◆ **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- ◆ **HIT POINTS:** 2
- ◆ **MOVE:** Fly Double Standard
- ◆ **DAMAGE:** Peck 1d4 Fire
- ◆ **QUANTITY:** Solo, Flock 1d12
- ◆ **XP:** 50
- ◆ **EXPLODE:** On death, the Sparklight Canary deals 2d6 fire damage to everyone within 10ft.



A SMALL LIGHT DANCES IN THE DARK. It flits about with quick rapid wing beats before resting on a branch. A minute bird glows with a brilliant warm light. It flies close, giving off a pleasant warm heat, making chirps like short bursts from a reed whistle. The smell of campfire smoke follows in its trail.

SPARKLIGHT CANARIES ARE SMALL BIRDS GIFTED WITH THE ELEMENTAL POWER OF FIRE. They give off a faint but noticeable heat and have been known to accidentally start wildfires or barn burnings when they nest in the dry season. Like many creatures of nature, they are loved by poets and artisans and reviled by farmers and homeowners.

A recent practice has evolved amongst hunters and backwoods denizens of **USING SPARKLIGHT CANARIES AS MAKESHIFT LANTERNS.** Places that cannot afford lanterns or the oil to fuel them have found it useful to capture the birds in special reflective cages making effective, if somewhat loud and unorthodox, light sources.

EQUIPMENT

SPARKLIGHT LANTERN - A small canary the color of an ember and blazing like a torch chips and hops inside a small birdcage aligned with mirrors.

A Sparklight lantern operates in all ways like a regular lantern, only requiring birdseed rather than lamp oil to keep it going.

If the Sparklight Canary inside is killed it explodes in a shower of glass and fire for 2d6 damage to all in a 10 foot area.

SPINDLE CATS

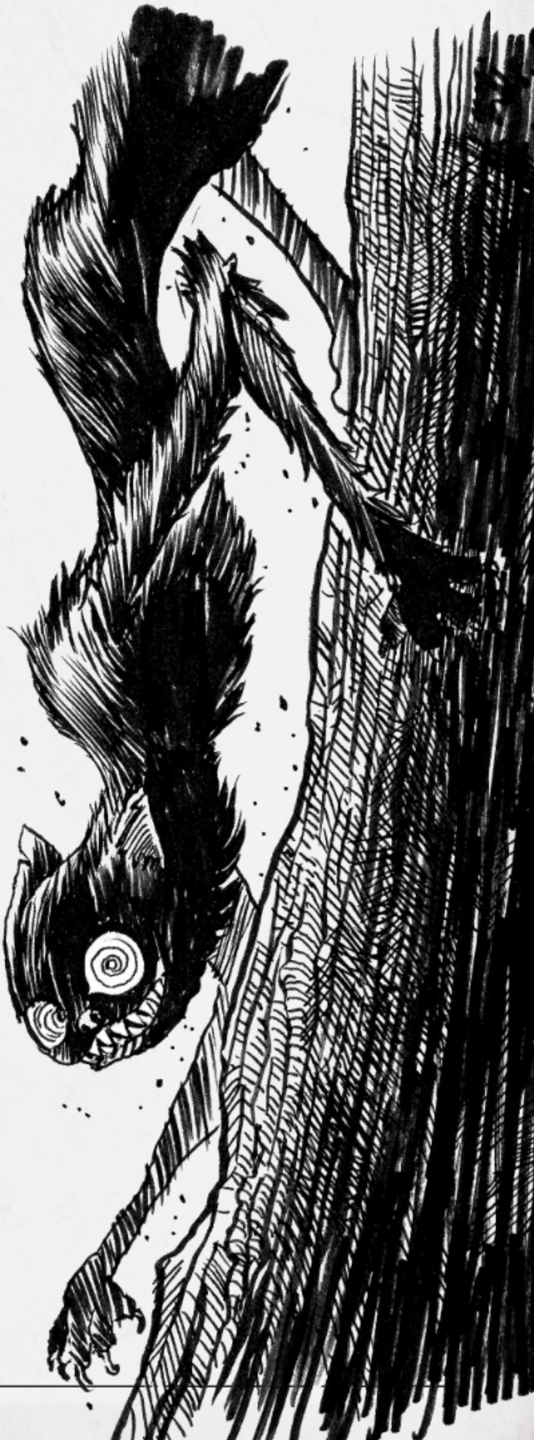
- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 3HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 15
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d6 and reach of 10ft
- **QUANTITY:** Solo, Pair, or Pack 1d6
- **XP:** 250
- **HYPNOTIC GAZE:** All within eyesight, save versus charm or become paralyzed in a stupefied trance.

THE SOUND OF SOMETHING LARGE SHIFTS IN THE TREES ABOVE. A pair of clawed limbs dance silently from branch to branch. A feline creature with limbs as thin and long as polearms slowly crawls like a spider in the dark. Its face becomes visible, and a pair of chromatic eyes lock with your own. The concentric colors seem to spin, your mind begins to fade to nothing but its wondrous maddening eyes.

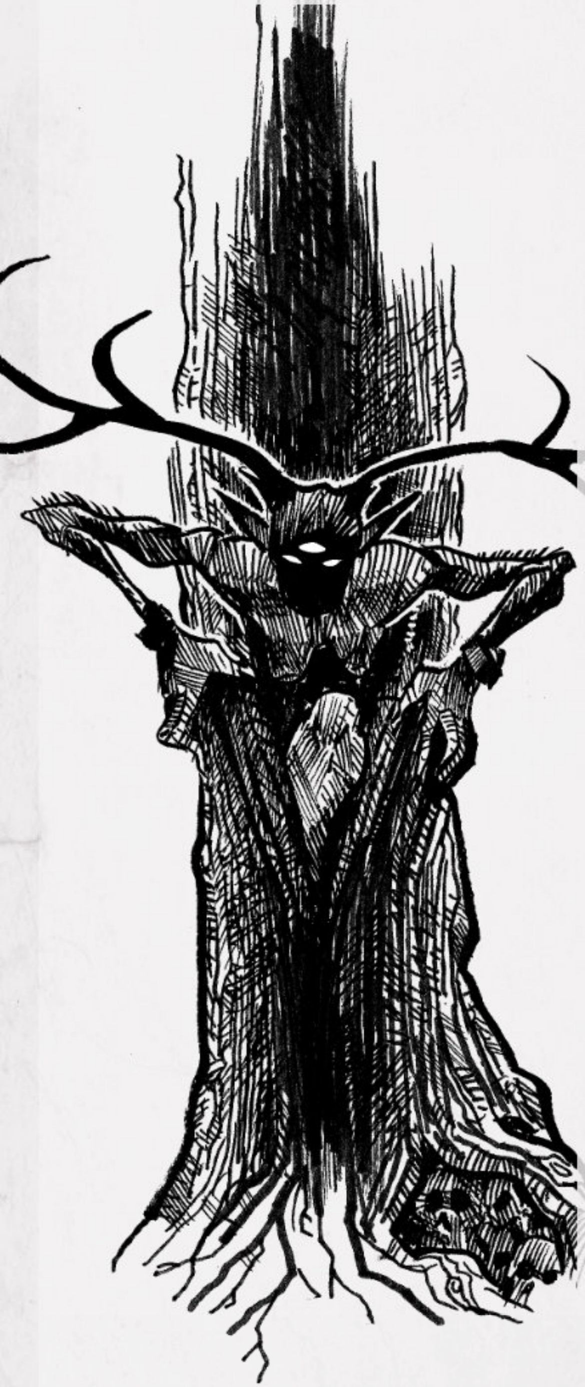
SPINDLE CATS ARE LITHE, NOCTURNAL HUNTERS. Their danger is almost legendary as most who encounter them wind up dead.

THEY HIDE IN THE CANOPIES OF TREES, adept at silently leaping from branch to branch before descending on unsuspecting prey; always eating the eyes of their victims first.

THEIR GAZE IS THEIR MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON, capable or rendering even the most stalwart hunter into a stupefied mute. Those who wish to hunt them need to be wary of this deadly ability, lest they too end up devoured by the monster's ravenous jaws.



THE SKULK



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Plate
- **HIT DICE:** 14HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 70
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Vicious Claws 1d10/1d10
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 3,200
- **TREE-HOP:** Can enter through and exit out of any tree at no cost of movement or action.
- **LIGHTS OUT:** Light sources, both magic and mundane grow dim and lightless around The Skulk. Whenever fighting The Skulk, there is never more than dim light to see with.

IT HAS BEEN CALLED MANY THINGS, BUT ALWAYS IN HUSHED TONES. The Nightfox, Tree-hopper Jack, the Shadow Butcher, Old Three Eyes, each a crude attempt to rationalize this boogeyman. Most just settle with "The Skulk" and leave it at that.

THE STORIES OF THE SKULK ALL START AND END THE SAME. Someone, whether through greed or naivety, sees something shouldn’t; be it some truth betwixt the shadows of the trees or a hint to the actual nature of the Wilds. It is then that they meet the gaze of The Skulk, its three eyes like terrible stars against its lightless skin.

They do not die there, that would be too much of a kindness. **ONE BY ONE THOSE CLOSEST TO THE MARKED ARE KILLED OFF IN BRUTAL FASHION,** always at night and always with haste. Only when all have been extinguished does The Skulk finally end the tortured life of the marked. There is no limit to how many The Skulk will kill. Only by truly banishing the marked from your heart, body, and mind can you be safe from The Skulk. Anything less is met with death.

THE SKULK USES THE VERY TREES AS DOORWAYS to find the beloved of the marked, leaping from one to the other, disappearing through them without a trace. Lanterns and light find little purchase around it, campfires and torches growing dim in a supernatural darkness are the only warning of its presence before it strikes. It does not linger to engage in an exchange of blows, quickly making vicious parting strikes before darting to safety.

IT IS UNKNOWN HOW MANY THERE ARE, AS NO ONE HAS MANAGED TO KILL IT, and its illusive nature prevents any chance of real observation. All that is known for certain is that it never speaks, there is no limit to how far it can travel between trees, it is thorough in its bloody work, and its blood has strange and wondrous properties. Only a handful of those marked by The Skulk have ever managed to outlive their curse, and only by taking very special precautions against trees or having loved ones. Outside of these basic observations, The Skulk remains an enigma, a murderous black spot upon the already dark and blood-soaked tapestry of the Wild.

"Beware the secrets hidden in the Wilds, lest you and all you love are marked by a three-eyed gaze."

UNCOMMON GOOD:

SKULK BLOOD - Sticky and thick like fresh tree sap, it absorbs all light and seems to vanish briefly with each blink.

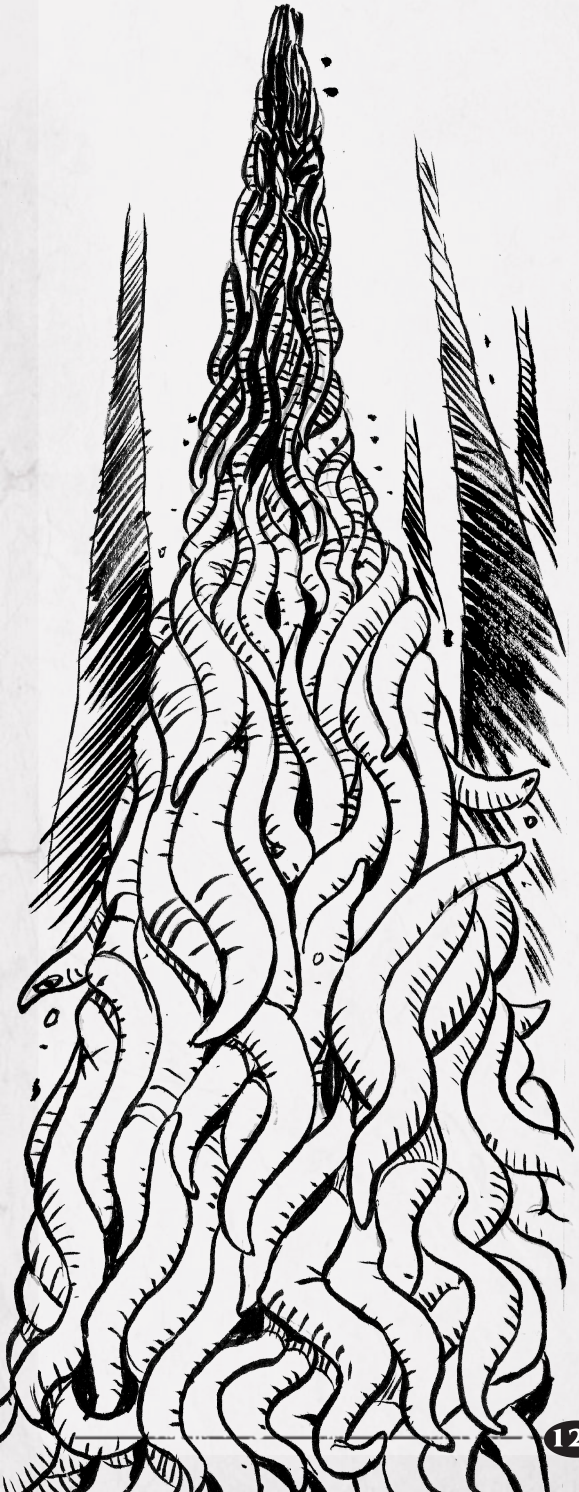
Drams of this blood are sought after by mages and alchemists across the known world. A single drop is worth more than a handful of gold.

RARE GOOD:

SKULK HIDE - Stiff furs pepper this matte black skin that seems ignorant to any form of light.

Wearing this hide as a cloak or as an armor grants the wearer the Skulk's Tree-Hop ability, albeit with some risk...

TRUNK WORMS



- **ARMOR CLASS:** None
- **HIT DICE:** 1HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 4
- **MOVE:** Standard, Burrow Half Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Bite 1d3
- **QUANTITY:** Colony d3x10,
- **XP:** 50 each
- **TOPPLE: AS ATTACK,** if encountered in their bivouac, Trunk Worms may topple the full weight of the colony onto an unsuspecting opponent for 10d6 damage.

A PALE TREE SPROUTS FROM THE GROUND. It glistens as if coated in a thin slime and its trunk appears like a bundle of tight, slick vines. It is warm and pulses with life, before unwinding and collapsing into a pile of thick writhing worms. They lash out in all directions like a carpet of thrashing intestines, hissing and biting with tiny razor-filled mouths. A smell like sweat and blood billows out around them.

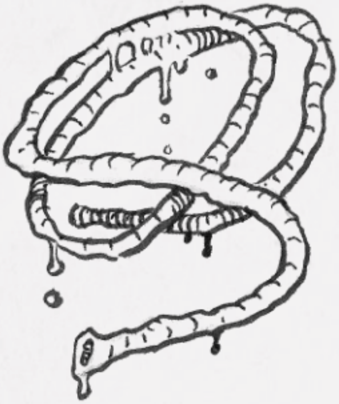
TRUNK WORMS ARE A SPECIES OF LARGE EARTHWORM that gathers in colonies. Their name comes from **THEIR STRANGE HABIT OF FORMING ABOVE-GROUND BIVOUACS IN THE SHAPE OF TALL, LIMBLESS TREES.** They do this to warm themselves, collectively sharing body heat and as a strange form of defense. When threatened, the colony will literally “topple” onto their foes, both crushing them under their collective weight as well as allowing them to overwhelm them in a mass of their squirming bodies.

FULLY GROWN, EACH ONE MEASURES SOME EIGHT FEET IN LENGTH and is about the thickness of a farmhand’s wrist. They range in color based on region, usually a pale reddish hue. They have one opening that acts as both a mouth and an anus and its inside is lined with rows of small barbed teeth. They form colonies typically ranging from 12 to 25 members, although some have witnessed bivouacs with worms numbering in the hundreds. They slither and burrow into the ground in their daily searches for food, swarming over their prey with a disgusting efficiency as they pick it apart piece by piece.

THEY ACT IN MANY WAYS LIKE A TYPICAL EARTHWORM and are fantastic composters because of it. Their tunnels allow the ground to become irrigated, while their fecal material is rich in nutrients. They unfortunately have an odd habit of gnawing on the roots of various trees, and large colonies have been known to cause deforestation, leaving only leafless dead trunks of former trees in their wake. Small vegetation and weeds do well in their presence, as the ground tends to be very fertile.

The strangest trait of the Trunk Worms is the formation of their towering vertical bivouacs, and is the source of their name-sake. Stretching anywhere from 15 to 50 feet, depending on colony size and formation, they are surprisingly hard to spot in the dense canopies of the forest. While they indeed benefit from the formation, they could just as easily cluster together underground and would certainly be warmer due to the insulation from the ground. However, it has been noted by several scholarly investigations that the Trunk Worms at the very top of the "towers" make a subtle, almost imperceptible, humming resonance. One bold claim went so far as to call it singing, and an even bolder theory suggested it was a "call."

There is little rumor or story surrounding the Trunk Worms; after all, few care to sing or write about a rather loathsome and odd worm. It is only the most ancient and permanent facets of the Wilds that have any esoteric information on the Trunk Worms. **IT IS THE FALSE BEGGARS THAT SEEM TO KNOW THE MOST,** yet they grow hushed and nervous at the very mention of them. They impart little, and it all is incredibly cryptic or disjointed. They also call the worms by an entirely different name; **THEY CALL THEM "THE VOID SINGERS."**



UNCOMMON GOOD:

TRUNK WORM GUT - A slimy length of rose-colored entrails. They are oddly strong and tough.

Trunk Worm Gut can be stretched and dried into a length of incredibly strong, elastic twine. Stringed instruments made from it are highly prized, as there is a strange, primal resonance that comes from their sound.

WEALD SIRENS

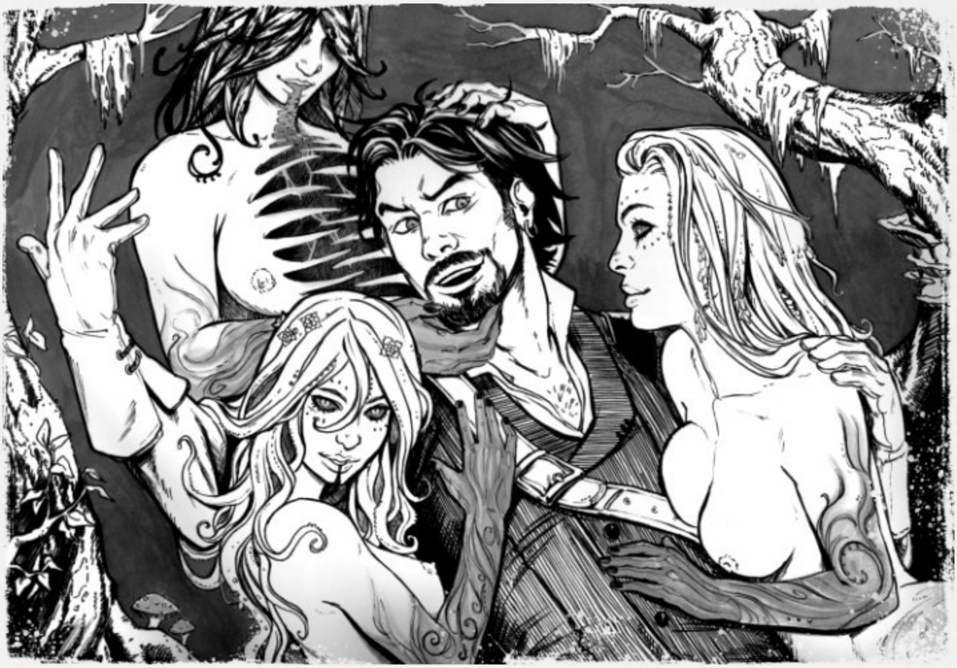


Illustration by Alex Coggon

- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Leather
- **HIT DICE:** 4HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 22
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d4 and Maw 1d10
- **QUANTITY:** Solo or Grove 1d6
- **XP:** 600
- **LURE:** Weald Sirens constantly produce an attractive and beguiling scent that grows stronger the closer one is to them. (See Sidebar)
- **VICIOUS MAW: As Attack,** the Weald Siren attempts to swallow a person whole. If the attack hits, save versus hold or breath weapon or be swallowed whole and automatically suffer 1d10 damage each round until you escape or are freed.

A SMELL LIKE HONEY AND LOVE DRIFTS ON THE WIND. An alluring mortal, bare of clothing and of striking features approaches you slowly. They are utterly beautiful. Their skin bears strange markings and colors akin to some exotic and mysterious plant. Their lips part and their face has the expression of a hungry and expectant lover; but a thin line forms from their mouth to navel and begins to part like a horrible stage curtain. A thousand needles twitch in the dark of this cavernous maw.

THE TERRIBLE WEALD SIRENS ARE THE MONSTROUS COUNTERPART TO THE SEA-BOURNE SIRENS. They look like beautiful humans with odd colors or skin markings, that is, until they attempt to feed. When feeding their body practically splits in two to reveal a massive mouth-organ, coated in thin poisonous fangs, capable of swallowing a person whole.

THEY MAKE THEIR HOMES NEAR WELL-TRAVELED ROADS AND OUT-OF-THE-WAY TOWNS, closer to their preferred food. Using their beautiful features they attempt to lure wayward travelers, drunken idiots, or children deep into the woods. Wordlessly they guide them into the dark, away from any trail or footpath. Once out of earshot, they show their true from and hastily devour the unlucky soul, masticating and digesting them in their stomachs.

However, The "luring" is not just by guile. **A WEALD SIREN CONSTANTLY PRODUCES AN OVERPOWERING PHEROMONE,** capable of driving people mad with feral lust or utterly dumb with sensory overload. Even at a distance, it draws in the lesser-minded with a faint appealing smell; attracting the curious (or stupid) with the tantalizing aroma. A sure sign of a Weald Siren is the faint smell of sweets and flowers where no such smell should be.

THEY HAVE A HABIT OF GARDENING, vomiting up some of their partially digested meals as fertilizer for a particular area. They consider it a poetic justice of sorts, using the intruders and greedy mortals as food for the woods. From the remains, they grow beautiful flowers and groves of fruit trees as both a form of recreation and an enticing lure to travelers. A grove tended to by a Weald Siren is identified by the beautiful smell, and a layer of shattered bones that cover the topsoil.

STORIES SPEAK OF WEALD SIRENS AS A NIGHTMARISH OFFSHOOT OF DRYADS. Long ago a group of Dryads lost their sacred grove to the axes and fire of industrious humans. As their trees burnt to ash they began to slowly die off and in desperation the surviving Dryads sought a darker form of sustenance. They hunted the humans that burned their groves and devoured their flesh, luring them with sweet words and guile before caving in their skulls. Since then, they have continued to hunt the outskirts of civilization, evolving and adapting while consuming the mortals who continue to intrude on the Wilds.

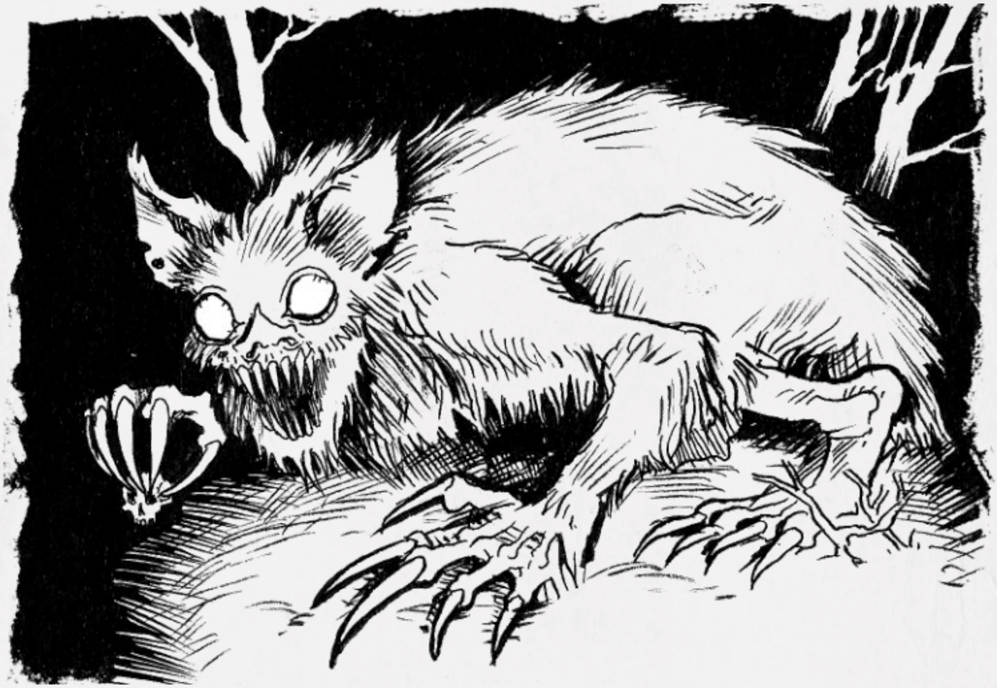
WEALD SIREN PHEROMONE

The Pheromone Lure produced by the Weald Sirens has varying effect based on distance.

DISTANCE	EFFECTS
1 MILE	Attractive scent.
HALF MILE	Save versus charm or be lured closer to the scent.
EYESIGHT	Save versus charm or fall under the effects of charm person.
ARM-LENGTH	Save versus charm or be paralyzed for one round.

Using something to mask the scent or equipping a breathing apparatus provides advantage against the save.

VAMPYLF



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Hide
- **HIT DICE:** 10HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 50
- **MOVE:** Double Standard
- **DAMAGE:** Claws 1d6/1d6 or Bite 1d12 and Feral Vampirism (see sidebar)
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 1,600
- **FRENZY: AS ATTACK,** once per day all attacks are at advantage for 1d4 rounds.

THE SCENT OF BLOOD AND ROTTED BODIES. Noise bursts like mouth clicks and fingernails on chalkboard. A great feral beast crunches through the darkness with snarls and hissing squeals. A hairy monster with the limbs of a warg but the body of a human stalks into view. Its face holds the worst aspects of feline and bat, while its long ears twitch with murderous energy. Its eyes glow a deep bloody red, and it screams in monstrous excitement.

VAMPIRISM DID NOT START WITH HUMANS. The “ailment” or “curse” that birthed the decadent nocturnal blood-drinkers is much older than humans, dating back to the prehistoric era. It was in the time before written word that a creature evolved without the need to breed, instead seeding its murderous genetic code into other animals with a crushing bloody bite. The wounded animal would begin to change, slowly growing or shrinking, its bones and muscles contorting into new shapes while an insatiable lust for flesh grew within its primitive mind. **WHAT WE CALL VAMPIRES ARE JUST A STRANGE GENETIC MUTATION OF THE TRUE, ORIGINAL MONSTER: THE VAMPYLF.**

JUST LARGER THAN A GRIZZLY BEAR and weighing just as much, the Vampylf is a terrifying nocturnal predator and the originator of the Vampiric curse. It resembles a twisted amalgamation of wolf, feline, and bat all held together with humanoid parts. It has an insatiable hunger and tears apart its prey with claws and fangs in a gory frenzy. Those that survive its bloody attacks are not free from the horror, as a bite from a Vampylf carries with it a horrible curse.

THEY ABHOR THE SUN, as its rays can be deadly, so they makes their nests in darkened burrows under piles of soft, cool earth. At night they awake, hungry for raw and bloody flesh, galloping out into the darkness. They have an exceptional scent and their ability to pinpoint a drop of warm blood within half a mile makes them incredible trackers. When scent fails, they locate prey in the dark by using a series of shrill clicks for echolocation as well as a primitive form of heat vision when then need to silently stalk their prey.

THEY ARE UNDEAD, but only in a technical definition of the word. They are a strange evolutionary link between the living and the undead, a walking fossil and example of the time before life and undeath had become so segregated. They age, but only when exposed to sunlight or unable to drink blood; holy magic rebukes them, but they show an odd resistance to it; and positive energy or healing magic does utterly nothing to them.

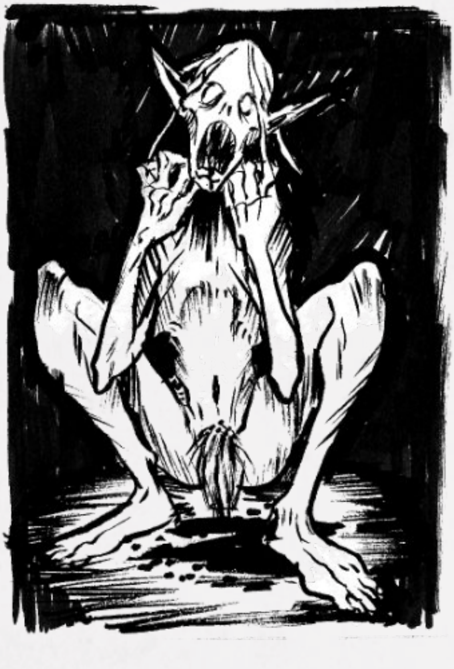
THEY ARE SO IMPOSSIBLY OLD. They have survived the countless march of years only through the hijacking of other living beings. Their species has survived extinction after extinction, each time only barely scraping by. Yet they survived, and now their numbers begin to swell. The "Curse of Vampirism" is the next step in their parasitic evolution and it threatens all walking life. The Vampylf may die off, but their legacy threatens to consume the world.

FERAL VAMPIRISM

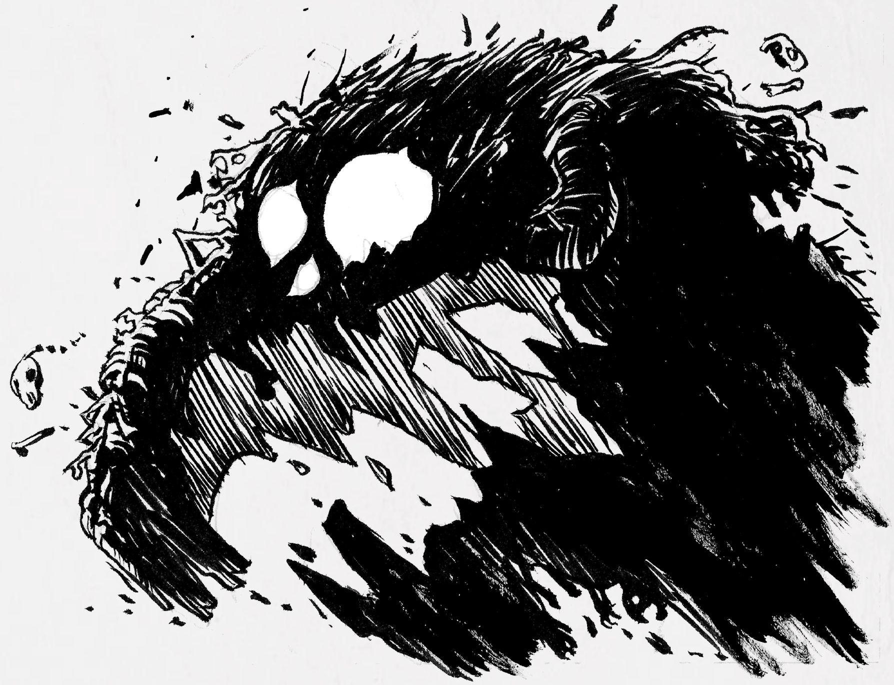
Anything bitten by a Vampylf has a 25% chance of contracting Feral Vampirism. Each day the victim must make a save versus poison or suffer 1d3 points of either constitution, charisma, or maximum hit point drain (determined randomly each time). Constant exposure to sunlight gives advantage on this roll and a victim must make three consecutive successful save to be rid of Feral Vampirism.

Three things can happen with Feral Vampirism:

- **If a victim's Maximum Hit points drop to 0 first,** they die, mercifully free from the curse.
- **If a victim's Charisma score drops to 0 first,** they flee into the wilds and mutate into a Vampylf over the course of 1d6 days.
- **If a victim's Constitution score drops to 0 first,** they die, but rise again as a vampire in 1d6 days.



VERMINCAUST



- **ARMOR CLASS:** As Chainmail
- **HIT DICE:** 12HD
- **HIT POINTS:** 60
- **MOVE:** Standard
- **DAMAGE:** 1d10 Bites 1d6 each
- **QUANTITY:** Solo
- **XP:** 2,200
- **AURA OF FURY:** Those within proximity to the Vermincaust find themselves overcome with a radiant uncontrollable anger against life. Save versus magic or madness, or lash out against the nearest living thing that isn't the Vermincaust.
- **NOISE WITHOUT END:** The constant maddening noise is disorienting. Any who can hear the Vermincaust must save versus poison or become nauseated.
- **CANNIBAL UNDEAD:** Any corpse the Vermincaust touches is immediately absorbed into its form, granting it +1HD and healing it of 1d6 hit points.

A CHILL WIND BEGINS TO PICK UP THROUGH THE TREES. A horrible sound from many mouths moves with a terrifying speed. The noise from a rolling pile of screaming, countless vermin grows until all other sound is drowned. A wave of tiny bleached and bloody bones spill into eyesight, thousands of tiny animal skulls scream in a chorus of pain and anger, while their mouths snap and bite in an ecstasy of rage.

THE GROUND IS MADE OF THE DEAD. The soil we walk is a culmination of crushed stone and the decomposed remains of an infinitesimal tiny deaths. To be a small creature in this world, is to eventually be one of those countless meaningless deaths. No tears are shed for the vermin; the rats, the birds, the squirrels and voles, all of them die with the horror of their minuscule existence. It is from their countless tiny broken bones, all dreaming the same terrifying dream, that a flame of consciousness begins to grow. Fury and rage, against a world that cursed them to die.

A VERMINCAUST IS MADE FROM THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUS OF THOUSANDS OF DEAD VERMIN, all united in their hatred of a cruel and unjust world. Utterly dangerous and unpredictable, they move less like a swarm of bodies and more like a flood of diminutive bones. Each skeleton that makes up its form has long since cast aside its individuality, instead joining a conscious born of pure animalistic rage. They hate all living things and seek only to tear apart the world around them.

VERMINCAUSTS ARE THANKFULLY VERY RARE, typically only occurring in places with an extra high concentration of animal bones or arcane exposure. One can actually "feel" the places at risk of birthing a Vermincaust, always places that crack and snap underfoot with countless bones. Called "Spite Beds" creatures walking over them are overcome with a dizzying sickness tainted with anger, while their mind rings with the faint screeches of rats. The birth of a Vermincaust is sudden and explosive, as thousand skeletons burst up from the Spite Bed with a piercing chorus of shrieks and a whirlwind of bone, earth, and malice.

THERE IS A GRAVE DANGER FROM THE VERMINCAUST. Consider the following thought experiment: with each creature a Vermincaust kills, it grows in strength. Necromancers gravely theorize that there is no limit to how much it can grow in this way, as its collective consciousness is a self-perpetuating energy, an infinite feedback loop of rage. In theory, if one Vermincaust were to grow strong enough, it could overtake a small village; its rage-inducing effect on life around them could be catastrophic in such populated areas and the body count would grow it astronomically. Unless stopped, it would continue in this fashion, infinitely growing, infinitely killing, until the world it hates so much is finally no more.

RANDOM VERMINCAUST GENERATOR

D8	Shape	Composition	Sound
1	A writhing many-headed snake.	Thousands of drowned, water-logged rats.	A chorus of children screaming obscenities.
2	A mountain lion with seven legs.	Snakes and beetles, writhing and twisting amongst each other.	The wild, ragged death cries of many deer.
3	A morbidly obese frog with a single eye.	Thousands of skeletal birds, all flapping wings without feathers.	Thousands of chittering rats and mice.
4	A ferret with an oversized maw full of teeth.	Masses of burnt and melted chipmunks and squirrels.	Sharp piercing howls of cats in anguish.
5	The twisted overgrown form of a crawling human.	Rabbits and deer carcasses, invaded by swarming insects.	Shrieking bird calls without end.
6	A rabid hound with two screaming mouths.	Skinned and butchered carcasses of every possible animal.	Deep, grinding drones from unknown mouths.
7	A giant skeletal crow that crawls on all fours.	The slithering spines and skulls of rats and mice.	A single grating scream from a dying mortal.
8	Amorphous and without form.	Hundreds of mummified voles coated in spider webs.	Constant overwhelming barn owl cries.

FACTIONS

OF THE WYRD & WILD

THE COURT OF BROKEN BRANCHES

THE WILDS ARE HOME TO MANY A BROKEN THINGS.

Children, abandoned by their parents; beasts left for dead by their pack; deserters, minds shattered by the horrors of war; and common folk, exiled perhaps simply for being different.

In the pits of their despair, they cry out for solace, begging and praying for the faintest glimmer of belonging and hope.

Their prayers go unanswered by all. Save for one: **THE LADY OF BROKEN BRANCHES.**

The Lady of Broken Branches, as she is known in this age, has existed since before the dawn of civilization.

Appearing as a royal lady gone feral, adorned in kingly jewelry, in addition to cobwebs and bones; she is darkly in appearance and cold in her demeanor.

She lords over a "court" of countless dejected beings (both animal and human) that fall under the descriptor of "broken;" traumatized army deserters, runty animals, limbless cripples, diseased, exiles, and the shunned, all who find themselves lost and alone in the deep woods. She takes them in, gives them a place of belonging, and mends them as she sees fit. Because of this, her followers are blindly loyal, eternally loving, and willing to die at a moments notice for her whims.

Despite her seeming charity, she is far from a benevolent saint and both despises the civilized world as well as demands no disturbance of the natural order within her domain. She is never the first to draw blood against a village or town, so long as they respect her domain and authority; but if this unspoken pact is broken she sends her subjects against the belligerents instantaneously. Entire cities have been wiped clean from the history books in this manner; their people gone, their streets empty save for the occasional stain of blood and the newly sprouted undergrowth.

A QUEEN OF BROKEN BEINGS

From atop her throne of antlers and silver thread she rules over the denizens of the Wilds. Under her command are countless vassals, lords, and soldiers sworn to protect her and uphold her will. None dare question her, and many love her as a cleric loves their god. She is fair in every action she takes and every command she gives. No one who slights her or her rule is unaware of their misdeeds before they are punished.

She bears a crown of many things, while her skin is covered in dancing runes. Always in her hands is a pair of gently glowing needles and silk that seems to dance in a wind that isn't there. The needles are Lurac and Blethram, named after the legendary wolves whose bones were made into the needles; they were her siblings, until a now dead war-god killed them. The silk is a gift from the first spider, who paid it as tribute for a home in the woods; it can mend and trap anything she desires. Her crown is called The Crown of Many Things, a beautiful woven mass of horn, hair, and treasure; it contains a piece or possession of everyone that has ever set foot in the Wilds. Her skin is clothed in dark secrets that dance and writhe across her body; every secret of the Wyrd and Wild can be found within, except for the Lady's own secret, which she holds within herself...

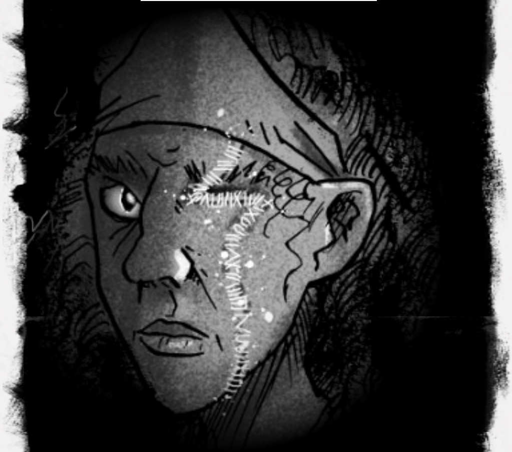
While many hold equal amounts of fear and respect for the Lady of Broken Branches, they all know of her blessing. Those that find themselves broken be-

Illustration by A.E. Coggon

yond repair, need only pledge their life and call her name in the darkest parts of the Wilds. If she deems you worthy, she will mend you with her needles of bone and thread of spider-silk; remaking you into a more befitting subject. Those that are mended by her hand will forevermore be her subject, tasked with upholding her commands and defending the Wilds until their dying breath. Some call it a cursed life, referring to the gift as the "Curse-Stitch", but those who are mended show only love and fealty to their Lady.

Every third moon she summons her most trusted and powerful lords, beasts and mortals alike, to her court to hold a council and discuss the state of the Wyrd and Wild. It is from them that she learns all that she needs to know before issuing missives and orders to be carried out at once.

THE CURSE STITCH



Those who are mended by the Lady of Broken Branches find themselves gifted with power or treasure, albeit at the cost of eternal servitude.

Forevermore, they are marked with a thin stitching of silver that glows faintly like moonlight in the dark. Some see it as a sign to be respected and honored, others to be feared and shunned.

PEACE, IF THEY WILL TAKE IT...

While practically a god in all but title, her powers are not limitless. Beyond the reach of the trees and wilderness her power diminishes greatly. The cities and metropolises of civilization are beyond her reach, protected and watched over by powers that rival her own.

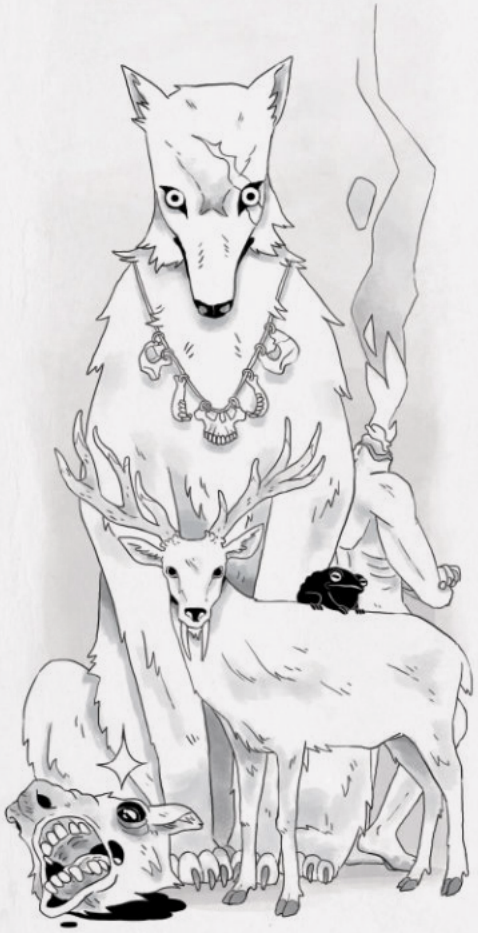
It is because of her inability to directly affect the civilized world that she cautiously performs a quiet game of diplomacy. Rather than wage a war against all of civilization, she allows those who seek coexistence or fealty to her court a level of indifference, allowing them free-range as long as they do no harm. She has even allowed small villages and outposts to thrive within the Wilds, provided they pay tribute to and keep their numbers in check. Her goal is not destruction or subjugation, but a quiet coexistence for her to watch over.

However, those that fail to conduct themselves as members of the Wilds or slight her in some similar fashion, find themselves the target of her and her innumerable court. She is quite capable of waging war if need be, and cities that find themselves the target of one of her military campaigns will bear witness to horrors and suffering only the Wilds can bring.

It is from these slights and misgivings that she will actively seek out new or more capable subjects. Rather than wage war she will send one of her trusted subjects to perform some minor or important task. These summons always come in the same fashion: on the first night with a dream of the meeting place, the second night with a wreath of spider silk and twigs, and the third night with a gentle song beckoning them to the meeting place. The "Night Summons" they're called, and to ignore it means certain doom.

Night Summons are seen as both a curse and a gift. A "civilized" and superstitious merchant may see it as a deathkell, of which there is no escape. Others more attuned to the Wilds see it as a great and important trial, to prove yourself before the Lady of the Wilds. Some deepwood hunters have boast to have performed a task for the Lady or one of her subjects, blessed with powers and gifts that rival the archmages.

The Lady of Broken Branches demands the Wilds remain as they are, unchanged, unshackled, and free to grow and prosper. To hinder this is an attack against not only the Wilds but her unquestionable authority. Quietly she sits and watches over the Wilds



RANDOM LORD OF THE BROKEN COURT

1d4	TITLE
1	Earless/Earl
2	Baroness/Baron
3	Countess/Count
4	Duchess/Duke

1d6	NAME
1	Argamel
2	Cail'lundol
3	Madadh
4	Lup-Laicom
5	Fenn
6	Borriean

1d8	CLAIM
1	The Thrice Stitched
2	First of the Seers
3	Speaker for the Nightmare
4	The Sevenfold Alpha
5	Of the Elder Sap
6	The Silver Singer
7	Keeper of the Bones
8	The Sorrow-Song

1d10	DESCRIPTION
1	A giant wolf wearing jewelry and a crown.
2	A headless human, green fire pours from the wound.
3	Two mortals, stitched at the waist, they talk in unison.
4	A beautiful head, nested in writhing vines and leaves.
5	An elk that glows a brilliant, blinding white.
6	An elegant skeleton woven together with red and gold silk.
7	A swarm of spiders, gems embedded in their abdomens.
8	The severed head of a beast, it moves and talks.
9	A single black frog, riding atop a glorious deer steed.
10	The sound of whispers and humming.

1d12	NOTES
1	Despises mortal civilization.
2	Mourns a long-dead love.
3	Patrols the Wilds' edge.
4	Demands tribute from mortals.
5	Combats unnatural horrors.
6	Personal guardian of the Lady.
7	Grudge against Ravagers.
8	Rules over the swamps.
9	Recordkeeper of the Wilds.
10	Speaks/rules for the trees.
11	Secretly helps those in need.
12	Lost favor with the Lady.

Illustration by Rowan Algoet

CHILDREN OF EÍ-CRIOMÓRAN

THERE ONCE WAS A BEING THAT COUNTED ITSELF AMONG THE DIVINE, THEIR POWER UNSURPASSED BY ALL BUT THE GODS.

Unchecked and immortal, they gained prominence amongst the mortals and outshone temples of even the greatest gods. In their hubris and vanity, they caught the ire of the gods who sought to teach them humility.

The gods sought to make them an example by stripping them of every gift that made them shine as a god. First their shrines were broken, next their followers slaughtered, and finally their spark of immortality stolen.

With their powers fading and death approaching, the being sought refuge in the Wilds, while the gods looked away to take pleasure in their victory. The being had been humbled for certain, but they had not been broken, and lived a life of tranquility and peace amongst the diminutive creatures of the world.

Displeased by their solace, the gods set upon them and their court with vicious beasts of every ilk. In the end the being and their followers were trapped, and the gods readied for the final strike.

But the being had prepared for this. In an instant they shattered their soul to dust, seeding themselves within the countless miniature lives that made up their followers and taking up the name:

EÍ-CRIOMÓRAN.

Before scattering to the four corners of the Wilds, they issued challenge to the gods:

"THERE MAY COME A DAY WHEN YOU BREAK ME, WHEN YOU SEND MY SOUL TO THE DARK BEYOND. BUT FIRST YOU MUST CATCH ME."

Since that day the gods have sicced every beast of fang and claw to bring Eí-Criomóran down. Their soul wanes and grows with each little life lost and born.

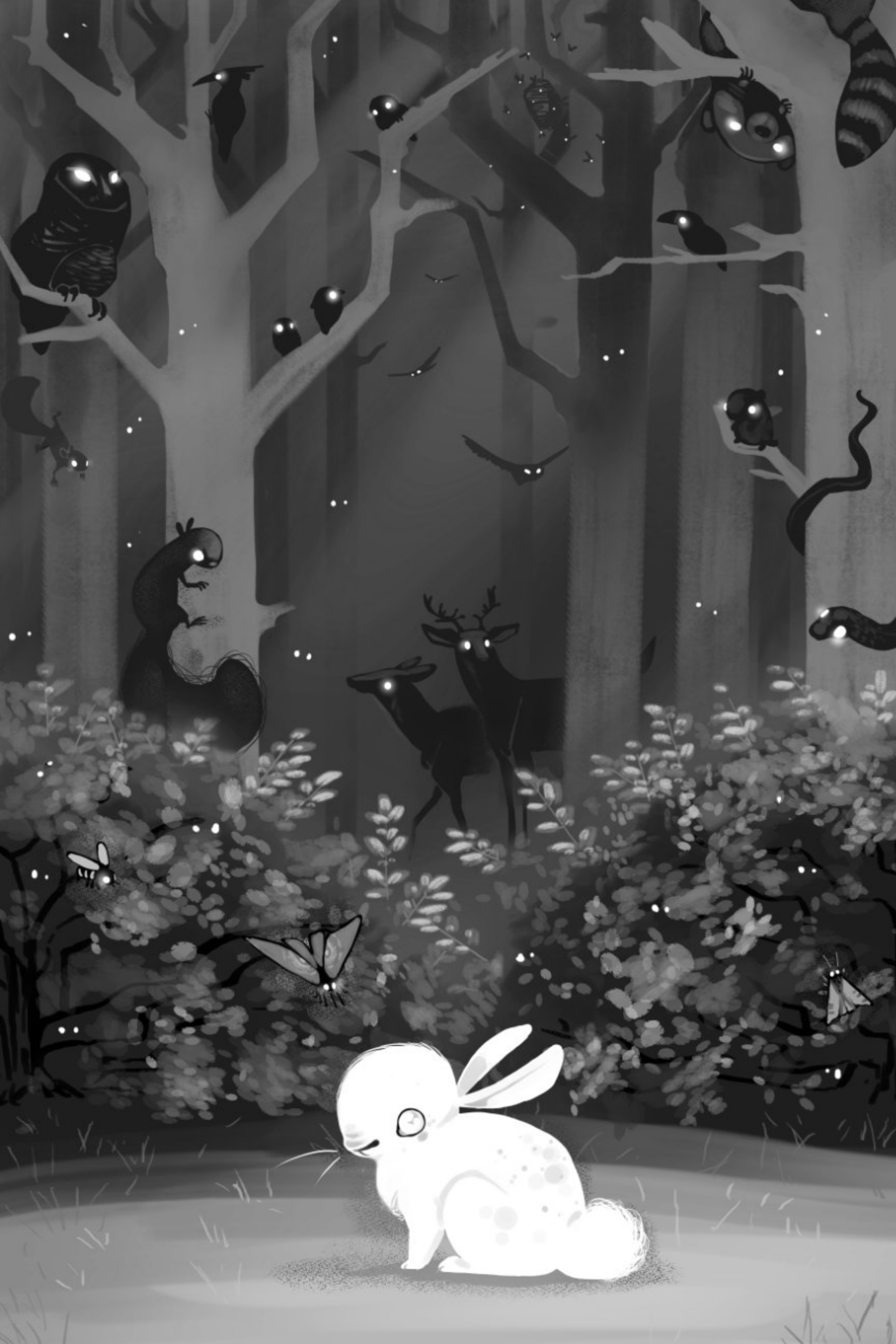
COUNTLESS BODIES, ONE SOUL

Eí-Criomóran is not a single being, nor a single mind. There is no hierarchy to their many bodies, there is no issuing of commands or manipulation of power. The countless woodland beings that count as their vessel and children simply are and always will be.

Despite their vast power, a single piece of their soul is so infinitesimally small that an individual creature may exhibit nothing out of the ordinary and for the most part is treated as such. It commits to its daily animal tasks and needs and lives no longer than is typical of its species. The only noticeable difference is its ability to speak a single word, and occasionally finding inexplicable desires of travel or task. It is only when the many children congregate that the scope of Eí-Criomóran's true nature is revealed.

A typical encounter consists of a summoning, perhaps by a single creature beckoning with a single word. If the summons is met, the creature leads the invited deep into the woods to a place that is deemed safe. While this journey is not deadly, it is typically by no means safe and the invited usually must contend with various encounters from the mundane to dangerous. Finally, when the journey is through and the meeting place has been reached, the invited will find themselves surrounded on all sides by swarms of woodland creatures, each standing as still as they can, not uttering a single noise. When Eí-Criomóran speaks, it is through these creatures. Each word is spoken by a separate animal, sentences requiring a whole score of bodies as the words bounce from

Illustration by Michele Henry



the mouth of a deer one moment to a line of sparrows the second.

They speak cryptically and in riddles, a side effect of being fragmented for so long. Their words should always be heeded though, for it is rare indeed that Eí-Criomóran takes interest in a group of mortals.

THE HELPFUL HIVE-MIND

Eí-Criomóran's first goal, that surpasses all else, is self-preservation. While they have crafted immortality in a very bastardized fashion, they are still very much at risk of harm. While their soul is grown for every clutch of nightingale eggs hatched, so too is it destroyed for every sparrow that is poached. Eí-Criomóran knows they can be killed, and is very careful to avoid this possibility.

However, they are not aloof and are actually quite sympathetic to the plights of the weak, helping those who find themselves under the claw or blade of would-be tyrants. Their help is usually in information, for their is little that Eí-Criomóran has not seen or heard through their countless children. Recommending routes of safety and revealing safe-havens tend to be their specialty. On the rare occasion though, they will reveal something more direct, perhaps the resting place of a magic item, the location of a long-lost hero, or even the inscrutable weakness of an ancient enemy.

Eí-Criomóran does not part with information carelessly though; revealing only what they deem necessary, and only offering more for a very steep price. Their bargains are never Faustian, and they are very forward and truthful with the nature of the bargain, which usually involves a quest to destroy some ravenous beast needlessly killing their children, stop some natural disaster from wreaking havoc, or convince a lord to cease the destruction of a large swathe of woods.

One quirk Eí-Criomóran has retained

from their ancient past is the aversion to gods and the followers of any deity. Parties with clerics or god-worshipers must take extra steps to secure Eí-Criomóran's trust and Eí-Criomóran avoids addressing such people unless necessary (and only with a hint of spite).

Any party who intentionally brings harm to Eí-Criomóran are permanently marked and the demigod will never reveal themselves to such mortals ever again. They have hidden from the gods since their soul was whole, a group of foolish mortals is no trouble for them at all.

RHYME-SPEAK

The Children tend to speak in riddles and cryptic messages, a side effect of the fragmented soul and diminutive minds of its vessels.

Trace the trail of raindrops and snow. (Follow the River.)

Glitter, sparkle, tarnished yellow, Buried deep under ashen fellow. (Gold buried under an ash tree.)

Keen your eyes and watch your sleep, or sharply bedfellows you will meet. (Watch out for nightime attack.)

BARGAINS OF EÍ-CRIOMÓRAN

While they specialize in knowledge and secrets, one may ask nearly anything of Eí-Criomóran. However, a bargain must first be struck. Eí-Criomóran will require a deed or task of equal worth be completed before fulfilling said desire.

D10	Minor Task	Major Task	Grand Task
1	Root out a den of rabid coyotes.	Fend off a pack of Primal Skaals.	Slay a mad Linnorm.
2	Clear a trail of underbrush.	Stop a Rittermotte that has grown mad with bloodlust.	Broker peace between a country and the Wilds.
3	Protect a deer giving birth.	Find an artifact hidden in the Wilds.	Trap the Skulk.
4	Purify a source of water.	Steal a treasure from a Bauik hive.	Prevent the Sorrowhunt.
5	Move a ravenous fish out of a pond.	Diffuse a dispute between a village and the Wilds.	Preform an ancient and powerful ritual.
6	Help a village with its harvest.	Save a rare species of bird.	Save a captive from a Wild Elf fortress.
7	Cure a pack of animals.	Join the fight against a wildfire.	Find a long-lost demigod.
8	Defeat a small camp of Ravagers.	Stem the spread of a disease.	Feel and burn the most ancient Curseweald.
9	Stop a cannibalistic hunter.	Close a portal leaking evil.	Stop a pandemic of Treewylding.
10	Return a spellbook to its rightful owner.	Destroy the meeting place of a cabal of evil druids.	Find the beating heart of the Wilds.

THE RUIN

INSIDE EVERY MORTAL; EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD, LURKS A BEAST. Scurrying in the darkest reaches of the psyche is an abhorrent thing that thrives on sadism and is the cruel enemy of empathy. It is a monster unbound by the laws and morals of civilization, beholden only to whims and desires of excess and pleasure. For generations mortal kind has managed to lock it away, taming it with reason and morality, praying that it remains locked away, lest the world suffer at the hands of this inner beast.

THE RUIN, LORD OF THE SORROW HUNT, IS THIS BEAST MADE FLESH.

A demigod of violence and depravity, The Ruin is the patron of every act of purposeless violence within the Wilds. Monsters that tear apart a herd of deer for sport or highwaymen that kill a caravan after they have stolen everything are all supplicants of his will, whether they know it or not. The bloodshed from these pointless and cruel acts is like ambrosia to his twisted soul.

It is his belief that the weak must die so that the strong may thrive, disregarding the natural order in favor of his own predatory dominance and sadistic delights. Where he goes, his influence follows. In the Wilds beasts run amok and animals devour their own young, while closer to civilization murders, robberies, and all manner of unspeakable crimes explode across the land. What's more, the violence begets more violence, spreading like disease and erupting into a pandemic of war and anarchy.

"It is said that he had to have been mortal once. Only a mortal could relish in such cruelty." It is a phrase commonly spoken of him and indeed, stories abound of his creation and mortal origin. Through them all they share one key thread: "long ago there was a man whose heart bled for a world that he despised. So he carved out his heart and filled the hole with briar and rage, and sealed it shut with malice and twine. Now he walks a man no more, and his heart weeps to know it failed him."

GOD OF THE RAVAGERS

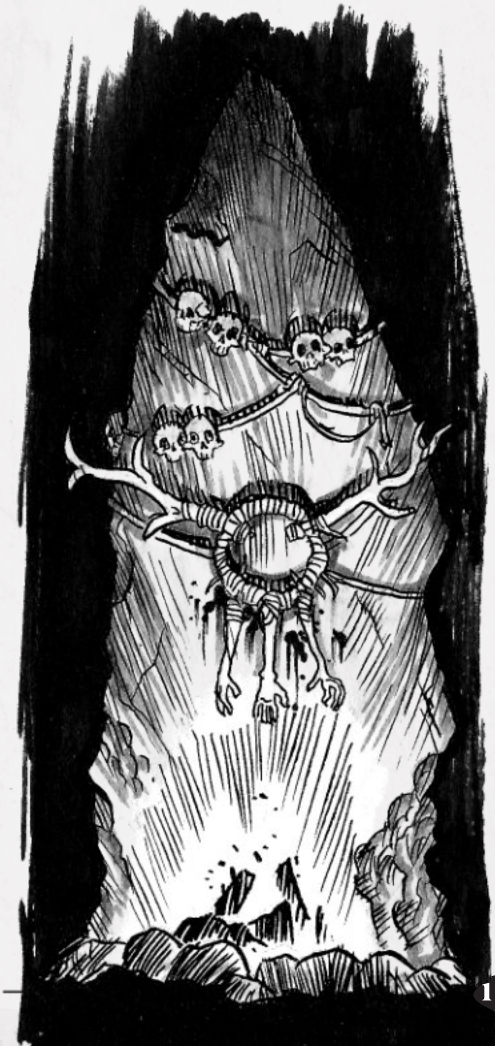
Deep in a mountain made of shattered keystones and broken corpses, The Ruin gazes forth into the minds of violent souls. With skin eternally coated in blood he stalks the darkest parts of the Wilds, bringing violence and bloodshed like a wake from a ship. The ruler of the Ravager hordes and purveyor of violent madness he is only spoken of in hushed tones, even by his most devoted followers.

In his hand he bears the profane sword "Fuil'saighdear, the Orphan-maker," a blade made from a piece of the world's heart, forged by the heat of the Charnel Forge and seeped in the blood of a thousand innocents. So evil is his weapon, that merely gazing upon sends minds into a bloody frenzy. Upon his head sits the blood-encrusted mask "Dominance", made from the skull of a dead god. With it he commands the power of subjugation, and all in his gaze are forced to bend to his will. His body is wreathed in a scrawl that protects him from the gaze of others as well as reward him with the knowledge of every sin committed in the Wilds. However, his most important and closely guarded secret is the gaping briar-filled wound that occupies the space near his heart. In it beats "The Brairheart" an artifact of unspeakable evil and the source of all of his power.

He rules over the Ravagers that populate the wilds, acting as both a de-facto leader and sole deity. It has been spec-

ulated that he is in fact the cause of the Ravager affliction, the one true source of the madness that turn mortals into predatory monsters. Whatever the case The Ruin relishes any opportunity to rile a substantial horde of Ravagers; appearing before them as a blood-soaked god, whipping them into a frenzy and commanding them to set forth in his name. He has leveled swathes of towns and cities in this way, reducing them to broken stone and bloody bones.

He demands utter subservience from his followers, as well as for the desolation of any holy sites or markers of worship. The only creation he allows are the monstrous and damnable totems erected in his honor and visage.



LORD OF THE SORROW-HUNT

The Ruin wants nothing more than the eradication of all civilized life. If there is law and stability it must be crushed and made into carrion meat as an example for all. The strong should not just rule the weak, but be their masters; leaving those too broken or scared to claw a place for themselves in this world as slaves to the will of the murderous lords. Presiding over top of this new order would be The Ruin himself, caked in the blood of all those who tried and failed to stand before him.

Never satisfied he sometimes becomes so angry and restless that he retreats deep into the Wilds and begins to plot. It is during these periods that last years and even decades, that the Wilds and its surrounding becoming comparably safer than usual; the roads are mostly free of ambush, animals are content to hunt within their territory, and the Ravagers find themselves listless and broken. To mistake this as a turning point for the Wilds is a dire misjudgment, for The Ruin is simply preparing…

During his retreat, The Ruin hides his presence and seeks out the most dangerous and violent beings to join him on a hunt. These cohorts, known as the Sorrowkings, rally others of their kind, slowly and secretly spreading the word of the upcoming hunt until a practical army lies in sadistic anticipation. It is then, at the peak of this blood-hungry restlessness, during the height of a Bloody Moon, that The Ruin stands before his wanting horde, colors the sky crimson, conjures thunderheads of blood, and lets slip a cry heard across the entire Wilds. Thus begins the Sorrow-Hunt.

Taking place over the course of days or even weeks, the Sorrow-Hunt is an event that sees every despicable being of the Wilds ride forth in blood-fueled unison. A literal army washes through the Wilds razing, burning, and killing anything and everything in their path.

All along the way they take trophies from their victims, a vain attempt to impress their masters, before spreading out into the civilized world. It happens so quickly and without warning that even castles and fortresses that have weathered countless attacks are utterly overrun and fall in a single night. Before long, the Sorrow-hunt participants begin killing each other, finally culminating when the remaining hosts of the Sorrow-Hunt have had their fill or are too broken to continue.

After this, The Ruin bequeaths great and terrible gifts to those who proved themselves most worthy of his blessing, before stringing up his countless trophies and dragging them back to his lair. It is only then, as he piles on shattered keystones to his mountain, using bodies for mortar, that he allows the faintest hint of satisfaction to cross his mind.

KILLING THE RUIN

There have been many stories that hint to a hidden weakness, a way to stop his ravenous bloodshed. Some may yield truth, others are nonsense.

The Briarheat is the source of his power. Rip out the Briarheart and burn it over coals of Canticle Holly.

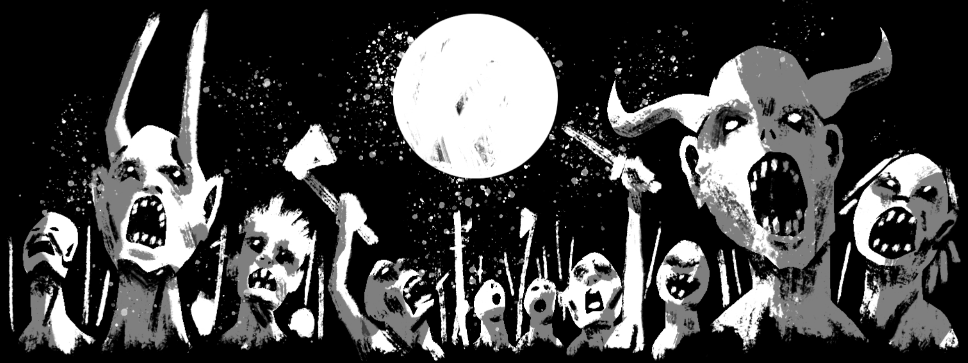
He and his followers hate the touch of silver. Imprison him in a coffin made of molten silver and iron.

His mortal heart still has sway over him. Find his mortal heart and win control over his actions.

The Lady of Broken Branches despises him. Perhaps she has the power to kill him.

It was a Linnorm that taught him the ways to construct the Brairheart. Perhaps it knows the way to guard against it.

A dryad once tricked him and stole his secret. She now lies imprisoned under a lake of frozen blood.



THE SORROW-HUNT

The sky goes crimson, the heavens rain blood,
and all around are the sounds of slaughter...

A mythically rare event, something that the rest of the world breathes a sigh of relief for, the Sorrow-hunt sees every manner of monster and murderer set loose on the world.

During this event:

- Random encounters while out in the open occur every hour.
- Dim light at all times.
- All attacks are made at advantage.
- Save versus charm or enter a rage, striking out against anyone, friend or foe.

THE WILD ELVES

They live in rotted trees and fens of decay. They build great cities of spider silk and woven trees. They feast on flesh with teeth like broken glass. They dance and sing in puddles of moonlight. They are as every bit wondrous as they are monstrous, for they are the Wild Elves, and they rule the Wyrd and Wild.

Long before man walked the earth, there were the Fae beings of magic and desire. Born of primordial magic and crude life, they populated the land with primal and primitive forms. Their bodies were not yet refined, some bearing too many legs, and others with the bodies of ravenous insects. It would be eons before they became the beings we call fairies and elves today, but even then they laid claim to the Wilds of the world.

Now they build colonies like insects, crafting cities woven from the trunks of trees and bound with their Wyrd powers. They practice great occult magics and make artifacts that no sane mortal could ever dream of. Their power is as wild and terrible as they are, unpredictable and untamed.

Yet along the way something was lost. No longer could they spawn their feral and ravenous children, the march of time rendering them sterile. Long did they weep and suffer, weaving songs of sorrow and monuments of anguish. That was, until, a single primitive creature became lost in their domain. The child was the of the first mortals.

Curious of the little creature, they chose not to eat it, instead raising it and studying it as it slept. It grew so much faster than them, within 20 years it was already an adult and acting in every way as one of their own. The creature would go on to take a spouse and it was then a miracle occurred. The creature and its spouse bore a child, as every bit feral an fae as their own.

Now in the dead of night, when the moon is full, they steal the children of mortals and swap them with their own. They hunt those who would try and take their children back, killing them like wild dogs lost in the dark. Slowly but steadily their numbers grow, and now they toy with what to do with the unruly mortals…

THE LIFE CYCLE OF WILD ELVES

Starting life as the byproduct of a union between a mortal and a Wild Elf, the child looks more akin to a goblin than an elf. Their mouth is filled with rows of jagged, needle teeth; their limbs end with fat, clawed hands and feet; and within days of their birth they are able to climb, fight, and scream obscenities, which they do with a degenerate glee. Such “children” are left to their own devices, scampering about the Wilds and fending for themselves like packs of rabid coyotes.

It is only after many years of squalid, animalistic life that the Wild Elves begin to undergo a change. At first it manifests in an ennui, the typical ravenous actions ebb from them and they find themselves seeking solitude and quiet, their mind incapable of comprehending the higher thoughts gestating within. Eventually, they find a hollowed out tree or small earthen burrow and wrap themselves in a cocoon made of their own viscous spittle.

A year passes, in this hibernative state; their body and mind growing and warping into something grander. It is during the next spring that they finally awaken and burst from the cocoon, with much ceremony from the adult Wild Elves. Now bearing a lithe humanoid body,

with sharp features, fair skin, but the same jagged teeth and claws, they take their place amongst the other adult members, a mind fully formed and brimming with wickedness.

There are numerous mutations that occur amongst the Wild Elves, a byproduct of being so tied to the Wyrd and Wild. Each one is widely celebrated by the other members of their community, referred to "a blessing from the Wyrd." Most take the form of horns or superficial growths, occasionally some are born with a functioning pair of insectile wings, others an inclination for magic, and some are gifted an unnatural ability to heal from grievous wounds. The most prized of all mutations is the gift of foresight, the ability to read the branches of fate elevates one to the Council of Seers, the most esteemed rank a Wild Elf can receive.

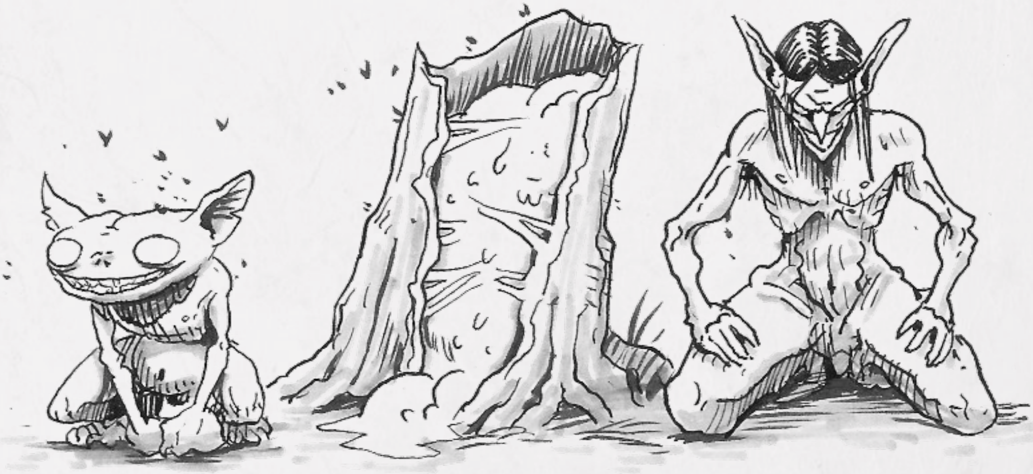
VAINGLORIOUS SCHEMERS

The Wild Elves are monsters from the pages of dark fairy tales. Child-knappers, flesh-eaters, and wielders of terrible magic, they poke and prod at the edges of civilization and take advantage against those who can't fight back.

They make great calculated forays into villages to reap them of newborns and children to raise as their own. Wielding nets of thick spider silk and hooked weapons carved of bone and steel, they scurry through the streets and houses wearing cowls and cloaks of wrapped skin-leather and beast-pelt. In a matter of minutes they can be in and out of a village, carrying away the still sleeping children and leaving behind only beds and cradles filled with their own animal-like young.

When not scheming against the mortal realms, they are scheming amongst their own ranks. Each member of Wild Elf society is a power-hungry manipulator, willing to bargain and backstab for a chance at power. This makes them susceptible to diplomacy with other mortal folk, so long as they deem it advantageous to their own agenda. Their lives are a constant uphill climb of ambition and vanity.

While they have no inherent desire for art or its creation, they do so to impress their peers and boost their own ego. It is only through their supreme vanity that Wild Elf culture is brimming with wonderous artifacts and pageantry; buildings gilded in designs of silver and



gold, great poems and choir pieces that go on for days, and clothing of the most exquisite quality. However, looking beyond the superficial, even their art cannot hide their true nature; the gilding shows scenes of monsters devouring game, their music is self-aggrandizing propaganda of the writer, and the clothing they wear is more than likely made and adorned with pieces of their most recent victims...

Their magic is what terrifies scholars of the Wild Elves the most. Unlike mortal druids and wizards who seek to study and channel the magic of the Wyrd, Wild Elves are free to bend it as they will. They risk no reprieve from misuse and so they conduct great rituals and experiments, bending fate and reality in the darkness of the forests and wilds that surround them.

TREASURES OF THE WILD ELVES

The Wild Elves care nothing for art, save for the satisfaction of being more grandiose and opulent than their peers. Because of this, the Wild Elves are constantly creating wondrous and terrible treasures; many of which are found carelessly littered and scattered throughout the Wilds.

D10	Object	Material	Decoration	Effect
1	Crown	Glass, tinted a sickly green.	Crimson lacquer inlays of eyes that blink.	Hates magic users unconditionally.
2	Anklet	Black metal devoid of light.	Entwined and wrapped in twitching silver wire.	Glows and grows hot when the moon is full.
3	Ring	Cold, colorless marble.	Amber gems, miniature figures trapped within.	Disappears every other day.
4	Blade	Smooth, beautiful bone.	Wrapped in still living skin of a Grimmking.	Bleeds when lies are told.
5	Chalice	Wood, as hard as iron.	An engraving of a Elven despot killing another.	Screams all through the night.
6	Spear	Gold, tarnished and old.	Gemstones, each reflects a pained figure.	Sings the secrets of everyone near.
7	Lantern	Dried, petrified flesh.	Bathed in an aura of silky moonlight.	Owner makes no noise and cannot speak.
8	Staff	Ash, bound with magic.	Tumors of flesh dot it like barnacles.	Points the way to the nearest dead body.
9	Mask	Spider silk and teeth.	A living snake, made of gold, coils around it.	Can be fed teeth to grow in strength.
10	Choker	Bronze, hums gently.	Inlaid with hundreds of tiny teeth and bones.	Seduces you in your dreams.

THE PRIMAL WHEEL

Before the march of time, before even such a concept existed, there was Nothing.

And from that Nothing spawned Anything, for neither could exist without the other.

And so it was that this rule of duality birthed all of existence. Warmth begat Cold, Light begat Dark, and Life begat Death. Each one of these concepts was twinned to another, and together they made a great familial wheel that spun all of creation together.

This family, this pantheon of words and meanings make up the Primal Wheel. However, to liken them to gods is a grievous understatement, for the gods are merely vessels for their words and meanings. Fire, Anger, Hope, Blood; the beings of the Primal Wheel ARE those words. They are the very embodiment of such objects or concepts that allow their existence in the world. The gods merely adopted what the Primal Wheel created.

Mortal kind has worshiped them for as long as they understood that there were powers and ideas beyond their comprehension. They named them different things back then, as they painted strange and terrible images on the walls of prehistoric caves. Images of a great wheel, with countless faceless beings as the spokes. Their gestures of worship and reverence were meaningless, save for being a cautionary reminder of the powerful beings that lurked just out of sight throughout all of creation.

Their worship and existence was passed off as mere ramblings of a prehistoric proto-religion, the precursor to the more magnificent and concrete gods. For eons the Primal Wheel lay forgotten in the darkest reaches of the Wilds, marked only with cave painting and etchings into standing stones. Forgotten, but never gone. They are as strong and powerful as they ever were; worshiped through the very words they embody, even the gods must bow to their will.

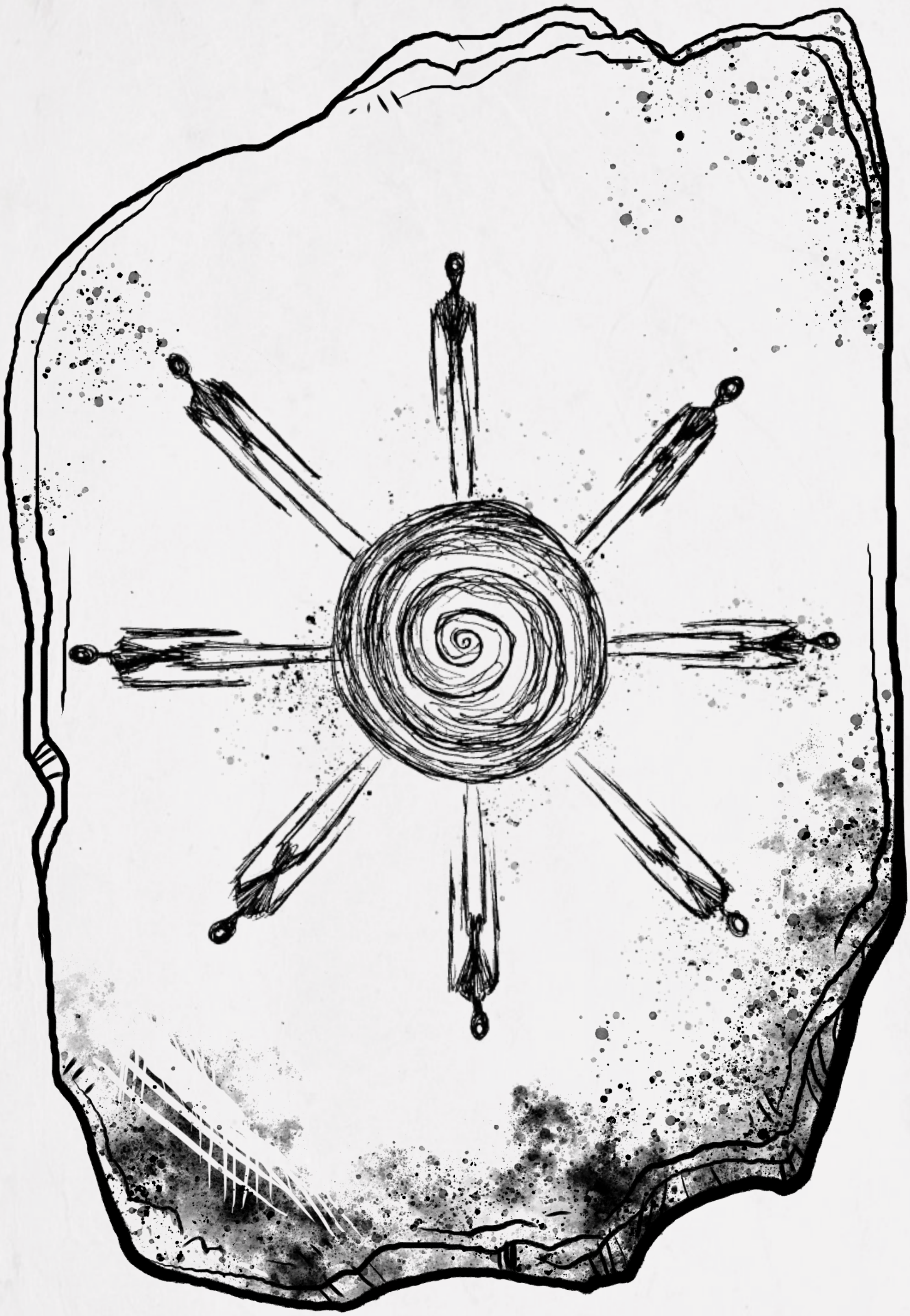
And yet they sit silent, forever watching with impassive eyes and observing with alien minds...

THE PRIMAL DEITIES

The Primal Wheel is an embodiment of words and concepts that spell out all of existence. Every word, broken down to its most abstract state, is the manifestation of a singular being that belongs on the Primal Wheel. Each one of these beings is known as a Primal Deity and they are infinite in number, paradoxically growing and shrinking in number from instant to instant.

However, while they might be infinite in number, there is a thought experiment for determining the existence of a Primal deity. Known as the "Trial of Isolation" it is the process of discovering the nature and domain of a Primal Deity. It goes as such: take any ordinary object, in this case "fire." With "fire" in mind remove one aspect of it, like "keeps me warm" or "lights the way," while ensuring that the object is still recognizable without the aspect. Repeat this process word by word, day after day until you hit a point where you can no longer remove any aspects from it. What you are left with is the closest manifestation of a Primal Deity.

Wise seers and studious scholars have gone mad attempting to isolate the true forms of just one of these beings. They record their Trials of Isolation in thick and dusty tomes, hundreds of pages of slow maddening abstraction in the attempt to come close to discovering and comprehending a Primal Deity.



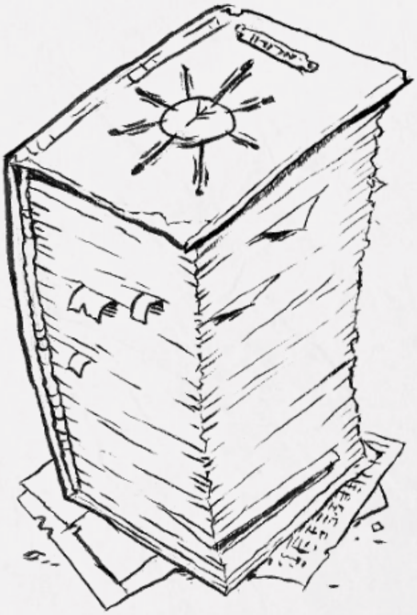
Most are utter nonsense, the writers of such tomes going mad somewhere halfway through until it is nothing but delirious gibberish.

Yet, across the march of ages, there have been breakthroughs. Isolated incidents, scattered centuries apart, where one particularly keen mind discovers the true nature of a Primal Deity. These prophets and diviners are always drawn to the Wilds, where they record their Trials of Isolation over paper, tree bark, bone, and stone. Slowly, over the course of a lifetime, they claw away the facade, until finally they call out the one true name, the very essence of the Primal Deity.

And from the void the Primal Deity steps out to greet them.

ABSOLUTE IN DOMAIN

There is little that concerns a Primal Deity outside of its domain, and it would be impossible for a mortal to understand their motives or desires. As one philosopher put it: "to understand the desires of such a being is to know what lies in the heart of water or stone." So it is with the Primal Deities.



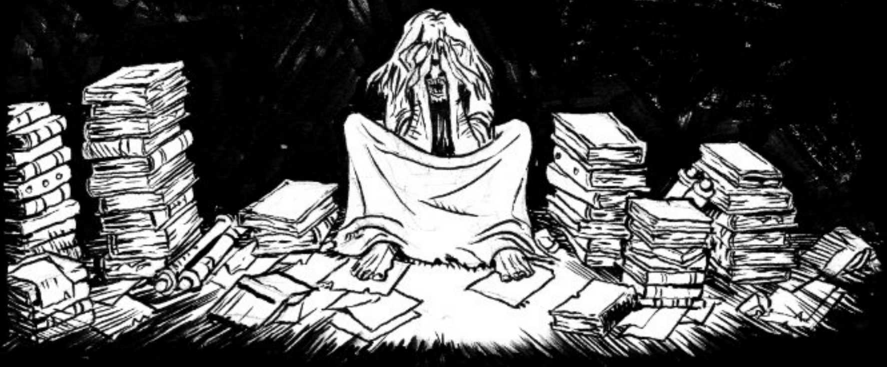
Yet they do take interest in the mortal realm, for they always answer when they are called.

It is this dangerous and closely guarded secret that sends power-hungry seekers and maleficent sorcerers into the Wilds.

The allure of summoning a Primal Deity, with its near infinite power and might, has tantalized power-hungry casters and wizards for as long as there have been despots and tyrants. Many believe that calling a Primal Deity means wielding their power, summoning them as a conjurer summons a familiar. The truth is far more complicated, and failing to understand this brings only ruin.

To call a Primal Deity means calling that raw and primal aspect, nothing more and nothing less. If one were to speak the true name of Stone the earth may upheave into a newly formed mountain range, to call the name of Life may spawn a horde of unstoppable microbial bloom, and to speak the name of Nothing could invite oblivion across all of creation. A Primal Deity knows nothing of humanity or sympathy in its alien mind, it knows only its domain, nothing more and nothing less.

Because of this danger, practitioners of the Trial of Isolation and seekers of a Primal Deity's name must be incredibly specific in their search. The word "fire" has so many possible forms, ranging from a spark drifting in the wind to a conflagration that consumes continents, that one must seek out the infinitely specific nature they are attempting to name. Even after the Primal Deity is found and named, there is no guarantee that the summoner will remain unaffected; who knows what doom and destruction such a being can manifest…



FINDING A NAME

To discover the true name of a Primal Deity means being able to call it and have it answer. There is no limit to what this can do as their power over their domain is infinite.

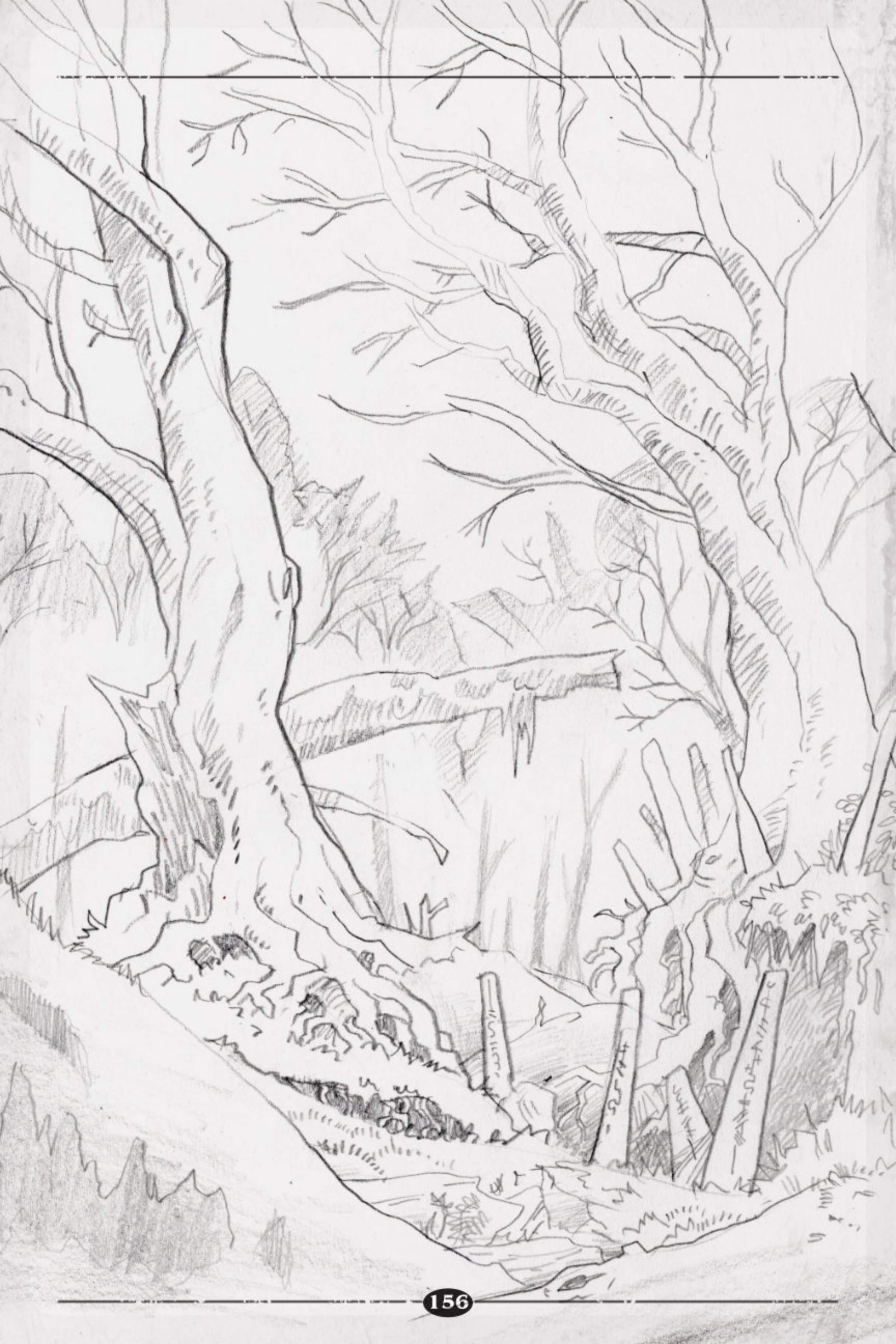
There are two possible ways of discovering such a name:

Trial of Isolation: A particularly keen individual can devote their life to the study of a single Primal Deity. This process takes 5d10x10 years of rigorous study to complete, and must be recorded in some fashion to be usable by anyone else.

Discovery: Hidden throughout the Wilds are the names of these Primal Deities, recorded by ancient practitioners and madmen, and guarded closely by the Wilds themselves.

1D8	A name is found...
1	Etched across the entire surface of a standing stone the size of tower.
2	Carved into the bark of a hundred trees, the grove serving as a tome.
3	Drawn with stones on the ground, a geoglyph stretching for miles.
4	Painted across the walls, floor, and ceiling of an ancient cave.
5	Inside a leather tome the size of a barrel, its vellum made of Bauik skin.
6	Inside the core of a most ancient Curseweald.
7	Tattooed into the skin of a Wild Elf queen.
8	Hacked into the length of a Linnorm's mummified corpse.

Be warned: unless the word found/sought is specific enough, the Primal Deity called can have dire if not apocalyptic effects on the world.



ARTIFACTS

OF THE WILD HUNTER

ALCOHOL & SPIRITS

The terrors and trauma of the Wyrd and Wild turn many to vice. Drugs, gambling, sex are all common, but the most popular and widely available vice is drinking and alcohol. Because of the widespread use, many tweaks and changes to the brewing technique have created a series of liquors and brews that not only dull the memories of horror and bloodshed, but also provide some odd albeit beneficial qualities. Each drink requires a save versus poison to avoid becoming increasingly drunk, while the effects of each alcohol last one hour.

# of Failed Saves	Status
1	**Tipsy** - Advantage on charisma checks, disadvantage on dexterity checks.
2	**Drunk** - Disadvantage on attacks.
3	**Plastered** - Half speed, disadvantage on all skills.
4	**Wasted** - Incoherent and illiterate.
5	**Blackout** - You go unconscious.

Briarblood Beer - *Thick and tinted with the taste of blood, its color a dark burgundy.*
A favorite amongst fighters and thugs
Effect: Gain 1d10 temporary hit points.

Blackout - *A grain alcohol, smelling of paint thinner, it is the color of stormy sky.*
A legendarily strong alcohol, it forces the mind to calm and reorder itself.
Effect: While under the effects of madness, if a bottle of Blackout is drunken within the next 24 hours the character may automatically reroll a save to uplift a particular madness or mind-altering effect.

Chainbreaker Stout - *Dark and heady, strong enough for a howl, and heavy as rye bread.*
A favorite among laborers, the "lumberjack breakfast" as it's sometimes known.
Effect: Advantage on strength checks, disadvantage on intelligence checks

Coldflesh Ale - *A crisp and dry brew the color of a chill morning, it is always cold and smells of winter nights*
Commonly drunk when the seasons change for the worst, it steadies the body against the cold.
Effect: You take half damage from cold and ice, but are vulnerable to fire damage.

Doomseer's Draught - *A darkly drink that sparkles like stars, it smells of foreboding.*
Spiritualists, seers, and diviners are never far from a bottle of this drink.
Effect: There is a 50/50 chance you either gain an insight into the future or a false premonition.

Fat Jester Cider - *A golden yellow brew, smelling of fruit with a hint of revelry.*
A drink for jovial times and conversation.
Effect: Advantage on charisma checks, at risk of letting secrets slip.

Happy Times - *A jovial wine, its color is never consistent and it smells of debauchery.*
"The Drink of Hedonists," known for feelings of euphoria and intoxicating bliss.
Effect: Drinking this gives disadvantage on all skill checks, but advantage against madness and other mind-altering effects.

Vizier's Friend - *A wine the color of raspberries and ultramarine, it smells elegant and wise.*
Favored for its calming effects and ability to loosen the mind.
Effect: Advantage on intelligence checks, but disadvantage on strength checks.

Stonehead - *A dour beer, dark and colorless, almost a shade of grey and smelling of loam.*
A drink that rests the mind and body.
Effect: After drinking it you have disadvantage on attacks and skills, but if you fall asleep after drinking a bottle you may remove one point of exhaustion.

Wake the Devil Whiskey - *Erratic acrid liquor, the color of bloodshot eyes and scent of lightning.*
A drink that excites the mind and fends off sleep.
Effect: You may ignore the effects of exhaustion. This does not remove it from you, but allows you to operate without the drawbacks.

BLOOD OF THE FIRST

A crimson ichor lies eerily still, its surface reflects odd shapes and images. You swear it moves while you aren't looking...

In an age long forgotten, a single being made pilgrimage into the Wilds. It was here that they ascended to divinity and were the first mortal to ever transcend into godhood. All that they left in their wake was a pool of their blood, a great and terrible gift.

Drinking from the Blood of the First causes your very essence to change and grow closer to a divine state, giving you 1d20 points to add to your various ability scores. However, containing such power wracks the mind, body, and soul in unimaginable ways and one minute later you lose 1d20 points to your various ability scores.

BLOODY MAW CHARM

A disk of tarnished bronze, a spiral terminates in its center. Along the spiral are the crude etchings of a hundred teeth. The charm bleeds steadily, as if it has a slit vein.

A charm once used by hunters was twisted and perverted by Ravagers into its current bastardized state. It grants fury and strength in combat, but at a terrible cost.

While wearing the Bloody Maw Charm you gain advantage on attack rolls as you transform into a whirling dervish. However, you can only eat the flesh of those you have killed. All other food and drink provides no sustenance and only makes you ill. You cannot remove the Bloody Maw Charm until you have ended 1d20 lives while under its power.

BONE SHARD SHIV

A knife appears made from a femur or humerus. Its edge is serrated and is hard as steel. There are no marks of craft or make, as if it grew this way.

A blade sung into shape by the Wild Elves, created as a perfect weapon for an assassin or backstabber.

The Bone Shard Shiv functions in all ways like a dagger or knife, however, when pressed against the owner's skin and gently hummed to, the knife melds into the flesh. It can be summoned at any time, bursting out without any harm to the wielder.

BONEGRINDER'S FLUTE

A wretched flute, made of aged and decaying bone. It feels jagged to the touch and hums with a sadistic energy. A single worn inscription along the bottom reads: "I have heard the Seraph's song. Sickly, sweet, and terrible."

An instrument crafted by an obsessive and darkly bard. Haunted by a single song that no one could name, they traveled the Wilds in order to replicate it. All that remains of their search and legacy is this flute.

Those that play a song on the flute release a terrible and monstrous sound, reaching a tonal frequency that shatters bone, tree, and stone. Anyone within 60 feet of the flute as it is played must save versus poison or hold, or have the bones in their body break and shatter from the sound.

BOOK OF ASH AND CINDER

A leather-bound grimoire, burnt beyond recognition. Its pages of ash crumble into the wind but never seem to fade. It is still hot, and trails of cinder dance along its surface.

A book from an arrogant wizard that sought counsel with the Primal Wheel. It was Fire that answered the call, and so the wizard was incinerated. All that remains is their spell-book, which still bears the touch of a Primal Deity.

While wielding this spell-book a caster may replace any instance of damage or conjuration with fire instead.

BOTTOMLESS JUG

An innocuous clay jug, coated in simple black glaze. Ocean sounds can be heard if you place your ear to its surface. Its surface is always wet with water.

Gifted to a melancholy bard by a Royal Fox, to hold "enough water to drain your tears."

This magical jug can hold a ridiculous amount of fluids, up to 660,430 gallons, or 2,500,000 liters, the equivalent of an olympic sized swimming pool. It always pours at a steady rate for a jug its size, no matter the amount of fluid within. Overfilling the jug causes it to vibrate and grow hot, and unless it is emptied it explodes violently, releasing all of its contents in an explosive wave of fluid.

CLOTTER

A small glass jar holds a writhing creature the size of a mouse. The color and texture of a scab, it is constantly in motion with an array of thin translucent feelers. In the center of its body is a single lamprey mouth.

Originally a small swamp parasite that suckled from unsuspecting prey, an aspiring alchemist found it contained a chemical that could clot and staunch the flow of blood.

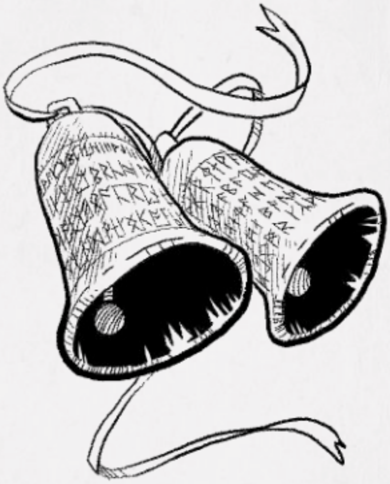
Consuming the Clotter causes your body to quickly scab and clot fresh wounds. For the next 24 hours all damage you take is reduced by 1.

COLDFIRE LANTERN

A lantern of blackened iron and etched with delicate silver filigree. Its fire burns the color of moonlight on a field of snow.

A lantern that lights the way but is devoid of warmth. It is said to house a Mire Ghost bound tightly inside of it.

A Coldfire Lantern produces light and acts in all ways as a regular lantern, but does not produce any heat when lit. Instead, the lantern fire radiates a faint chill. When used as a weapon, the lantern deals cold damage rather than fire, as well, Snuff Hounds are loathe to come near it for some reason.



CURSE BELLS

A tarnished silver bell, innocuous at first glance. Its surface is a mess of maddening runes and etchings. It feels cold to the touch, and stings slightly when stroked.

A terrible artifact crafted by a sect of inquisitors, its purpose was to bring low a group of scholars and wizards who had fled into the Wilds. They hunted them down and delivered their false justice upon them.

The bane of intelligent and wise beings, the bell resonates with conscious thought. When rung the Curse Bell causes a number of cumulative effects, dependent on the intelligence or wisdom of those within earshot.

Int./Wis. of Listener	Effects
Dumb/ No common sense	**No Sound** - The listener hears nothing.
Below average/ Unwise	**A Simple Chime** - A small, unpleasant noise. Listening for more than a minute causes light nausea.
Quick-witted/ Clever	**Painful Rings** - The sound is noticeably painful. Skills and spellcasting are at disadvantage.
Smart/ Cunning	**Piercing Noise** - The noise cuts deep, drowning out all else. You are deafened and cannot speak while the bell rings.
Genius/ Prescient	**Shattering Resonance** - Your mind swims in utter agony. You drop to your knees and are immobile while the bell rings.

CURSEWEALD STAFF

Dark, rotted wood the color of bruises and corpse-flesh. Its surface is hard and knobbed, etched with profane symbols and adorned in grisly trophies.

Staves made from the limbs of Curseweälds, their profane conscious and power runs deep into the very wood.

When holding the staff, the caster may spend 1 of its 10 charges to cast Burst with Briar, Dream Lure, Sap Blood or Take Root.

The staff regains 1d3 charges for every night the caster goes without sleep.

Additionally, the staff allows the wielder to communicate on friendly terms with other Cursewealds, so long as they hold onto the staff.

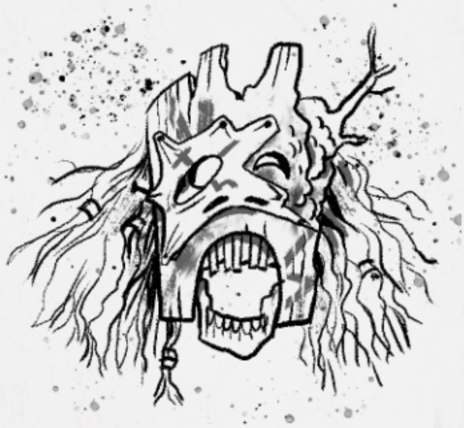
If the Curseweald Staff ever drops to 0 charges, the caster is immediately infected with the Treewylding (pg. 206).

DARKWOOD

A great wooden shield the color of darkened Purpleheart. Its surface is carved and cratered with the scars of battle, yet it remains sturdy and sure.

Long ago, a lone Dryadi betrayed their grove and sundered their Mother Tree. From it they carved this mighty shield to combat an ancient threat. To this day, the very trees make enemy with their legacy.

Darkwood is an impressive and sturdy shield that is stronger, lighter, and more durable than even dwarven mithril. Spells cast against it rarely have effect, dampened or even negated in most cases. However, It bears a mighty curse, for anyone who bears Darkwood is immediately the greatest enemy of both trees and Dryadi.



FACE OF THE MANIAC

A terrible mask, made of knotted wood and adorned in scraps of skin, bone, and teeth. Painted in woad and smeared with dry blood, it is horrifying to behold.

It is said a mortal warrior slaughtered 1000 innocent people and dined on their flesh before finally being struck down. The Ruin took notice and made this mask from the warrior's remains.

Wearing this mask immediately grants extraordinary and unparalleled martial abilities. All attacks made by the wearer are at advantage, all successful attacks deal maximum damage, and all attacks against the wearer are at disadvantage. However, each time someone dons the mask they are immediately afflicted with one random madness (pg. 26).

FESTER BLADE

A weapon of corroded, rusted metal and decaying wood. Its jagged edges leak a foul ichor and its terrible scent attracts swarms of flies.

Blades crafted by a clan of Curserot Dryadi, who retain a shard of their sanity. They wield and distribute these infected blades in the hopes of spreading misery.

Fester Blade is the name given to a select type of enchanted weapons. They act in all ways as regular weapons, save for the fact that anything they touch becomes diseased and befouled. Anyone they make direct contact with must make a save versus poison or become infected with one random disease (pg. 204); this includes the wielder.

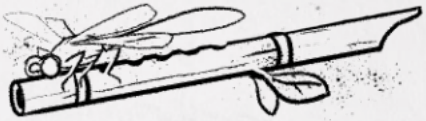
FEY JUMP SHOES

A pair of fine silken shoes, embroidered with colored thread and of wondrous craftsmanship. The air around them seems to hum with faint song, like that of a skipping rhyme.

A treasure from the Wild Elf cobblers, they have always been a tool for trickery and speedy departure.

A pair of Fey Jump Shoes is assigned a single element upon their creation. Anyone who wears these shoes cannot set foot on anything that is NOT the assigned element, and upon donning the shoes are immediately teleported to the nearest source of one such element. Instead of regular movement, the wearer moves by teleporting 60ft in any direction to the nearest unobstructed source of the assigned element. The shoes can only be taken off during the full moon.

1D10	Element
1	Stone
2	Tree
3	Shadow
4	Ash
5	Light
6	Gold
7	Blood
8	Coals
9	Feather
10	Water



FLUTE OF THE SWAMP-PIPER

A simple reed flute, its surface burnished with images of dragonfly wings and cattails. It smells of pond-water, and its mouth is adorned with the skull of a frog.

The trusty flute of a bard, known as the "Swamp-Piper." They used this flute to bewitch the creatures of the swamp for both heroic deeds and cunning mischief.

Playing the Flute of the Swamp-Piper allows you to command the various small creatures of the mires and swamps as if you had cast a dominate spell on them. This allows you, but is not limited to:

- ***Clouds of pesky, obscuring gnats***
- ***Swarms of angry, stinging flies.***
- ***Plagues of leaping, slippery frogs.***
- ***Schools of hungry, biting fish.***

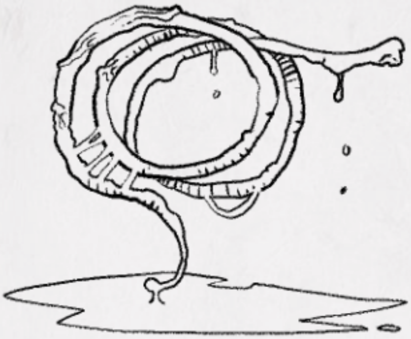
However, if the player of the flute is ever interrupted or stops playing, the various creatures become angry and confused, instantly striking out.

GRIFTER'S BONE

A small charm, made from a single finger-bone dangles from a string necklace. Inauspicious, and of simple make, gazing upon it feels like watching a loved one lie to your face.

Made from the finger-bone of the "Saint of Liars," this charm has passed from grifter to thief for ages. Highwaymen and criminals speak of it in reverent whispers, a kingly relic for unsavory sorts.

As long as you wear it, no one can read through your lies. Small lies and likely stories are immediately believable, while outright lies and impossible tales are met with, at most, cautious suspicion. However, this ability only works as long as the charm is hidden or obscured. If the charm is seen or visible the opposite effect befalls the wearer, and any interaction is met with hostility or mistrust.



GRISTLE WHIP

A fat coil of fleshy, intestine-like rope. Veins of blood pulse through its length as it twitches with unnatural life.

A terrible relic crafted from the intestines of a Grimmking.

Usable as a whip or weapon of equivalent design, whenever the gristle whip makes contact with exposed flesh, it immediately bonds to the victim at a biological level. There is no limit to the amount of creatures that can be bonded in this fashion and extra care must be taken when touching the Gristle Whip, so as not to become accidentally bonded as well. This bond is not just skin deep, anyone bonded combines their hit points and shares this collective hit point pool, as well as any diseases, ailments, enchantments, or effects. Each bonded creature still operates individually, and the only way to be release from the bond is by severing the connection to the Gristle Whip. Any damage to the Gristle Whip regenerates after 1d6 days.

HUNTER'S CHARM

A tarnished bronze disk is etched with the image of single lupine skull and the phases of the moon. It hums gently, and glows faintly in the moonlight.

A magical tool, bequeathed to hunters who frequent the Wilds. It grants many useful tricks and abilities to survive the horrors and hardships within.

Once per day the Hunter's Charm can grant one of the following abilities:

Dodge - One attack against you automatically misses.

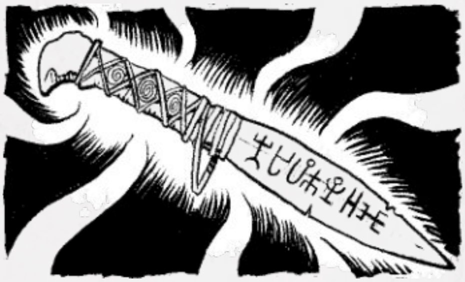
Commune - Meditate for one hour and know the general terrain, wildlife, and dangers within 3 miles.

Hunt - You gain advantage on a tracking, hunting, or survival check.

JACQUES, RABBIT

A tiny pile of bleached bones that once made a rabbit. They still feel warm to the touch.

The remains of a tiny cursed or blessed rabbit. Long ago it was blessed (or cursed) with the power of true rejuvenation. It lives as it always did, albeit confused and worried much of the time. Speaking the name "Jacques," while in the presence of the bones immediately returns them to life in the form of a large, brown rabbit. It acts and is in all ways as a normal wild animal. However, if the rabbit is killed and a piece of its remains are found, it can immediately be brought back to life by speaking its name.



KRETHUUS

A ancient dagger fashioned with a hilt of crumbling twine and gold. Its blade is crafted of pristine bone, inlaid with a string of intricate silver symbols.

A knife made from the shinbone of a divine wolf and named after the god who did it. The god has long since been killed, but their legacy lives on in this weapon.

Those who wield Krethuus have all noise removed from them. Everything from the sound of their footsteps to the gentle whisper of their breathing is utterly silent. However, this also extends to their speech and any noises they attempt to make intentionally.

THE LONE PENNY

A single, copper penny. It appears old, and its markings unfamiliar; yet utterly unremarkable otherwise.

The Lone Penny is an object as old as money itself. Passed down and swapped from the highest ruler to the lowliest grifter, its history is immeasurable.

The Lone Penny is a small odd artifact with a few quirks. It can only be acquired if the previous owner has died or freely given it to you. Once in possession, it cannot be discarded or gotten rid of, always returning to its owner's pockets. What's more, all previous owners know the exact location of The Lone Penny, able to track it down no matter the distance.

LOUSE-TAMER COMB

A small, polished wooden comb of expert craftsmanship. Its teeth are short and close together, while a small lacquer inlay illustrates fleas dancing a jig.

An item crafted by a fussy, yet clever young mage who hated camping and the outdoors. Originally used for grooming, its potential was never realized by its creator.

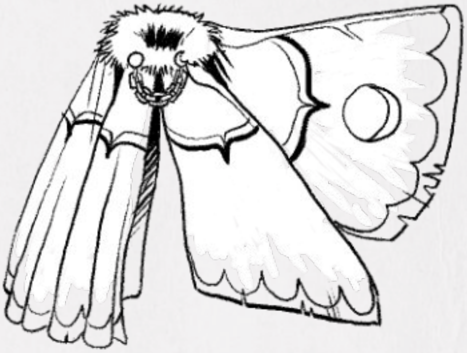
Running this comb through hair causes all lice, ticks, bugs, and fleas present in it to fall utterly under your control. They can be ordered to attack enemies, sending them into a frenzy of scratching and disorienting itchiness. As well, dependent upon the amount of vermin under your control, they can be used to perform small tasks.

LURE GUNK

A vial the size of a jam jar, its contents the color of an impacted zit. The contents are semi-liquid, and even with an air-tight seal seem to smell.

Developed by hunters long ago, it still finds use to this day for both hunting and as an unorthodox weapon.

Shattering the jar of Lure Gunk releases a foul and overpowering scent that is irresistible to predators and monsters of the Wilds. 1d6 random monsters are immediately alerted to the location of the scent and arrive within 1d10 rounds. If the Lure Gunk has spilled on another being they beset it with a ravenous fury.



MANTLE OF THE LUNAR'IDARI

A cloak made from enormous moth wings. They flow like the finest silk and glow like a moonlit night.

Made from the wings of the legendary Rittermote known as "Lunar'idari, The Moon Warrior." Greatest servant of the Lady of Broken Branches, who disappeared suddenly. Their legacy lives on in this glorious artifact.

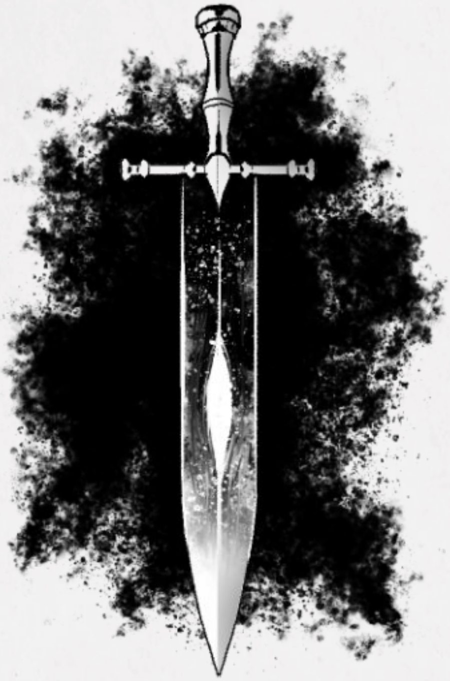
Wearing this mantle infuses your body and soul with the power of the Moon Warrior, ebbing and flowing with phases of the moon. Depending upon the phase of the moon, you gain powers as listed below.

Moon Phase	Effects
No Moon	No powers or abilities.
Quarter Moon	Armor Increases to that of Chainmail
Half Moon	Add 1d4 to your attack rolls, armor increases to Splint Mail
Three-Quarters Moon	Add 1d6 to your attack rolls, armor increases to Plate
Full Moon	As above and gain the power of flight

However, wearing the Mantle of the Lunar'idari during a Full Moon has a 50% chance of overwhelming your psyche with the spirit of The Moon Warrior, eroding your personality and instilling a specific madness.

THE MOON WARRIOR REBORN!

You are the glorious new incarnate of The Moon Warrior! Despite the passing of centuries, you are ready to once again swear utter fealty to the Lady of Broken Branches and become a true vessel for her will. You must find your weapon! A sword made of the twinkling night sky to slay the enemies of the Lady. Your quest begins at once!



MEGALITH MAUL

A great and crude looking greathammer. Its handle is that of roughly hammered iron, and head is that of an intricately carved stone.

A weapon fashion by druids in an age long passed. Wielded only in times of great despair, it channels the Wyrd through the ancient druidic constructions.

The Megalith Maul is a two-handed hammer made with the head of a standing stone. It draws its strength from the other standing stones and megaliths that dot the Wilds, empowering it and by harnessing the Wyrd. Touching the hammer against another standing stone and meditating for an hour grants it a single charge; once a standing stone has been used in such a way it cannot be used again for a full century. Each charge can be spent to either add 1d6 to an attack roll or add 1d6 to a damage roll. There is no limit to the amount of charges the Megalith Maul can hold or how many can be spent in a single attack.

NÆTURHIMINN SWORD

A mighty greatsword of ancient and wondrous craftsmanship. Its blade is dark and transluciet, yet seems to glimmer and shine like a sky full of stars...

A sword made from an ingot of the night sky, forged in moonlight by the Lady of Broken Branches. The blade was gifted to a mighty warrior and provided them with a terrible wisdom.

During the day the Næturhiminn Sword is nothing more than an odd-looking greatsword. However, at night the sword comes alive, its surface gleaming with stars and humming of cosmic energy. During the night, all attacks made with the Næturhiminn sword are at advantage and your Intelligence and Wisdom increase by 1d6 each. As well, once per year, under a full moon, you may gaze deeply into the blade and reveal some cosmic truth or secret, granting you complete and utter knowledge on any one subject of your choice. However, there is a 5% chance that the cosmic truth is too much for your mind to handle and you go mad in the process.

PELT OF THE BEAST

A great cloak made from a ragged pelt with the mummified head still attached. Its leathery insides are tattooed with strange and savage looking symbols.

Ceremonially given to berzerkers in ancient times, the beastial magic within proved too strong for many.

Donning the Pelt of the Beast and chanting its sacred words transforms you into a dangerous and beastial creature. After activating several things happen depending upon how long you wear the cloak for.

TIME **Effects**

Instant - Your senses keen, gaining advantage on perception rolls.

1 hour - You senses keen further, you can smell and track like a wolf.

1 day - Your skin becomes covered in fur, providing some protection against the elements.

2 days - You grow claws that deal 1d4 damage each.

3 days - Your Limbs lengthen, doubling your normal speed.

4 days - You can enter a feral rage, gaining advantage on attacks but disadvantage on defense.

5 days - Your jaw and teeth lengthen, giving you an extra bite attack for 1d6 damage.

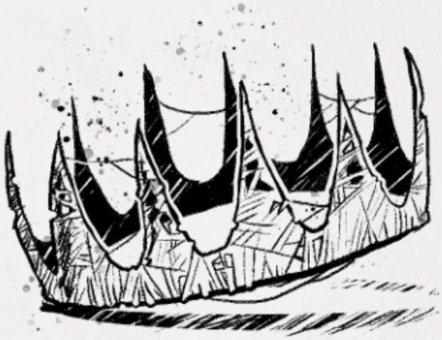
However, wearing the Pelt of the Beast for an extended time risks your mind permanently reverting into a feral state. Each day you must save versus magic or lose 1d4 intelligence as you slip into an animal psyche.

PROTEAN VACCINE

A small vial of thin brownish liquid. It shimmers in the light and faintly changes color.

Known as a rare, miracle elixir and cure-all. Distilled and crafted from the contents of an Ailiper's diseased glands.

Drinking a vial of Protean Vaccine removes a single disease without fail. Multiple diseases require extra doses, and the elixir only extends to diseases that can be cured by conventional means.



QUIET CROWN

A slight, yet beauteous silver crown. Its surface gives the illusion of being woven from countless diminutive threads of silver and silk.

There once was a girl who played with the spiders. As she grew older her mind began to grow dark and weary, so the spiders wove for her a crown of silk and silver to protect her.

Wearing this crown for more than a day removes all madness or mind-affecting ailments. In addition, the wearer remains immune to any psychological maladies or mind-influencing effects so long as they wear the crown.

REEKING CANDLES

They appear as candle-sticks made of earwax. Discolored, crusty, and peppered with odd fibers, they reek of pungent spices and dead skunk.

A tool developed by early hunters to ward off animal attacks. Wise travelers never go without a few on hand.

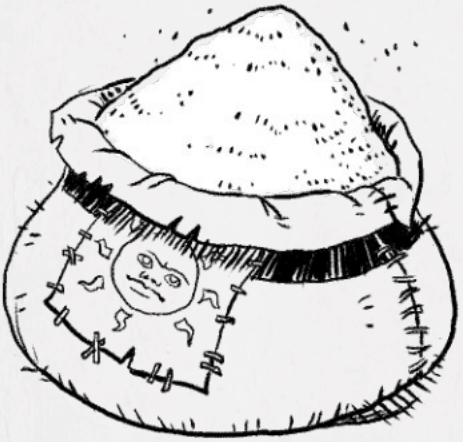
Reeking candles that when lit ward off animals and monsters. Each candle burns for approximately 4 hours, during which time animal attacks and random wilderness encounters are significantly decreased.

RELIQUARY NECKLACE

Hundreds of tiny crowded bones, haphazardly held together by a twine necklace. Bones from fingers, skulls, and unknown fragments; they all seem to twitch and undulate with touch.

Powerful artifacts, bestowed upon graven warrior-clerics long ago. They offered a chance to commune and offer supplication with their deceased foes.

Each time you kill someone or something while wearing the Reliquary Necklace, a small fragment of their bone flies up to attach itself to the necklace, burying deep in-between the multitudes of bone. In addition, the wearer knows the name of every person or being the bones belongs to and, after meditating for 1 hour, may have a single question answered by the bones once per day. The bones know only what the various victims knew in life and always answer truthfully.



SANCTIFIED SALT

Salt, the color of marble dust, glittering like unpolished diamonds. They radiate a gentle warmth and remain unmarred by any impurity or dirt.

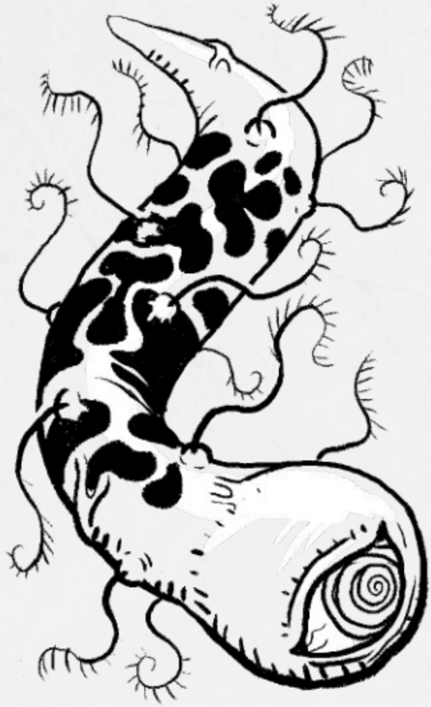
Salt, distilled from Holy Water, leaving only a highly concentrated crystal.

Sanctified Salt acts in all ways as holy water, with a few exceptions.

Pouring it out in a line creates a barrier that ghosts and spirits cannot cross.

A spoonful is enough to turn a gallon of ordinary water into holy water.

Prevents resurrection or necromancy if poured over a dead body or corpse.



SPELL EATER

A fat writhing worm that shifts color in rhythmic pulses. It is the size and shape of a fat carrot covered in thin whipping tendrils.

Odd creatures bred into existence by paranoid mortals for combating the Wild Elves. They feast on the Wyrd and magics of the world.

A Spell Eater is a parasite that can be implanted into the host's body via a minor surgery involving a knife and hard spirits. Once implanted the host's physiology is hijacked by the Spell Eater and their defense against magic is bolstered. Harmful spells, magics, and other such powers (including the Wyrd) are always at disadvantage when cast against the host. As well, the host may heal 1d6 hit points, or remove a level of exhaustion whenever a spell is cast against them. However, the physiological changes require the host to consume at least one spell a day for sustenance, as food and water provide absolutely no nutrients or benefit.

STALWART PINS

Small cruel pins, like serrated roofing nails. The surface is inlaid with strange symbols of gold.

Metal pins crafted by a sadistic Wild Elf warrior to bolster their strength. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine of these pins, with the final pin being unmade.

Implanting a Stalwart Pin into you flesh increases your strength. The more you manage to find and bury into your flesh the stronger you become, albeit at the cost of your mind and sanity. The first pin you embed into your skin grants you +1 to strength. An additional 10 pins further increase this bonus by +1, however, at the cost of -1 to either wisdom or intelligence. There is no limit to the amount of pins you may embed in yourself.

THE TANGLE

The size of a large picnic basket, gnarled and twisted on itself. Pieces of everything from leaf to string are impossibly bound and knotted together.

Strange artifacts made by some trickster god. "All that you could ever need is found within, you just have to find it first…"

The Tangle is a magical amalgamation of every possible material component a mage or wizard would need for spellcasting. However, in order to access it they must search through the various knots and crannies for 1 hour. Even this does not guarantee a successful search.

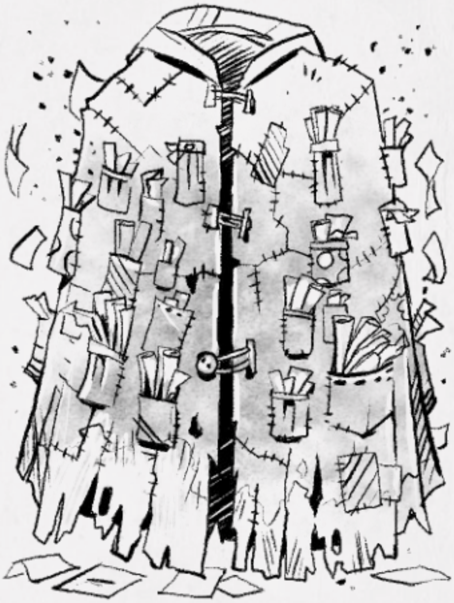
2D6	**You Find…**
2-4	A nasty cut from something sharp (1d4 damage)
5-6	Not quite what you were looking for. (A random material component)
7-9	Close to what you were looking for. (Might be usable in a pinch?)
10-12	Exactly what you were looking for!

THISTLE'S EMBRACE

A cloak the color of dried wood and mossbed. Its surface is rough and covered in long thorns the color of dried blood.

Woven by a nameless hunter who sought repentance for some great misdeed. The cloak bled both them and their enemies dry.

A magical cloak woven from ivy and thorn brush. It provides fantastic concealment when hiding in the wilderness. As well, anytime an attack is made again the wearer, the Thistle's Embrace snaps out to attack the assailant for 1d4 damage. However, anytime the wearer is hit or damaged, they take an additional 1d2 damage as the thorns on the cloak contract and cut into their skin.

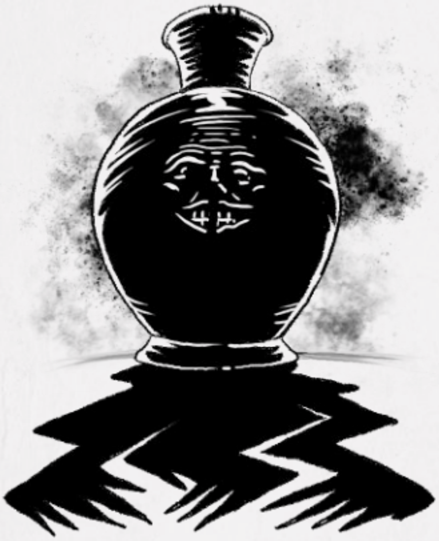


TRAVELER'S CLOAK

A cloak, as if designed by a daft clown. It is made from countless haphazard patches and cuts of cloth, with hundreds of crudely sewn pockets brimming with parchment and scrap paper.

A cloak belonging to an intrepid and utterly "daft" traveler. It is said you will always find your way in this cloak; although whether this was where you intended to go in the first place is debatable.

A ragamuffin cloak with entirely too many pockets. While wearing this cloak, you may reach into its pockets to reveal a map, note, or sketch revealing a random point of interest or piece of small information. Each note is always hastily handwritten and more often than not hard to read. If you have an intended destination while rifling through the pockets, there is a 1-in-4 chance of the paper you produce is of use.



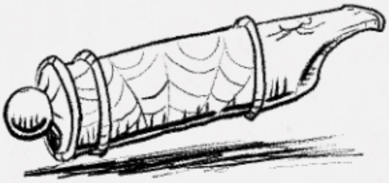
URN OF THE THIEVING WRETCH

A large hideous urn made of stoneware and covered in an oxblood glaze. Crudely sculpted on its side is the visage of a deformed human; its mouth twisted in a monstrous grin.

Long ago a witch trapped a creature from beyond the shadows in this urn. It gifted her many great and terrible things, each stolen from a rightful owner.

The Urn of the Thieving Wretch can be used once per day to steal any one object, no matter the distance or security placed over it. The owner of the urn needs to have only seen the object in question, speak their desire into the mouth of the urn, and wait one night; after which the item will miraculously wind up in the bottom of the urn. However, the creature in the urn is somewhat of a kleptomaniac, and if it goes unused for a day it will steal one random thing from the owner, never to be seen again.

1D20	The Urn Steals...
1-3	A weapon
4-6	Clothing
7-9	Potions or liquids
10-12	Money
13-15	Armor
16	Magic item
17	Spells
18	Titles
19	Body part
20	A name



WEAVER'S WHISTLE

A small silver whistle, delicate beyond compare. It is ancient, battered, and tarnished, yet a motif of spiderwebs gleams from beneath the damage.

Crafted by the spiders who first sought refuge in the Wilds. It was a gift given to the firstborn child of a great ruler, in order to better watch over and guard them.

Within 1d6 minutes of blowing into this whistle, a beautiful, elegant, and well-spoken arachnid will introduce themselves to the character. This is an emissary of all of spider-kind, a mannered and intelligent spider that acts as ambassador for the characters. If the characters travel with the emissary, all spiders will treat the players with either ambivalence or friendliness. The emissary is usually helpful, but may ask the players for assistance on behalf of the spiders. Accidentally or intentionally killing the spider emissary marks the players for death in the eyes of all spiders.

MAGIC

OF THE WYRD

THE WYRD

FOREVER WIELDED BUT NEVER OWNED, THE WYRD IS A FORCE THAT BINDS ALL OF NATURAL CREATION TOGETHER. All across the world its form weaves and splits like the infinite limbs on some colossal tree. Everything is touched by it, even if it is only the touch of a single silken thread, but within the darkened confines of the Wilds the Wyrd grows rampant and free. It grows in wondrous and magnificent size, binding and bending the world to its reach, all the while changing and mutating into something indescribable. The world itself begins to bend to its sheer power, twisting and distorting into shapes both unnatural and strange.

IT IS A LIVING THING, although its mind is so vast and ever-changing that it defies explanation or reason. All that can be know of it, is that it wishes to grow; and so druids flock to it in hopes of appeasing the titanic and writhing power barely contained beneath their feet.

ITS POWER AND KNOWLEDGE ARE IMMEASURABLE, all of human creation and writing would barely fill a thimble compared to what it already knows and is capable of. Because of its power, there are those who try to channel it. Although it is almost utterly ambivalent it is prone to burst of anger when outsiders attempt to tap it for answers or druids try to draw too deeply from its power. While it allows itself to be “channeled” (a necessary step to help it grow) to steal its power or harness it for selfish maniacal gain is a deadly taboo. The Wyrd has a habit of hobbling would-be thieves in the most horrible and gruesome ways imaginable, unraveling bodies and despoiling minds to make death seem like the greatest blessing. However, its own servants are reserved the greatest punishment of all, twisted into the mighty Grimmkings while being stripped of anything that made them mortal.

DEMIGODS AND RULERS OF THE WILDS PAY RESPECT TO WYRD. Such powerful beings are all aspects of the Wyrd after a fashion, embodying some small portion of its will.

THE MAGIC OF THE WYRD AND WILD IS A RAW AND PRIMAL FORCE. It is not a magic refined by years of study and practice, but a power that fuels all of the Wilds’ creation. The spells below are such, rough and untamed in their potential, powerful to the wise and dangerous to the foolish.

The spells are presented in the most applicable form. Systems that have more complex rules with magic only need to make small additions or changes to introduce them to the game, and OSR-style systems can likely add them with no changes. Some GMs may wish to allow saving throws, attacks or clarifications for various spells. How each spell officially plays for the individual groups is entirely dependent on discussion and playstyle.

Their potential and power lies in the hands of players and GMs. Cast wisely.

ADRENAL OVERDRIVE

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: 30ft
Duration: 1 Minute

A spike of adrenaline bursts through your veins. For 1 minute your speed is doubled and you may perform one extra attack or non-combat action during your turn. As well, each turn you may also choose to boost your body beyond its physical limits for one turn by making a constitution check. Success means you gain advantage on attacks, dexterity and strength checks; enemies have disadvantage on attacks against you; and you may double the amount of actions you perform in a turn (rather than just having one extra). Failure automatically knocks you unconscious, as your heart stops beating.

Material Component: A vial of Blukstound Sap.

ASHES TO ASHES

Spell Level 5
Casting Time: Action
Range: 60ft
Duration: 1 Minute

You bind a source of fire or heat to a single creature, burning them away just like the fuel they are bound to. You select a single creature and source of heat within range, dealing damage to the creature each turn based on how hot the source of heat is.

A match - 1 damage
A candle - 1d4
A torch - 1d6
A bullseye lantern - 1d8
A campfire - 2d6
A burning wagon - 4d8
A tree on fire - 8d8
A house burning down - 10d8
A wildfire - 20d8

You may shift the target of the spell once the previous target has died or retreated out of range. Increasing or decreasing the heat source affects the damage of the spell. The heat source does not have to be fire (a cauldron of boiling water has just as much heat, if not more, than a large campfire.)

Material Component: A source of flame or heat and a piece of the creature you intend to bind.

At Higher Levels: You may bind one extra creature for each spell level beyond 5 (two creatures at level 6, three at 7, etc...

AVENGING FLESH

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: 30ft radius.
Duration: 1 Minute

You cause severed limbs and dessicated corpses to snap back to life in a flurry of strikes. You create a writhing Corpse-Swarm from the bodies of creatures within range of you that attack anything hostile to you. The Corpse-Swarm has 1d12 Hit Dice or 1d3 Hit Dice for every body within range (caster's choice), and has 2 Hit Points for every Hit Dice. It can attack anything within the spell's range for 1d6 damage as it claws, cuts, and clubs with its flailing parts.

Material Component: A fingernail or tooth from a corpse.

At Higher Levels: Every two spell levels beyond level 2 increase the amount of Hit Dice and Hit Points of the Corpse-Swarm, as well as an extra attack.

BARK BLAST

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Touch
Duration: 1 Hour

By touching a tree and uttering the magic words you create a magical explosive that detonates on your command with the force of a black-powder bomb, dealing 1d10 damage to everything within 5 feet of the tree as they are shredded with splinters and fire. The tree must be alive and the caster need to be within visual range of the tree in order to detonate it. When cast it is almost impossible to spot, save for a subtle bulge of the bark and a strong heat that radiates from said bulge.

At Higher Levels: Each spell level beyond Level 1 deals an extra 1d10 damage.

BIND WITH STEAM

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: 60ft
Duration: 1 minute (Concentration)

You unleash a cloud of steam that clings and surrounds a creature, blinding, slowing, and burning it. A cloud of steam surrounds a creature of your choosing within range, the cloud blinds it as well as halves its speed; flying creatures risk falling from the sky. Each round the creature also takes 1d8 points of damage as the steam burns them alive.

Material Component: A mouthful of salty water

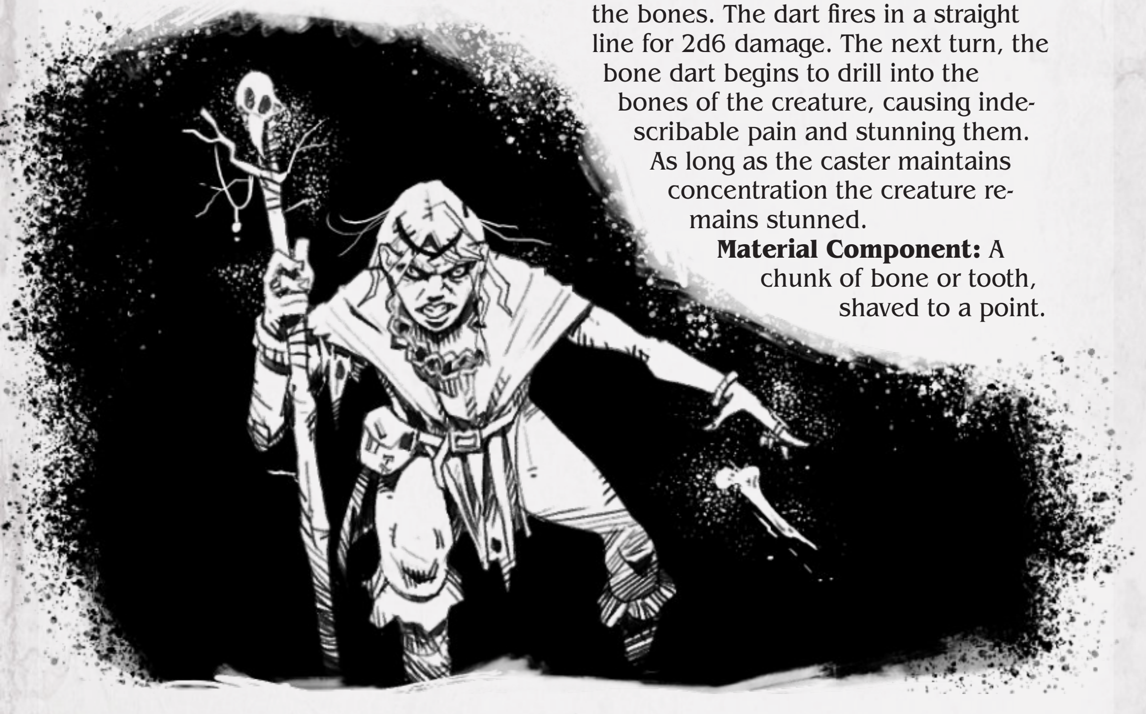
At Higher Levels: You may bind one extra creature for each additional spell level.

BONE DART

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: 120ft
Duration: 1 minute (concentration)

A sharpened dart of bone fires off and burrows into the flesh of another creature before slowly making its way into the bones. The dart fires in a straight line for 2d6 damage. The next turn, the bone dart begins to drill into the bones of the creature, causing indescribable pain and stunning them. As long as the caster maintains concentration the creature remains stunned.

Material Component: A chunk of bone or tooth, shaved to a point.



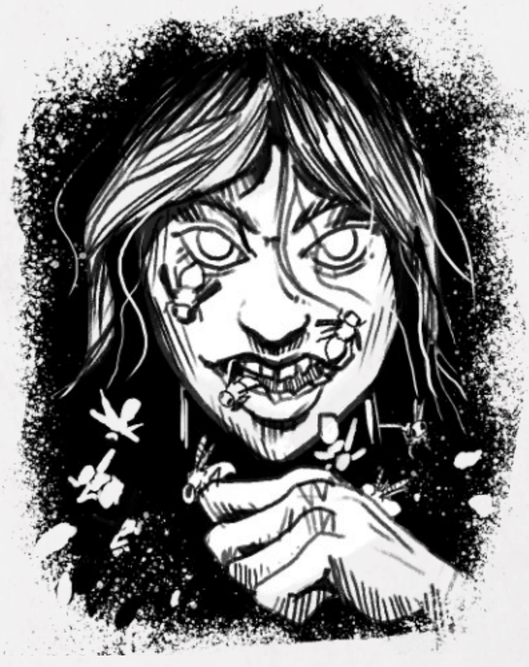
BREATH OF BEES

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: 30ft
Duration: Instantaneous

You open your mouth and exhale a swarm of stinging angry bees. The bees are expelled from your mouth and immediately attack one target of your choosing for 3d6 damage and blinding them for 1d6 rounds. The following turn, the swarm begins to disperse, attacking anything within 10 feet of the original target for 2d6 damage (not including the original target.) The following turn after that, the bees attack everyone within 30ft of the original target for 1d6 damage (not including anyone who has already been damaged in this way.) For the next hour, the area is plagued with furious bees, giving disadvantage on skill checks as they constantly sting and bite every living thing in the immediate area.

Material Component: A handful of dried bees, hornets, or wasps (which you eat.)

At Higher Levels: At 5th Level, double the damage and blindness dice used.



BURNT OFFERINGS

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: 1 hour (Ritual)
Range: Touch
Duration: 24 hours

You provide an offering to the Wyrd in the hopes of a small guidance. You must set aside a day's worth of food or rations to be burnt away to ash as you meditate on the dancing smoke and embers. As long as you are not interrupted, you gain a small pittance from the Wyrd and may reroll any one roll for the next 24 hours

Material Components: Fire and a supply, a day's worth of food or rations, or some other equal sacrifice.

BURST WITH BRIAR

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: 30ft
Duration: Instantaneous

You cause a small patch of briar or shrubs to rapidly grow within a creature, bursting it from the inside out with a shower of gore and vegetation. You select a target, if it has less than 3d6 Hit Dice it explodes into a gnarled shrub, killing it. Creatures with more Hit Dice suffer 8d6 damage as the shrub rapidly grows within them, but fails to burst out of their bodies.

Material Component: A sprig of bloodied thorns.

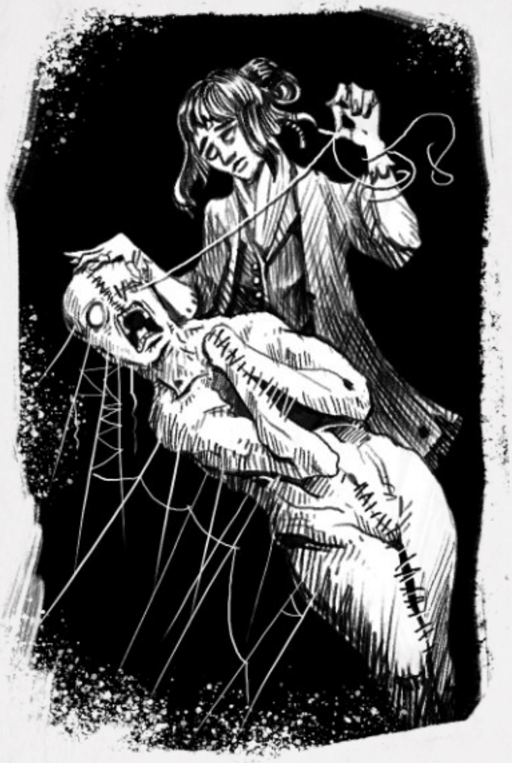
At Higher Levels: Increase the dice roll by 1d6 for every spell level beyond 3.

CINDER SHARD

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: 120ft
Duration: 1 minute (Concentration)

You fire off a bolt of smoldering energy at an enemy, burying it into their body for 1d6 fire damage. Every turn that you maintain concentration on the spell burns the enemy for an additional 1d6 fire damage, as the shard of cinder slowly burns them away into nothing.

Material Components: A still warm ember or piece of fresh charcoal.



COFFIN NAIL

Spell Level 5
Casting Time: Action
Range: 120ft
Duration: Permanent

A single nail flies from your hand with a bang, immediately implanting itself into the head of another creature, paralyzing it and rendering it helpless. The caster makes a ranged attack, if it hits the target of the spell is immediately permanently paralyzed and crumples to the ground in a limp motionless state. They are utterly unresponsive and incapable of moving or acting on their own. The only way to undo this state is by forcibly removing the nail from the victim's skull with a successful strength check.

Material Component: A nail from a coffin.

At Higher Levels: You may attack an additional creature for every level beyond 5.

CURSE-MEND

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: 1 hour, Ritual
Range: Touch
Duration: Permanent

You weave a thread through the body of a dying being, restoring them to health but twisting them to your own desire. You may revive one creature or being that has died within the last hour, quietly sewing them back together with a magic thread. They are restored to 1 Hit Point at the end of the spell and bear a series of silvered stitch-marks across their body. The caster may also choose to have the target hobbled or changed in some way by sewing on different body parts or reorganizing their limbs. In addition to any superficial changes the caster may incur a permanent disadvantage against one of the victims saves, its attacks, or skills. The only way to reverse this effect is by having the original caster redo the spell on the affected victim.

Material Component: A spool of silver thread.

At Higher Levels: Incur disadvantage against an additional save, its attack, or skill for every level beyond 3.

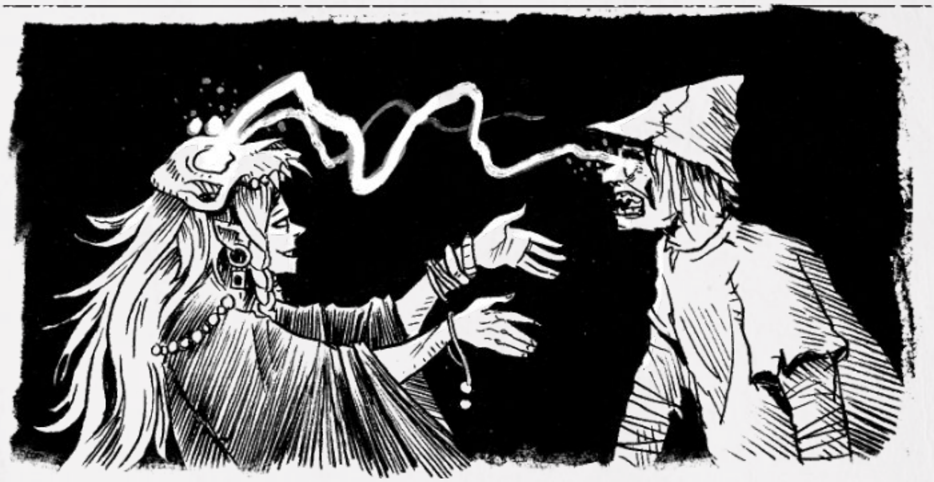
DISGUSTING FLESH

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: Touch or Self
Duration: 1 Hour

Your flesh becomes rancid and foul smelling, ingesting it causes illness. For the next hour anything that attempts to bite, taste, or eat you must make a saving throw against poison or become violently ill for 1d10 rounds. You also have a rotten stench about you that wards off lesser predators.

Material Component: A lump of rotten fat (which you ingest).

At Higher Levels: At level 4, the save to avoid the illness is at disadvantage. At level 5, the a failed save also infects the attacker with one random disease.



DREAM LURE

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: 1 hour, Ritual
Range: 2 Miles
Duration: 1 Hour

Across the plane of sleep, you reach into the dreams of another, drawing them to you like a moth to flame. You reach out to a single person or creature within 2 miles who is asleep. They become charmed and begin to move to your location in a trance-like state. They are unaware of their surroundings, still technically asleep, but move purposefully and in the most direct and seemingly safest path towards you.

ETHERSKIP

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 1 Minute

You skip between one dimension and the next, using it to move in erratic teleporting jumps. Each round you may teleport to any location within 30ft of you. However, each time you do so there is a 50% you end up in a random location 10ft away from your intended destination.

Material Component: A tuft of Ether-Rat fur.

FORCEFUL STITCH

Spell Level 4
Casting Time: Action
Range: 60ft
Duration: 1 Minute

A line of silver thread burrows into and stitches the flesh of two creatures, binding them together forcefully and painfully. You select two creatures and immediately bind them together with silver thread. They each suffer 3d6 damage as the thread rapidly weaves through their flesh and are immediately pulled tightly next to one another. They remained restrained and suffer 3d6 damage each turn until the spell ends or either one of them makes a successful strength check.

Material Component: A spool of silver thread and needle made of bone.

At Higher Levels: You may bind one extra creature for every level beyond 4.

FURRY PELT

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 8 hours

Your skin sprouts a thin layer of fur all across your body that protects you from the cold. The type and color of your hair depends, but it is always warm and dry enough to provide you with a comfortable sleep during the night as well as avoid most harmful effects of the natural elements.

Material Component: A tuft of your hair and hair from another creature.

GENTLE MOONLIGHT

Spell Level 4
Casting Time: 1 Hour, Ritual
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 8 Hours
You commune with the moonlight, letting it soothe and heal your wounds. Once cast your body heals itself while exposed to moonlight. You heal hit points every hour based on the phase of the moon.

Moon Phase	HP/Hour
New Moon	1/hour
Quarter	1d4/hour
Half	2d4/hour
Three Quarters	3d4/hour
Full	6d4/hour

Material Component: A mirror to reflect the moonlight.

GLUTTONOUS CONSUMPTION

Spell Level 2
Casting Time:
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 1 Hour
A hunger descends upon you, there is no limit to how much you can eat! You gain the ability to eat beyond your body's physical limits and store the calories in your body until they are needed. For one hour you may eat 2d6 days worth of food, relieving you of the need to eat for the following days. You may attempt to eat more, but every days worth of food beyond the spell's limit requires a successful save versus poison. Failure causes you to vomit up all of the food you've eaten, wasting it.
Material Component: A single mint candy.
At Higher Levels: You may eat an extra 1d6 worth of food for every spell level beyond 2.

GRISLY RETROSPECT

Spell Level 3
Casting Time:
Range: Touch
Duration: 10 Minutes
You tap into the last memories of a corpse, every sense washes over you as you relive its last moments. You may relive the sensory memories of a single corpse by touching it. The spell is dependent on the state of the corpse, if the eyes are missing or destroyed you are unable to "see" the corpses memories, if the ears are gone, you cannot "hear," etc. While the spell is limited to 10 minutes you can review any moment of the corpse's past but only review 10 minutes worth of memories.
Material Component: A corpse.
At Higher Levels: You may review 10 extra minutes of memories for every spell level beyond 3.

GROW HORNS

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 1 hour
You sprout a pair of magnificent horns or antlers. Shedding their velvet after sprouting, they take whatever form you specify and fall off after the spell's duration ends. They function as a crude weapon for 1d6. Most lesser creatures give you and your glorious horns a respectful berth.
Material Component: A piece of antler or horn.

HONEY BOLT

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: 120ft
Duration: 1 Hour

You fire off a volleyball-sized glob of sticky and sweet honey with enough force to knock a person off of their feet. When the honey bolt hits the target they are knocked prone and engulfed in the sugary gel. Creatures engulfed by the honey are slowed in action and speed, and require a full round action to clean the honey off of them. The honey also tends to attract animals, bees, and various other creatures within the vicinity who attack the engulfed creature in a mad scramble for the delicious honey.

Material Component: A chunk of sticky honeycomb.

IRONGUTS

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 1 Hour

Your digestive tract becomes so caustic and fortified that even harmful microbial life is eradicated within your stomach. For the next hour you are immune to the harmful effects of anything ingested including, but not limited to: poison, acid, disease, and spoiled food.

Material Component: Some chunks of smooth iron and grain alcohol (which you swallow).

At Higher Levels: At level 2 you can rapidly digest 1 cubic foot worth of wooden materials within an hour due to your gastric juices. At level 3 this includes non magical metals and stone. At level 4, magical items. (You will still have to defecate the remains of your eating...)

PACK MULE

Spell Level 2
Casting Time:
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 8 Hours

Your back grows strong, the muscles grow tight and durable as they ripple under your skin. Upon casting this spell you double your carry weight for 8 hours. You are not stronger in any other way that exists outside of carrying, lifting or dragging.

Material Component: Mule jerky.

ROOT BRIDGE

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Touch
Duration: Permanent

You touch a patch of tree, root, or vegetation and command a bridge to slowly creep and form before you. It is no wider than 5 ft across and can extend up to 20 ft in length. The bridge can easily hold 500 pounds of weight indefinitely or up to 1000 pounds of weight for a minute. Any weight over that causes it to immediately collapse.

At Higher Levels: For every level beyond 1, multiply the bridge size by the spell level. (10 feet by 40 feet at level 2, 15 feet by 60 feet at level 3, etc.)

SAP BLOOD

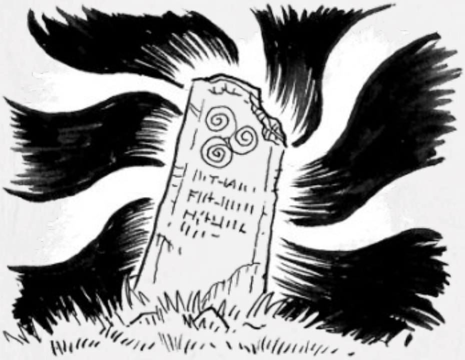
Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 1 Hour

Your blood grows thick, making it harder to bleed out, at least for a time... You change the consistency of your blood to avoid some harm from attacks. The next damage you take after casting this spell is reduced by 1d6 for every Hit Dice you have. The damage you take can never be fully negated, you will always receive at least one damage from an attack. After the initial damage, the spell ends and subsequent attacks deal damage normally.

Material Component: A vial of sap mixed with blood.

SEEK STANDING STONE

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: 10 Minutes
Range: 5 Mile Radius
Duration: Instantaneous
You close your eyes, your consciousness speeds across the land, seeking a standing stone. You seek out the location and direction of all standing stones within 5 miles of you. Once cast you know exactly where they are in comparison to you, however, the location becomes fuzzy as time goes on, much like regular memory.
Material Component: A piece of a standing stone.
At Higher Levels: Increase the range of the spell by 5 miles for every spell level beyond 2.



SHOULDER THE BURDEN

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: 10 Minutes, Ritual
Range: Other or Self
Duration: Instantaneous
The weight of travel, of hunger, of sleeplessness lifts from you to another willing host. You can transfer one level of exhaustion from one person to another. All rules for exhaustion still apply, and someone who takes on more exhaustion than they can handle will still die.
Material Component: Strong brew and a pair of fine drinking cups.
At Higher Levels: You may transfer one extra level of exhaustion for every spell level beyond 1.

SMOKE SIGNAL

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Touch
Duration: Until dispelled
The smoke and vapor twists to your will, the shapes both delicate and incredible. You gain control over the physical shape and appearance of the smoke produced by a source of fire. Save for the size, which is dependent on the size of the fire there is no limit to the shape of the smoke and it will persist so long as the fire continues to burn or is dispelled.
Material Component: A fistful of ash.

SOOTHING MOSS

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: 10 Minutes
Range: Touch
Duration: 8 Hours
Moss erupts from beneath your feet, carpeting the ground in a soft pleasant moss-bed. You temporarily summon a patch of Kingsleep Moss in a 10 foot by 10 foot patch. Sleeping on a bed of Kingsleep Moss has reinvigorating properties. Every full night's rest on the moss relieves one level of exhaustion.
Material Component: A clump of Kingsleep Moss

SOUL ROT

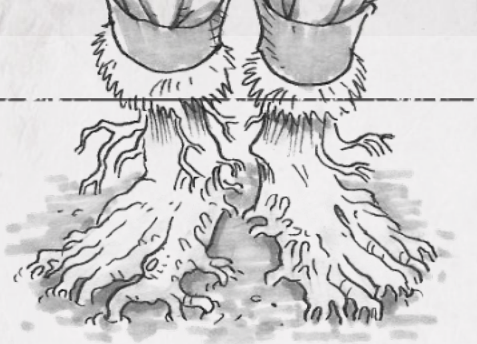
Spell Level 4
Casting Time: Action
Range: Touch
Duration: Until dispelled
You bestow a terrible curse upon the soul of another, eating away at their very being until there is nothing left but a husk. You curse another being with a horrible ailment that strips away their mind, personality, and soul. The moment the victim becomes inflicted with the spell and every day thereafter, they must make a save versus poison or lose 1d6 to their wisdom, intelligence, or charisma score; chosen randomly. The only way to remove the spell is three consecutive successful saves, the caster dispells it, or a remove curse spell.
Material Component: A piece of brain matter.

SPEAK WITH FUNGUS

Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 1 Hour
The fungus chatters with small words, curious questions, and a library of everything they have tasted. For a brief period of time you gain the ability to communicate with fungus. Most tend to be rather ambivalent but they are always willing to answer questions, they see no reason not to. They know of anything that may have passed through, what the weather will likely be, and what has died in the area recently. Giant and ancient colonies of fungus become incredibly dense with information, collecting ages of death records and lists of the local wildlife.
Material Component: A plump morel.

SWARM FORM

Spell Level 4
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 1 Hour
Your body twists and crumbles away, in its place a swarm of vermin and wretched life that writhes and spills across the ground in horrid unison. You transform your body into a collection of tiny rat-sized or smaller creatures. You gain advantage on attacks and attacks against you are at disadvantage.
Smaller diminutive tasks that require coordination are at advantage, but strength based checks are at disadvantage. In addition, you take double damage from explosions or area based attacks. The swarm weighs the same as you did and moves across the ground at standard speed. Staying in the swarm form for longer than an hour does not end the spell, but every hour after requires a save against charm or be permanently stuck in your swarm form, as the various pieces of you develop semi-sentience and refuse to reform.
Material Component: A clay effigy of yourself to break into pieces.
At Higher Levels: At level 5 you may choose to give your swarm form the power of flight.



TAKE ROOT

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 1 Minute
Your legs sprout roots, embedding into the ground and rooting you in place. You enroot yourself to the ground growing stronger and less likely to be buffeted. While under the effects of the spell you move at half speed, cannot be knocked down, and have advantage on all strength based checks. If you fail to dispell the spell before its allotted time, you must make a save versus poison or have your limbs atrophy and permanently take root into the ground.
Material Component: A gnarled piece of oak root.

TASTE FOR BLOOD

Spell Level 3
Casting Time: Action
Range: Other or Self
Duration: 1 Hour
You drink from bloody sap that fills the bodies of living things, it's warm and soothing like honey. You gain the ability to heal yourself from drinking blood. For every pint of blood you drink, you heal 1d6 hit points. There is no limit to the amount of blood you can drink in this fashion as long as the spell persists, your body magically metabolizing it. However, there is a risk, if you heal more than 19 hit points in this fashion there is a 10% chance you gain a terrible addiction to the taste of blood. Even after the spell ends and you gain no healing benefits you will find yourself constantly seeking out blood and even harming others just for a taste.
Material Component: A drop of Vampire or Vampylf blood.

THORN CLOAK

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 1 Minute
A jumble of bramble vines twist and weave into a cloak around you, their thorns twitch in cruel anticipation. You gain a cloak of thorns that wards off attackers. Each time an enemy successfully attacks you in melee, they suffer 1d4 damage as the thorns lash out and cut them.
Material Component: A garland of thorns.
At Higher Levels: Increase the damage by 1d4 for every spell level beyond 2.

TONGUE OF RAVEN

Spell Level 1
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: Until dispelled
Your tongue and mind shifts, you deconstruct the very fabric of the sounds another person makes, repeating it with your new-found tongue. You gain the ability to perfectly repeat a phrase or word you hear. After casting this spell you lose the ability to speak or communicate in your own words, leaving you only able to repeat words or sounds you hear. You are masterful, and any checks to see through the charade are at disadvantage.
Material Component: A raven's tongue.

WATER TO WINE

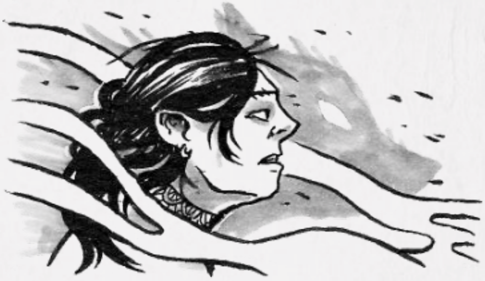
Spell Level 1
Casting Time: 10 Minutes
Range: Touch
Duration: Instantaneous
You bend the molecules and atoms present in water, breaking and binding them into something "stronger". You transmute one gallon of water into a gallon of crude spirits. You can choose what proof the drink is, from 40 all the way to 200. It's not particularly good quality, only fetching 1 silver piece for the full gallon.
Material Component: A sprig of barley for whiskey, corn kernels for bourbon, a potato for vodka (etc.).
At Higher Levels: You may double the amount of liquid you can transmute and the monetary value of each gallon of liquor produced, for each spell level beyond 1 (2 gallons for 2sp each at level 2, 4 gallons at 4sp each at level 3, etc.)

WHISPERS ON THE WIND

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: See Below
Duration: Instantaneous
You utter a phrase or word into the wind, listening as your voice dances and twirls as its carried off with the wind. You may send messages over long distances, dependent on how strong the wind is blowing. You choose a person who you want to hear your message and speak it into the wind. Your message begins traveling at a steady pace and arrives at your chosen target if it is within range.
A Light Breeze - 1 mile per hour. Maximum distance of 12 miles.
A Moderate Wind - 12 miles per hour. Maximum distance of 50 miles.
Strong Gusts - 36 miles per hour. Maximum distance of 75 miles.
Severe Wind - 60 miles per hour. Maximum distance of 100 miles.
Windstorm or Hurricane - 100 miles per hour. Maximum distance of 300 Miles.
Tornado - 300 miles per hour. No maximum distance and can even pass into other planes.
Material Component: A single dandelion.

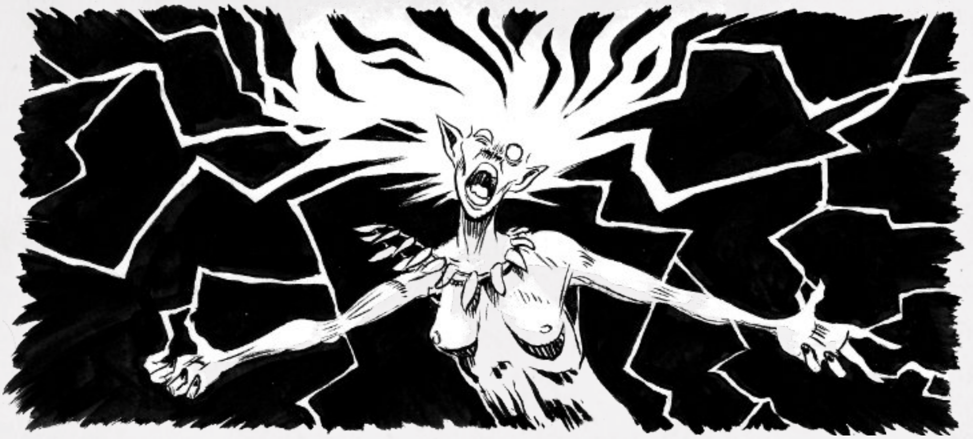
WOLF SCENT

Spell Level 2
Casting Time: Action
Range: Self
Duration: 24 Hours
Your nose bursts with sensory overload, after a moment the secret world hidden in scents and pheromones opens up to you. You gain the ability to smell like a wolf or hound. In addition to gaining advantage on all perception checks related to smell, you are able to track and hunt other creatures based on smell. All you need to begin your search is a sample of your quarry's scent and their trail.
Material Component: A block of wolf or dog fat.



WYRD TRANCE

Spell Level 4
Casting Time: 1 Hour, Ritual
Range: Self
Duration: Permanent
You gaze deeply into the Wyrd, dancing across the infinite branches of fate to discover what lies ahead. You gain 1d3 premonitions about the future. Roll a d20 for each premonition and record their results. You can replace any attack roll, saving throw, or ability check made by you or a creature that you can see with one of these recorded rolls. You must declare your intention to do so before any roll is made.
Material Component: A single eye from an intelligent being.



CHANNELING THE WYRD

There are those who see the boundless power and potential of the Wyrd. Druids who have drunk deep from the visions, scholars who have studied the infinite wellspring, and casters who have tasted its twisting energy on the wind. Those who are wise choose to resist the allure of such power, but every so often a particularly powerful or stupid individual will tap directly into the Wyrd, becoming a conduit for its wild and dangerous power.

For a brief moment, all of creation, destruction, rebirth and death is possible. So long as the Wyrd wills it.

Any caster who has sufficient knowledge or connection to the Wyrd may attempt to **Channel the Wyrd,** allowing them to cast any spell regardless of level, without material, or cost of a spell slot. As full-round action the caster Channels the Wyrd and selects a spell to cast. Once cast the character rolls a d6 and compares the roll to the level of the spell. If the roll is greater than the spell level, the caster remains unharmed. If the roll is less than or equal to the spell level, the character immediately suffers one of the effects listed adjacent.

Anyone Channeling the Wyrd more than once in a day rolls an additional dice for every extra attempt, selecting the lowest result from the dice rolled.

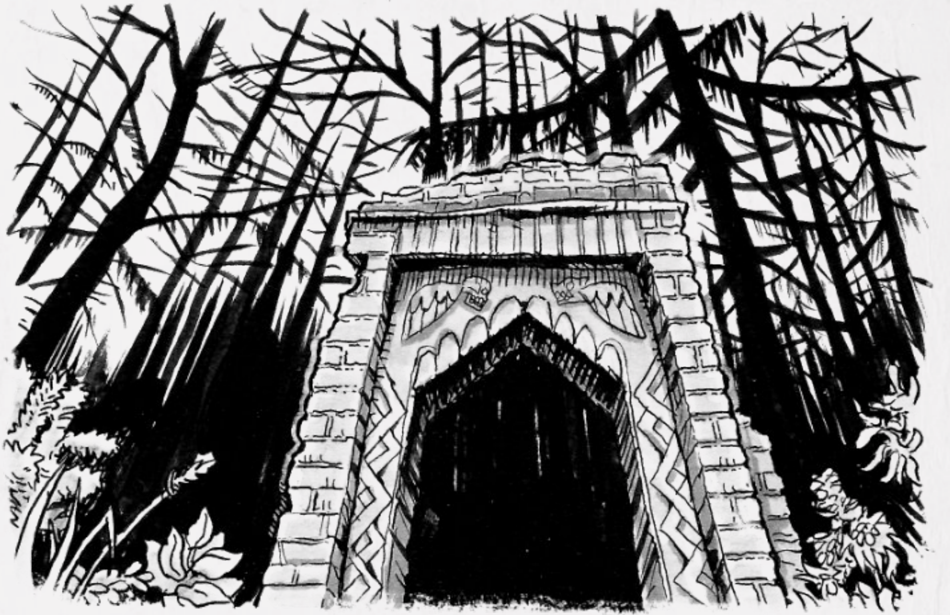
WYRD EFFECTS AND CURSES

D12	EFFECT
1	1d4 limbs separate from your body. They remain alive and you are in complete control of them. You are unharmed otherwise.
2	You age 1d6x1d6 years. This can kill you.
3	You lose 1d6x1d6 years. This can kill you.
4	You permanently change into a random animal of the same size. Your abilities remain unaffected, although you cannot speak as you are an animal.
5	You suffer the Treewylding. (See pg. 206)
6	You grow a second face on the back of your head that constantly tries to convince you to do evil deeds.
7	You become pregnant with a Wild Elf child, regardless of gender.
8	Your shadow gains a mind of its own and leaves to conspire against you.
9	Gravity is permanently reversed for you.
10	Your face is taken away, reduced to a flat slate of skin. You breathe and see normally.
11	You never existed, there is absolutely no record or memory of you up to this point in time.
12	You are immediately transformed into a Grimmking, effectively killing you, and leaving you beyond resurrection.

THE DUNGEON

OF TREE AND STONE

THE WILDERNESS DUNGEON



THERE REMAINS A SPACE BETWIXT THE THE HOME AND THE DUNGEON. Swathes of wilderness, shadowed and unmapped except for its boundaries are callously sliced with trails and roads, eager to avoid those shadows between the trees. It is not uncommon for such wilderness to serve as set piece or setting. A point of mild interest along the way while adventurers eagerly blaze a trail to the nearest sunken catacomb or crumbling fortress.

This lack of danger or interaction is an injustice to the potential the wilderness has to offer.

Consider a walk through the woods. Winding listless trails, trees growing tight, and the light beginning to be choked out by the canopies above. Every nature trail or hiking path presents a labyrinth of sorts, a stretch of hallways and switchbacks populated with wildlife and hazards; the larger they are the more risk of danger a traveler will be. The most famous trails or walks are populated with points of interest, some naturally occurring landmarks and others made by unruly teens with spray paint and knives.

With a glimmer of imagination it becomes easy to recognize the tell-tale marks of a dungeon. Those landmarks, pocked with graffiti and littered with the trash of others become rooms; those winding trails that come dangerously near to cliff edges become precarious hallways; and of course that lone bear that prowls the slopes in search of food, becomes the chief denizen of this rocky maze. What constitutes such a wilderness dungeon is all just a matter of translation.

WHY A WILDERNESS DUNGEON?

There is little reason not to use a wilderness dungeon. By form any forest or spot of wild lands has the potential to hold a wilderness dungeon. They present themselves as bastions of terrible natural forces, each containing monsters and hazards that drive hardened killers out like screaming children, but allure them all the same with promises of riches and power. Overtime particular forest or swamp dungeons even accrue a legendary status ("Fangorn Forest" and the "Bog of Eternal Stench" are two such places). Wilderness dungeons are as ubiquitous as they are unique, and a clever GM will easily make use of them.

FOREST AS DUNGEON

A roof made of twisted leaves and branches, a labyrinth of wood and fen, and in every corner lurks a desperate beast, ever hungry for the soft flesh of civilized folk. Forests are, in a way, already a dungeon. They encompass large expanses of area, are filled with multitudes of life and hazards, and are peppered with odd areas of interest to be explored. The trick comes in translating the abstract elements of a dungeon into the space of a forest or wilderness setting.

One key part of a dungeon is the "rooms," the places of action and encounter where puzzles are solved and monsters are slain. In the context of the wilderness, these "rooms" become points of interest, each one scattered across the expanse of forest and connected by trails or tunnels. One such "room" may be a grove of trees, guarded by shrub-men adorned in corroded armor; another room may be a fast moving river, a single decaying bridge with an enormous spider that desires coin for safe passage. The "room" within a forest can be any point that may provide rest or an interesting development.

The idea of a dungeon does not require architecture. A dungeon is comprised of "rooms" and "hallways," places of interest and ways to get to them. Outside of that it is simply a matter of filling these spaces with traps, monsters, puzzles, and dressings.

TRAILS AS CORRIDORS

There are no walls in the wilderness. There are no corridors, no hallways, or gates. The only real indicator of travel are the overgrowth paths and shadowed trails that connect one location to another. At any point a player may choose to ignore the given path and blaze their own trail through the woods. Perhaps this is done to find a quicker way from one place to another, or maybe to escape a combat encounter that has gone south in the worst possible way. There is no need to stop them in this pursuit, a competent ranger has no need to heed a trail.

However, this lack of walls is not without dangers to characters. The trail exists, because it is the safest and most efficient way from one point to another. To step off the trail risks becoming lost, attacked by the wildlife, or any other multitude of hazards and downfalls. A trail may not be the quickest way from point A to B, but it should always remain the safest.

There is another hazard that comes with the lack of walls, and that is the lack of separation between the Wilds and the characters. A dungeon is merciful in that there is generally a clear separation of where dangers are and are not. A wall is trusted because it is inert and impassible, a monster does not generally spring from the walls in a typical dungeon, which is what makes the Wilds so unpredictable and dangerous. Without walls, a monster is free to wander from place to place, prowling the trails and lurking in the unexplored. The negative space that exists outside of the paths and mapped areas is host to every unimaginable horror and monster. To delve into it is an immeasurable risk, and the random encounters that dwell within it are willing to prove it.

A trail exists as a hallway not because it has walls, but because it is safe. There is no rule against avoiding the trail, and there should not be. The key point is that outside of the trail is unpredictable risk that players should be made well aware of.

DISTANCE AS HAZARD

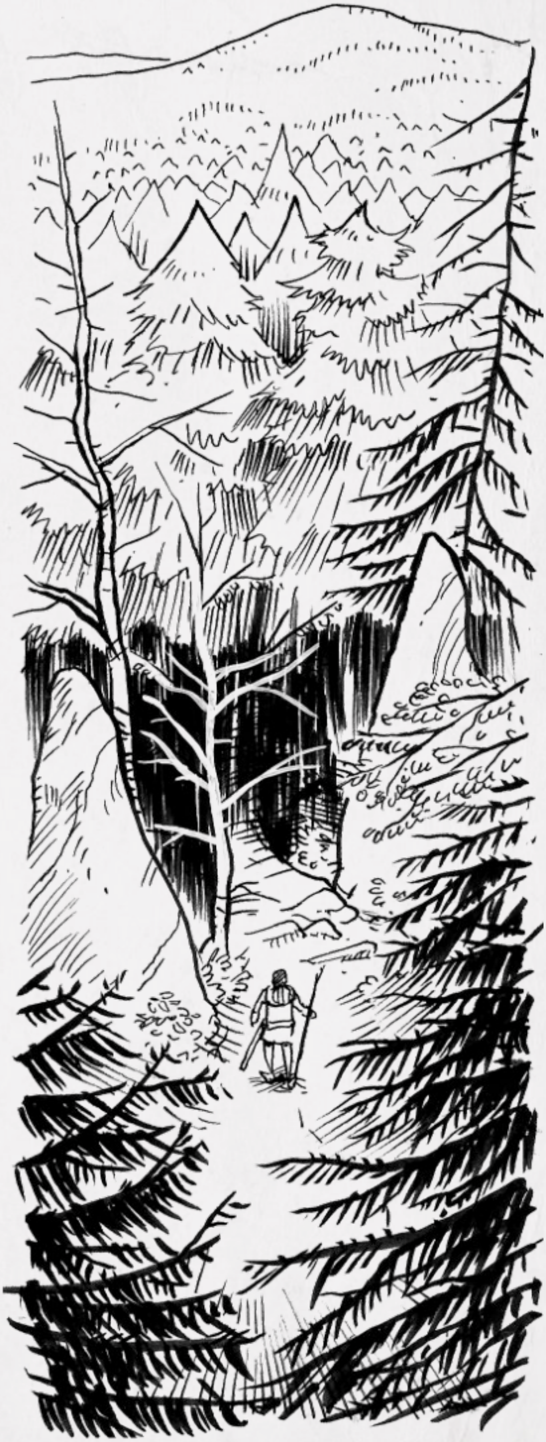
The wilderness is large. This is not to be facetious, but the scope used in the layout of a dungeon is utterly dwarfed by a true, untamed forest. A person could feasibly walk the length of a haunted crypt, a ruined abbey, or tomb of horrors after an hour or so. They are a trial of wits and blood but not necessarily of distance. This is something that the wilderness introduces.

The distance from one point of interest to another by way of a trail may be minutes or hours in length. Rations and food become thin and the deeper into a forest you go, the longer it will take to return to civilization. The wilderness kills not just with trials of wit and blood, but with a crushing battle against distance.

This is not to confused with a battle against time. Running an adventure necessitates action, movement, and progress. A stretch of hours is not a blow against the players time, but their character's resources. Distance should require them to make choices on whether to rest for the evening and risk the area they cleared being restocked with monsters, or push on and suffer exhaustion.

There are few things a dungeon can do that a forest cannot. More often than not a forest introduces a wealth of new opportunities, choices, and hazards to both player and GM. But more interesting than that, it provides an opportunity to re-contextualize the purpose of a dungeon. If a dungeon exists separated from the Wilds and wilderness outside, perhaps it is not as dangerous in comparison. Perhaps the lich or dragon slunk into the deepened recesses and darkened places of the world out of fear and necessity; a defensive redoubt against whatever horror made them scurry like starved pups

Perhaps the dungeon was built to keep the wilderness out.



GENERATING THE DUNGEON

Trails that wind like snakes in the grass, each one stretching for miles into the Wilds, digging ever further into the abyssal dark. Their routes have no rhyme or reason, no architect to constrain their path or shape. Instead they bend to the will of the trees and earth, hungry to ensnare any would-be heroes.

While the previous section was dedicated to the theory and mentality of the wilderness dungeon; the following section is dedicated to the actual construction and practical aspects of the concept. In it is a guideline for plotting and incorporating them into a game as well as several tools for randomly generating a wilderness dungeon within a six-mile area.

GENERATING A WILDERNESS DUNGEON

The steps to randomly generating a wilderness dungeon are roughly as follows.

1. **Begin with a single six-mile hex.**
2. **Draw one or more entrances.**
3. **Roll a 1d8 to determine the amount of areas.**
4. **Drop appropriate amount of six-sided dice on the hex.**
5. **Record their places and numbers as areas.**
6. **Roll 1d6+1 to determine the amount of trails and pathways.**
7. **Roll 1d8 for each trail to determine type of trail.**
8. **Connect from area to area.**
9. **Connect widowed areas with hidden trails.**
10. **Connect entrance to closest point.**

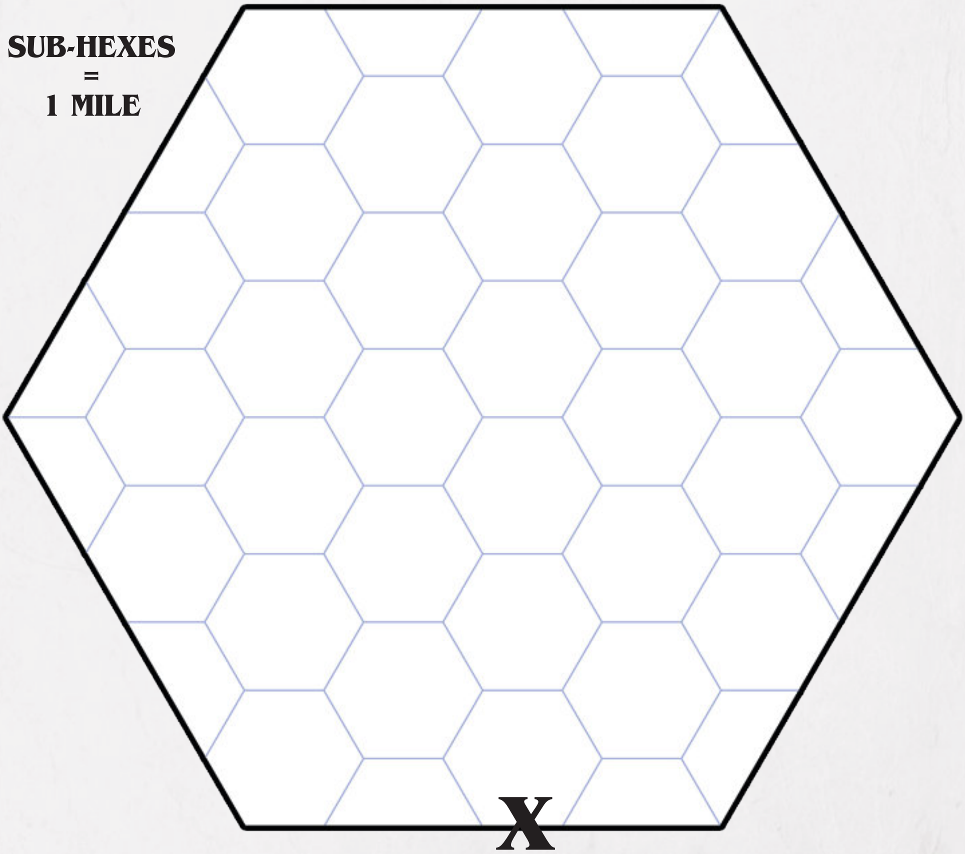
THE SIX-MILE HEX

As described in the previous section, a wilderness map is not constrained to a single area, but in fact spans many miles across, connected by a network of trails and paths from point to point. Because of this, unlike regular dungeons, Wilderness Dungeons are a combination of dungeon-crawl and hex-crawl. To illustrate this distance, they are laid out on a hex that spans roughly six miles in all directions.

THE ENTRANCE

To begin the construction of the Wilderness Dungeon, draw one or more points along the edge of the hex to act as an entrance to the dungeon. These are points of least resistance for penetrating the darkened maze of this dungeon and tend to be marked with warnings or hints to the horror within…

1d8	Random Entrances
1	Through a ruined archway, adorned in the skulls of mad clerics.
2	Inside a grimoire of dark children's tales.
3	Past a trail of standing stones, etched with scenes of violence.
4	The door of a mad scribe's closet.
5	Beyond a trail where sinners were walked to their death.
6	Through the ribs of a Linnorm's corpse.
7	A lone road, paved with broken gravestones.
8	A treeline, silent, except for the chime of a bell.

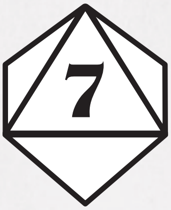


DETERMINE THE AMOUNT OF AREAS

To begin, roll 1d8 to determine the amount of rooms that will be placed on this hex.

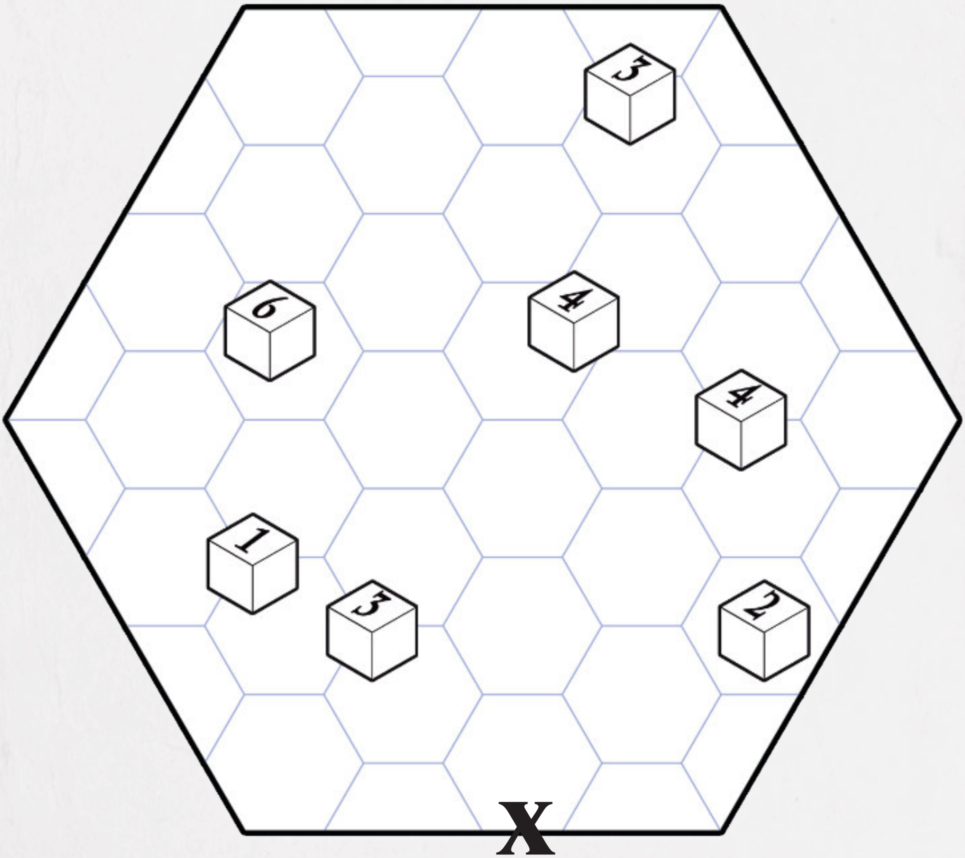
PLACING AREAS ON THE MAP

Follow this step by grabbing a number of six-sided dice equal to the roll, and dropping them onto the hex, forming a random splash of dice. Each one of these dice will represent an area in the Wilderness Dungeon.



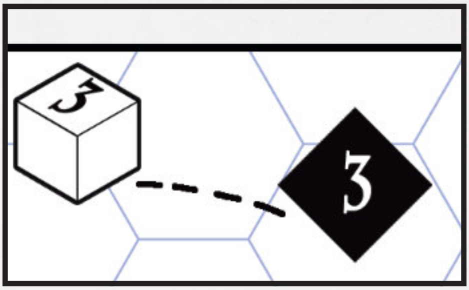
7 AREAS

7 DICE



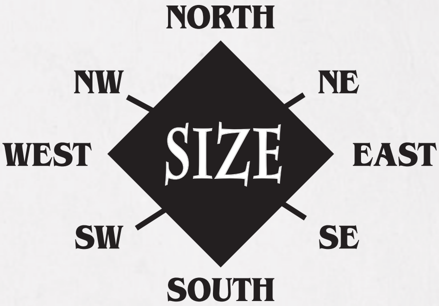
DRAWING AN AREA

Where each dice landed, draw a diamond and record the face-up number on the dice inside the diamond.

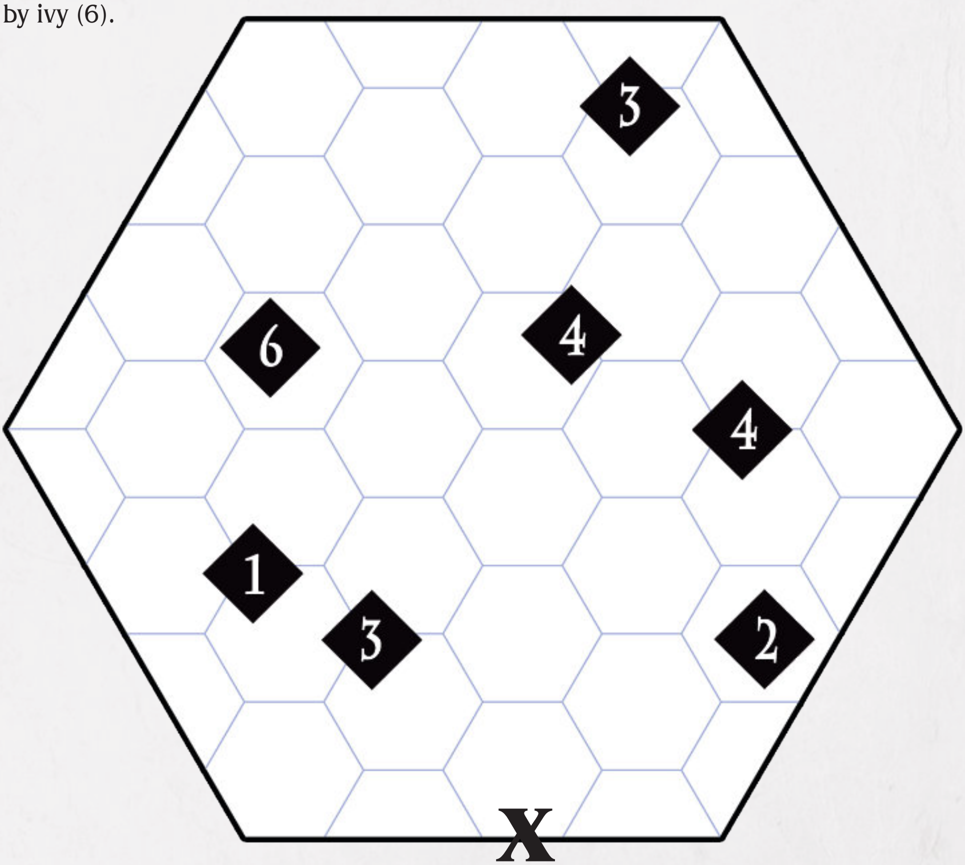


Each diamond represents a single room, with each point being a cardinal direction (N, S, E, W) and each side being and inter-cardinal direction (NE, NW, SW, SE). The number represents the size of the given area, ranging from a small clearing near a rotted stump (1), to an entire ruined abbey overtaken by ivy (6).

ANATOMY OF AN AREA

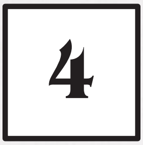


1d6	Size of Area
1	A stump, a large puddle
2	A small grove, a campsite
3	A house, a large ring of stones
4	A hamlet, a large riverbed
5	A hillside, a cow pasture
6	A ruined abbey, an acre of trees



DETERMINE THE AMOUNT OF TRAILS AND PATHS

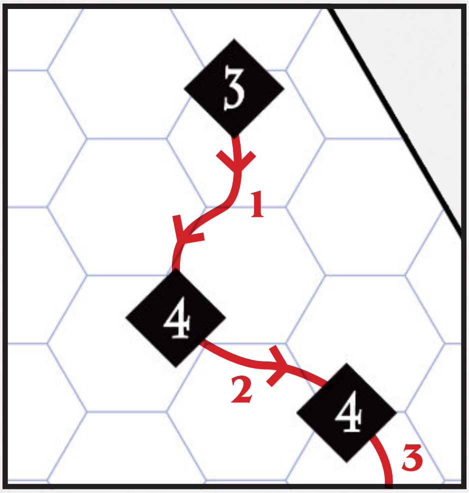
Roll 1d6+1 and record the number. This number represents the amount of individual trails and pathways present in the given hex.



+1 = **5 TRAILS**

DRAWING THE TRAILS

Starting with a single area, move from area to area connecting the areas with a number of trails as was rolled before.

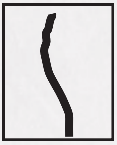


If all points have a trail connected to them, use any leftover trails to connect any points that are not already connected (without crossing over the lines). If this is impossible or absurd, simply stop. Areas that are unconnected are considered "widowed."

For each trail, roll a 1d8 and draw an appropriate trail based on the roll.

1d8	Type of Trails
1-4	Footpath
4-6	Difficult
7	Dangerous
8	Special

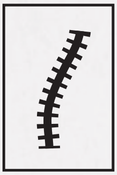
Footpath



A trail that has been either well travel or maintained. It is easy to pass over and offers no resistance as far as time is concerned.

Examples: A hiker's trail, a forgotten road, a well-trodden deer path.

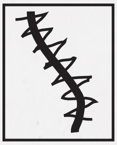
Difficult Trail



Paths and trails that have either begun to decay or are obstructed in some fashion. Traveling these paths take twice as long, traveling any faster risks becoming lost.

Examples: An overgrown trail, an ancient creek bed, remains of a wall.

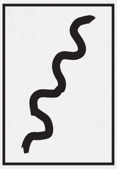
Dangerous Trail



Trails that are hazardous or pose a legitimate risk when crossing. Traveling them takes twice as long and always poses a chance of harm.

Examples: A crevasse along the edge of a sheer cliff, through an acidic swamp, across a field of broken glass.

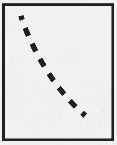
Special Trail



A path that is odd and exists outside the realm of reason. GMs are free to come up with whatever they choose, so long as it is unique and interesting.

Examples: Through the mouth of a Linnorm, into a mouse-hole that shrinks travelers, a path that sends people into the past.

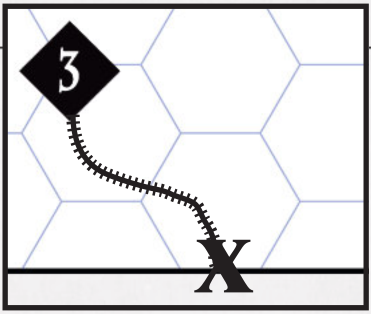
Hidden Trail



Areas that are not connected with a path or widowed are connected to the nearest area with a hidden trail. This is a trail that requires foresight, prior knowledge of, or a sufficient search to discover. Connect any areas that do not have a trail with a hidden path to the nearest area with a trail.

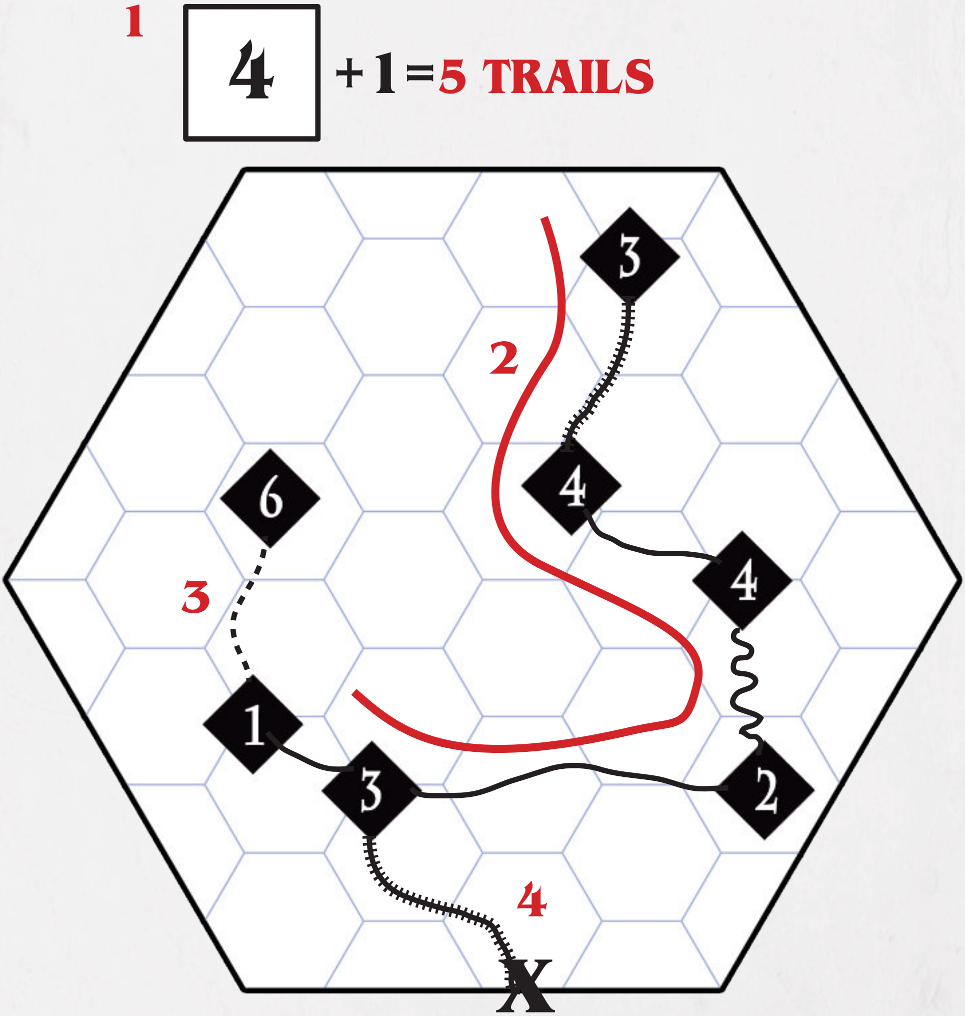
CONNECT TO ENTRANCE

Connect the nearest area to the entrance with a random trail, completing the hex!



EXAMPLE OF CONNECTING THE PATHS

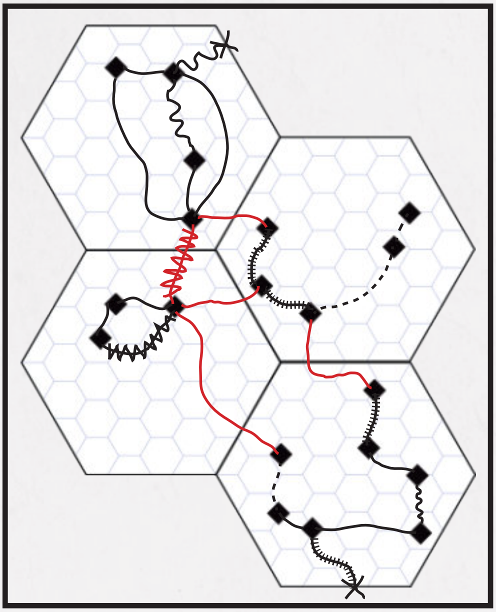
1. The number of trails is rolled (5).
2. If starting with the area in the top right corner, a trail is rolled and then draw from closest area to closest area in order. (This is done 5 times).
3. The last area remains without a trail, so it is connected with a hidden trail to the nearest area.
4. The area nearest the entrance is connected with a trail.



ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

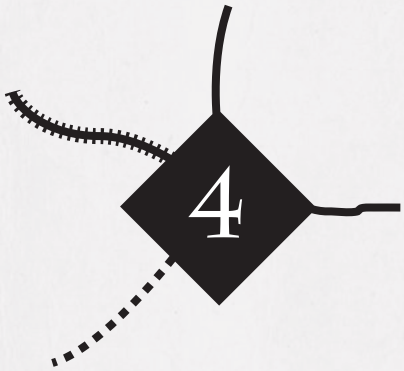
Expanding and additional hexes

For larger wilderness dungeons, simply repeat the steps above with as many hexes as desired. Then connect every hex by drawing a trail from the nearest two areas or entrances from one hex to the others.



Reading an area

The method of drawing rooms in this fashion allows for easy readability in describing the possible routes for players as well as the general layout.

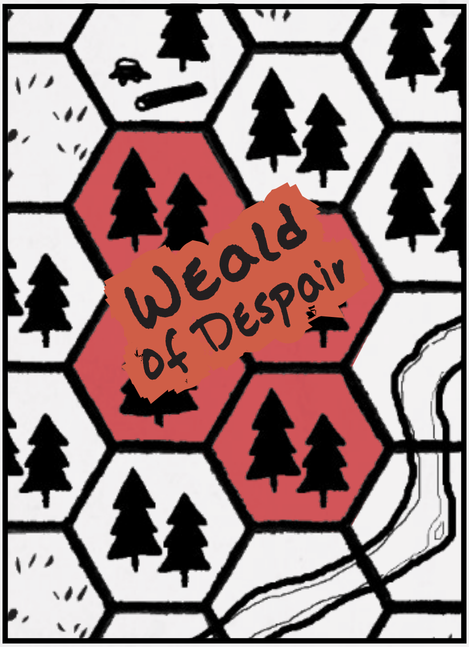


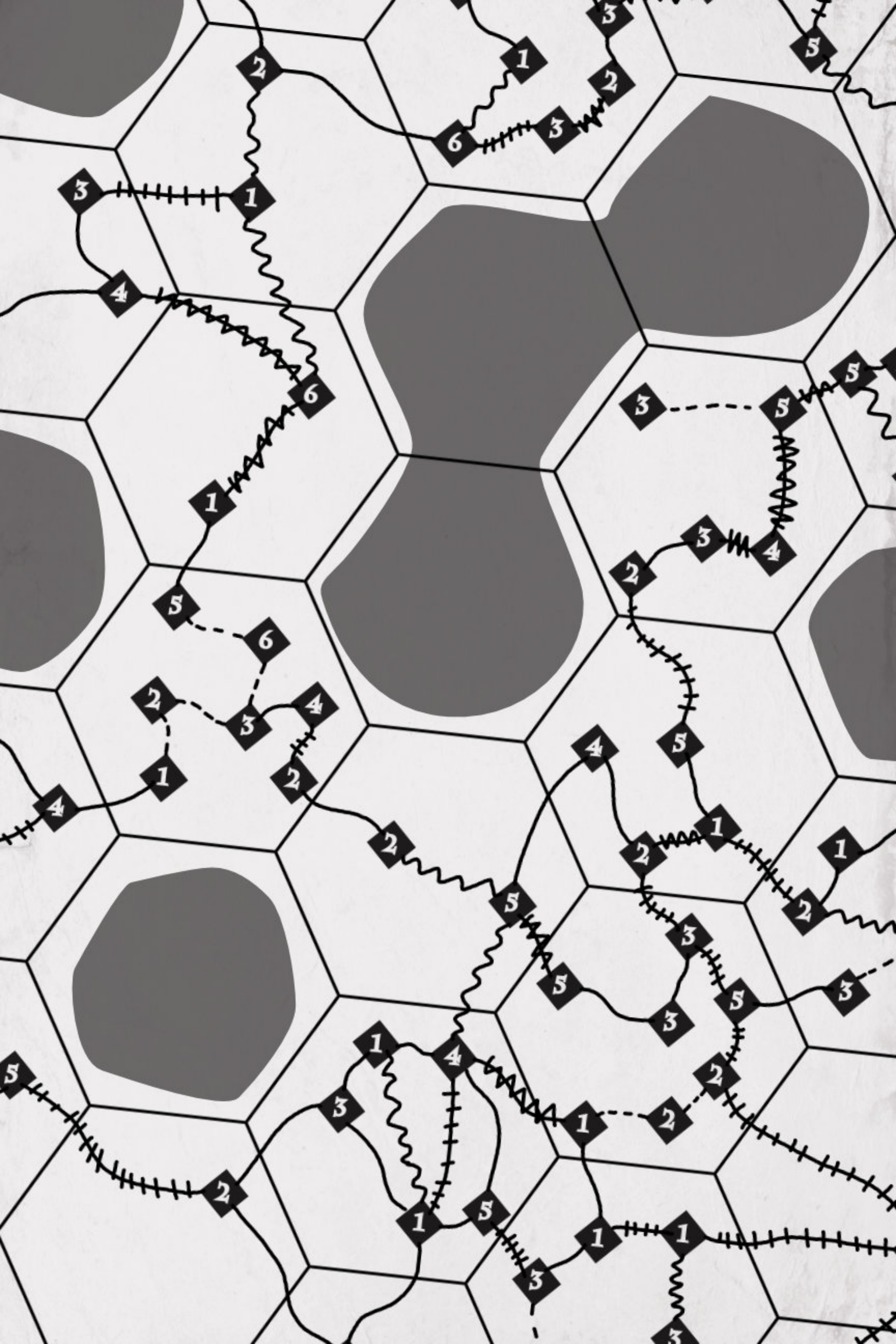
The area above is read as follows:

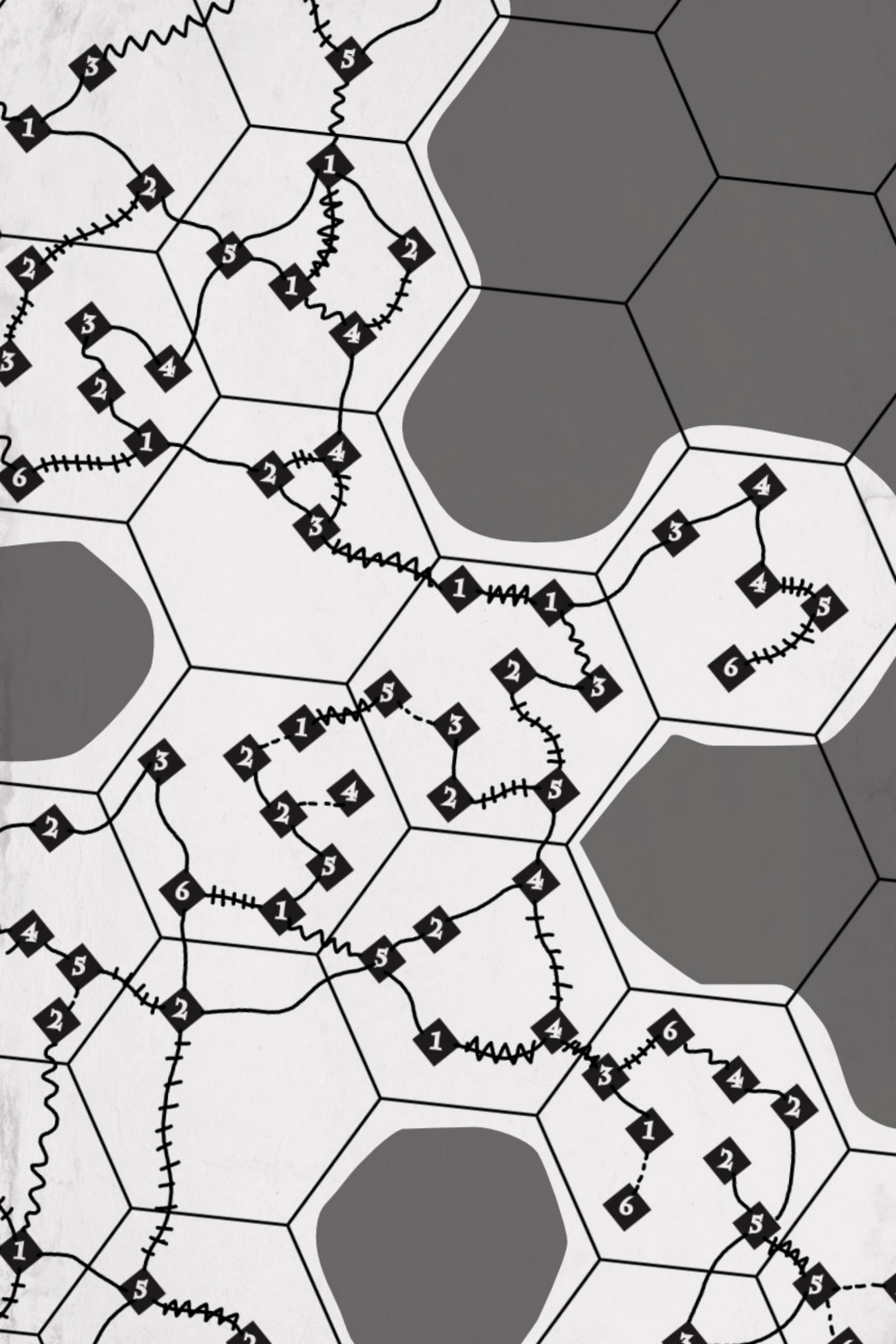
- The area is the **size of large riverbed**
- The area has **three visible trails**: a **simple footpath** to the **north** and **east**, and a **difficult trail** to the **northwest.**
- There is also a **hidden trail to the southwest**

Use in Exploration

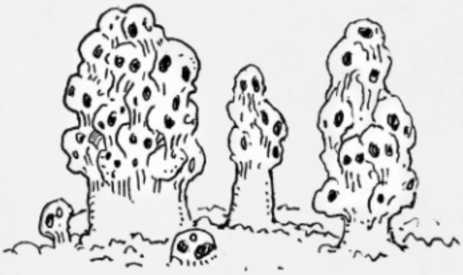
The benefit to the six-mile hex is that it can easily be incorporated in an overland map. If the map uses increments of six miles to a hex, it's just a matter placing the dungeon into the world, leaving it free to be discovered or used as a destination.



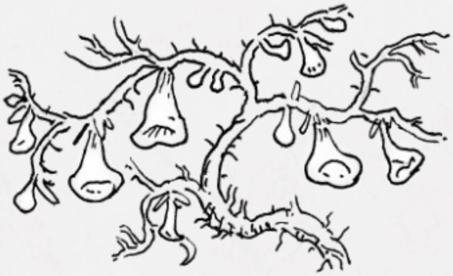



3
5
1
1
2
5
2
2
1
3
4
3
4
2
1
4
2
6
4
3
3
1
1
4
5
2
6
3
5
1
3
3
2
4
5
2
2
2
5
4
6
1
4
2
5
5
2
2
4
1
6
3
4
2
1
2
6
1
5
5
5

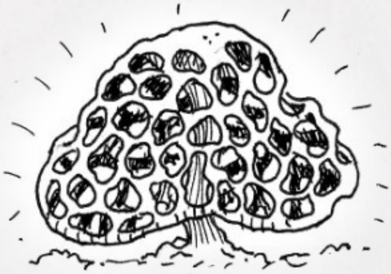
WILD FLORA



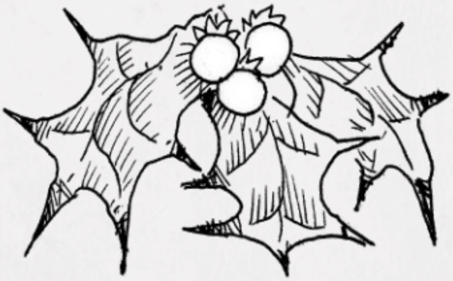
Banshee Morel - A mushroom sprouts from warm shaded soil. Its neck is fat as a log and its head is a soft flesh that resembles many skulls fused together. A dull whistle can be heard from its head.
Uses: When threatened, the mushrooms will push air from their head, creating a piercing wail that causes deafness for 1d6 hours (save versus poison to avoid). They can be cut down and dried, and have been used as odd makeshift trumpets.



Beedlesprouts - Long hardened vines, covered with plump trumpet-shaped buds the color of amber. Growing where it is warm and with plenty of water, they cling to the middle of trees drawing sap from deep within the trunks.
Uses: When the buds are eaten (and after the vomiting stops), one can faintly hear the trees "singing" for the rest of the day. Soft ephemeral notes without words drift through the air, and grow shrill and venomous when predators are near.



Boletus Posterum - A mushroom, also known as "Fortune-teller's Folly," appears as a apple sized magenta lattice made of impossible delicate shapes, speckled with white and glowing faintly pink in the dark.
Uses: It is edible but poisonous, causing weakness and lethargy. Once eaten, the eater will experience a plethora of colorful and vivid hallucinations. Some of these hallucinations are actually visions of the future and allow the character to make 1d3 rerolls for the next week as the visions guide them in the near future.



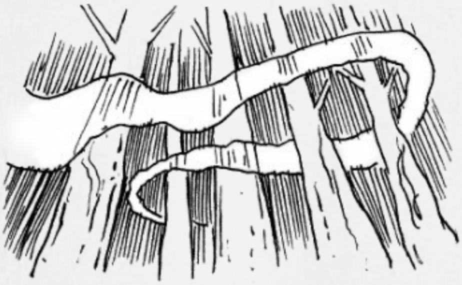
Canticle Holly – A tall strong tree with spiky blue-tinted leaves. Bright white berries cluster together and seem to glow slightly. They grow in the darker parts of the Wilds, and appear as soft beacons to some.

Uses: Sleeping near these trees relives a level of exhaustion, and dreams are filled with a soft and gentle singing. The berries, which bloom only once in the tree's lifetime can be mashed and distilled into a potent mind-altering drug called "Saints' Respite."

RARE ITEM:

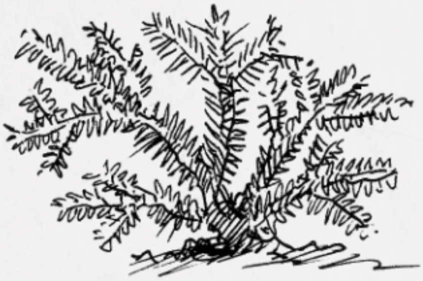
SAINTS' RESPITE - A vial of pale milky liquid smells of rain and seems to hum and glow in the dark.

Drinking it causes a deep slumber that lasts 1d12 days, during which the character must be fed and taken care of. Their dreams are a strange inner journey that has them battling or overcoming facets of their mind. On the final day, the character awakes, cured of any madness or mental ailment that might plague them.



Carol Trees - Tall elegant conifer trees grow in fertile and temperate soil. Their trunks and limbs stretch high into the air, the rustling of their silver tinted leaves sound like gentle ringing.

Uses: Resting near a Carol Tree and hearing its gentle song has soothing properties, healing 1d8 hit point for every hour spent listening. However, listening for any longer than one hour risks falling into a deep slumber that does not end unless woken up. (Save versus charm or fall asleep, with success still causing one level of exhaustion.) Groves of Carol Trees are dangerous, and many adventures have fallen to their death in a peaceful slumber all from the trees' sonorous lullaby.



Coal-nettle - Stiff brittle shrubs of this foul-smelling plant appear as tufts of black, prickly spruce pine. Present in the colder reaches, they reek of sulfur and have needles that can pierce leather.

Uses: Burns incredibly well, if not foul-smelling and with ridiculous amounts of smoke. However, when dried and ground into the finest grain possible it takes on an almost explosive quality when exposed to fire, much like gunpowder.

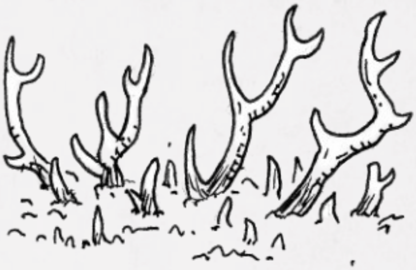
UNCOMMON ITEM:

COAL NETTLE POWDER - A dark grainy powder like charcoal smells faintly of brimstone.

A pound of this powder can be lit, creating an explosion that deals 1d6 damage in a 10 foot radius. It functions in all ways as gunpowder.

Dame's Seal - A regal and elegant flower resembling an extremely elongated tulip. It is white with delicate veins of crimson and purple.

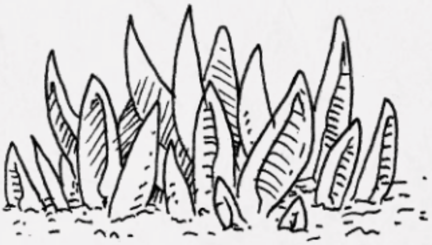
Uses: They fetch a fair price to certain nobles who care for their beauty. Alchemist pay for the preservative qualities it gives to liquids if dried and ground to a powder.



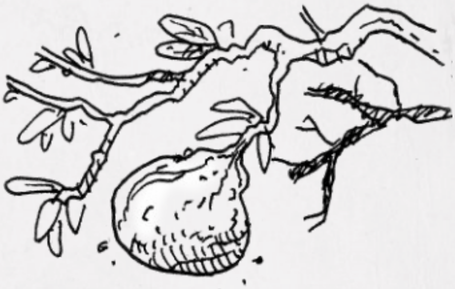
Deer Weed - A leafless sprout made of tall hard branches that resemble antlers. Their color transitions from a dark mottled grey to a pristine bone.
Uses: Deceitful but enterprising individuals may be able to pass off the weed as legitimate antler. While it may fool a noble, skilled craftsmen and deepwood hunters know the difference.

Dirkberry - A wretched and mottled brown bush clings to the ground. It is a maze of stiff dagger-length thorns that jealousy hide clumps of soft, jewel-like berries.

Uses: The berries are required for a pair of incredibly rare and special brews. One is called "Dirk-Fighter Brandy," a stiff liquor which invigorates the body and a favorite among pit-fighters and prize-fighters. The other is a sharp wine called "Bladed Caress," which allows one's mind to flow more freely and popular among noble or wealthy artisans.



Elf-ear - A type of grass. Green with fat blades that curve and taper to a point resembling elf ears. They make strange harmonic sounds in the wind.
Uses: After dried and if properly placed between the thumbs, they can be used as a makeshift whistle that attracts some wildlife with its unearthly hum.



Gristle Pear – A fat squat tree grows in scree at high elevations. Its bark is warted and coated in a viscous film, the leaves droop like wet mayfly wings and several plum fruits dangle like melted tallow. The fruit is a fistful of fat and gristled meat, always warm and wet.
Uses: Despite its disgusting nature (and difficulty to chew), Gristle Pears are quite nutritious, eating just one is enough to feed a grown adult for a day.

Kingsleep Moss - Large soft beds of pale turquoise moss coat the ground. It is soft as down pillows and smells of home.
Uses: Sleeping on a bed of Kingsleep Moss has reinvigorating properties. Every full night's rest on the moss relieves one level of exhaustion.

Knitting onion – Long green threads of grass weave together in uncanny geometric patterns. The onions themselves are slender like carrots and have white flesh that brings tears and runny noses.
Uses: Children look for images and words in the oddly woven grass of their stalks. The onion can be eaten or used like smelling salts if cracked open in front of someone's nose, reviving even someone who has fallen unconscious or asleep.

Night cherry - A dark tree grows near dark, warm, marshes. Its flowers the color of night, roots gripping the ground lecherously. There are cherries as black as obsidian, but insides bleed red like blood.
Uses: Eating one causes a comatose

state for nearly an hour per cherry, the mind of the victim plagued with unpleasant visions. If processed into an extract it becomes a dangerous poison called Red Slumber.

RARE ITEM:

RED SLUMBER - It looks like a wine made of blood, a distilled crimson nightmare held within a vial.

Drinking this poison sends the victim into a deep unbreakable slumber plagued by diabolical night terrors. Each day the victim must make a save to wake up or remain unconscious and suffer 1d6 Wisdom damage. When reduced to 0 Wisdom, their mind can no longer withstand the assault of nightmares and they expire with one last piercing scream.

Obsequy Ragwort – Clusters of thin weeds grow tall near fresh moving water and cold streams. Small wildflowers crown the stems, with bone white flowers touched by crimson veins.

Uses: Highly prized in funeral rites for their protection against necromancy. Clerics pay a healthy sum for fresh bundles. Bodies buried with the flower as garland or stuffed into them will never rise as an undead or vengeful spirit.

Pissboils - Lumps of foul smelling fungus grow where much is rotting. They smell of hot cat urine and resemble half buried cow stomachs that have bloated in the sun.

Uses: Stepping on a Pissboil causes it to explode in shower of caustic and foul smelling liquid. The liquid has a tendency to cause short term memory loss and attract predators with a sense of smell. If properly harvested the liquid is sought after by artificers and metal smiths for use in metal etching and tinting.

Plump Friars - A tall weed grows where sun and water are plenty. As tall as a man, thin vines end in twisting filigree-like flowers and produce plump berries the size of plums and color of blushed cheeks.

Uses: Eating Plump Friar fruit causes a slight dizziness and spotty vision, but is altogether delicious and pleasant. Brewing the fruit into a wine or distilling it into a concentrate creates a potent elixir that produces feelings of intense euphoria and vivid hallucinations for hours on end. Illegal almost everywhere the blackmarket pays handsomely for the fruits and a small fortune for the elixir.

Ring Root - A sweet smelling shrub grows wide and thick in lower elevations. The leaves are sharp like thorns, while their roots form in conjoined rings, looking like earthen chainmail.

Uses: The roots can be boiled and eaten for a good meal. More importantly, when eaten raw and fresh it is able to help neutralize poison in the body (Immediately make a save against any poison consumed in the last day at advantage).

Scribe's birch – A tall pale tree with ashen leaves. Its white bark comes off in thin vellum-like sheet and it grows straight as a fencepost. It can be found in temperate mountains, the elevation being preferable to its growth.

Uses: Its bark comes off easily and can be used as a decent substitute for parchment. Scribes and paper dealers pay handsomely for pounds of the sheets.

Swineweed – Tall loathsome green stalks sprout from damp soil. They stretch six feet or two meters tall, with wide leaves coated in thorns, and limbs terminating in tiny grey flowers.

Uses: When burnt the plant produces torrents of a thick, horrid smelling smoke. The smoke causes blindness for 1d6 hours (save versus poison to avoid).

DISEASES

The woods do not always kill with violence and rapidity. Sometimes it prefers to kill in a slow and insidious manner, savoring the slow suffering death of a would-be-hero.

The follow section is a list of diseases and ailments that appear in the Wilds. They are strange and harmful conditions that lurk amongst the animal bites, stagnant mires, and corpse gardens of the wilderness.

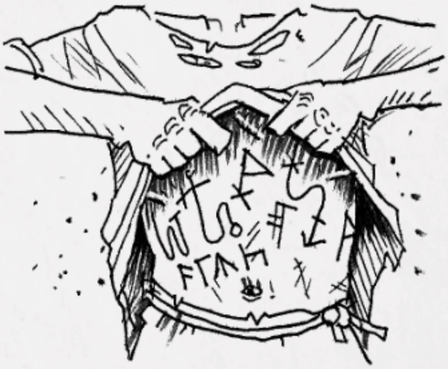
Reading the Diseases

Infection - Describes how the disease is contracted and falls into the following categories:

- **Consumption** - Eating or drinking contaminated goods.
- **Contact** - Prolonged contact or touch with an infected victim or its source.
- **Curse** - Despoiling the Wyrd or prolonged contact with powerful magic.
- **Inhalation** - Breathing in vapors, particles, or spores.
- **Injury** - A cut, scrape, or wound for the illness to enter.

Effect - The details and impacts the ailment has on the victim.

Cure - How many saves needed to purge the illness from the body and or possible remedies.



The Bleeding

They weep crimson tears and speak with sanguine mouths.

A virus that forces your body to produce too much blood; so much that your body is constantly bleeding from every orifice.

Infection: Consumption, Injury

Effect: You take 1 extra damage anytime you take bleeding damage. The extra blood can be transfused to another, although they risk becoming infected themselves.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a row or a full blood transfusion.

Etch Mites

Their skin itches, peppered like the sketchbook of some mad child.

Small mites like scabies that burrow and feast upon the skin, causing terrible itching and leaving behind strange words and "drawings."

Infection: Contact (found in flea ridden areas)

Effect: You must constantly scratch your skin as it begins to become covered in horrible bite trails that form half-words and odd drawings. Sometimes they spell warnings and clues...

Cure: 3 Successful saves or a FULL shave and lye bath.

Fleshspawn

Their bodies become slabs of pulsing meat, looking like a butcher shop's window from a nightmare.

The Fleshspawn is a horrible disease that causes the victim's flesh to grow out of control, burying them in rolls of their own skin and muscle.

Infection: Consumption, Injury

Effect: Each day you must make a save or gain 1d6 hit points and disadvantage on one random skill. These hit points are treated as temporary hit points and do not add to the character's maximum HP. This daily pattern continues until your hit points have doubled your maximum hit point total, at which point your body cannot handle the excess flesh and explodes in a shower of organs and gore.

Cure: 3 Successful saves in a row or a topical injection of brown recluse venom. The excess flesh can be shaved off and eaten; so long as it's cooked well enough it does not risk spreading the disease.

The Mind Drift

They have moments, ones where they fall to the ground in spastic convulsions, only to return claiming they saw who was in the next room. They are never wrong.

The Mind Drift is a condition that causes your soul to dissociate from your body, leaving your body in a seizure on the ground and your soul homeless for a time.

Infection: Curse (Casting "Wyrd Trance" too many times in a single day)

Effect: Every 6 hours you must make a save or have your soul leave your body for 1 hour. Your body is utterly helpless during this time. Your soul can move around during this time, phasing through walls and moving as fast as you normally can.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a day or a full 24 hours sleep under a Carol Tree (pg. 201). You may also choose to intentionally succumb to the Mind Drift, allowing you to experience the effects every 6 hours. However, doing this more than once every 6 hours risks having your body permanently reject your soul, effectively killing you.

Mire Creeps

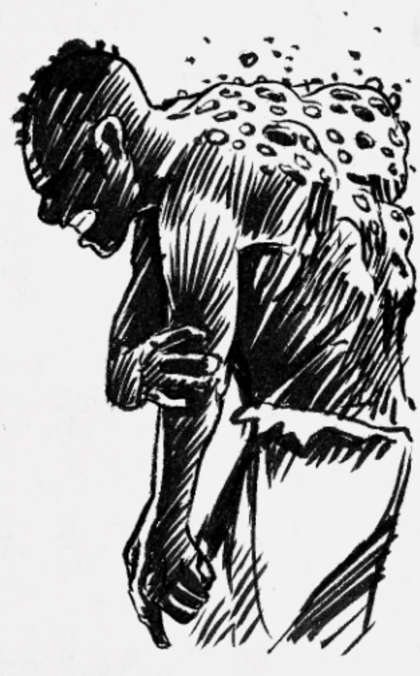
We don't go to the swamp anymore. Those that travel bring back strange gifts of spore and miasma that they spread to others.

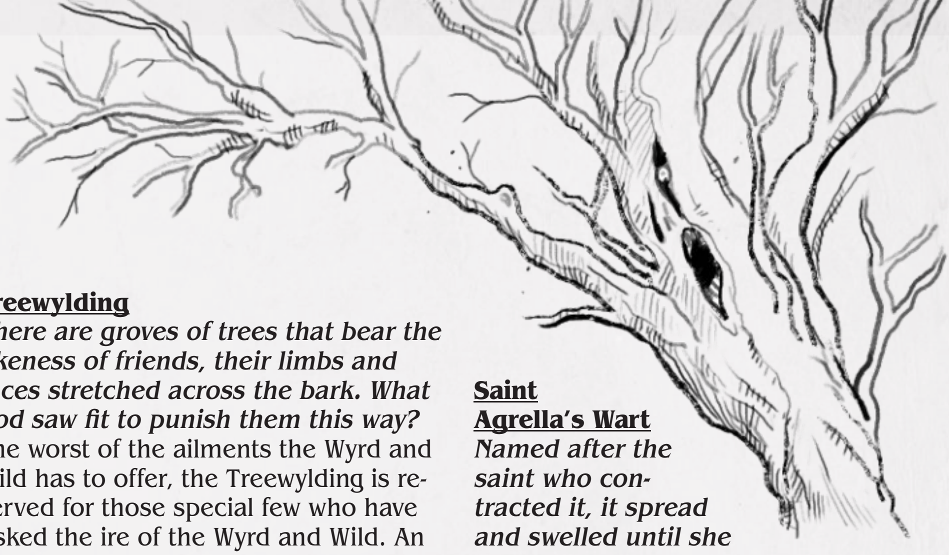
Mire Creeps are a vicious fungal infection that fills the skin with fat spore-filled balls, so numerous that infected tend to walk and stand with hunches and odd poses. They are little more than a nuisance, until exposed to a sufficient heat, whereupon the fungus violently bursts in a cloud of spores, blasting away the flesh of the victim.

Infection: Contact, Inhalation

Effect: Anytime you are exposed to a heat greater than a medium campfire, the fungus bursts like a heatless firecracker for 1d6 damage. This also releases a cloud of spores around you, potentially infecting anyone standing within arms reach of you.

Cure: 3 Successful saves in a row or a caustic salve made from Pissboil juice.





Treewylding

There are groves of trees that bear the likeness of friends, their limbs and faces stretched across the bark. What god saw fit to punish them this way?

The worst of the ailments the Wyrd and Wild has to offer, the Treewylding is reserved for those special few who have risked the ire of the Wyrd and Wild. An incredibly infectious ailment, it slowly but steadily it transforms the infected into a tree, leaving them with the horror of watching their body make the terrifying change.

Infection: Contact, Curse (angering the Wyrd and Wild)

Effect: Each day you must make a save or slowly your body begins to change into that of a tree.

# of Failed Saves	Effects
1	Small limbs and roots sprout from under the skin
2-3	Bark begins to grow in patches, you are treated as if wearing leather armor.
4-6	The bark spreads and the many tree-limbs make movement difficult. Disadvantage on Dexterity checks
7-8	You body elongates and becomes a fusion of wood and flesh. Movement halved.
9	You become painfully slowed, almost entirely tree-like. Permanently slowed.
10	The disease overtakes you, turning you into a tree and effectively killing you.

Cure: There is no cure, saves only delay the change. The only way to be rid of the Treewylding is divine intervention or appeal to a sufficiently powerful being of the Wyrd and Wild.

Saint Agrella's Wart

Named after the saint who contracted it, it spread and swelled until she could not move...

A series of fat boil-like warts begin growing in clusters, causing a dull pain and swelling joints, eventually turning the victim into a swollen mass of wheezing warts.

Infection: Contact, Injury

Effect: Each day you must make a save or slowly your body begins to cover and swell with warts. Small motor function and movement become difficult based on the spread of the disease.

A tourniquet can be applied, stopping its spread across the body, but not curing any current damage it has caused.

# of Failed Saves	Percent Coverage	Effect
1	5%	Pain, discomfort.
2-4	25%	Disadvantage on Dexterity skills.
5-7	50%	Disadvantage on Breath weapon saves.
8-9	80%	Movement halved.
10	100%	Utterly immobile.

Cure: 3 Successful saves in a row or a scalding herbal bath, leeching, and wart removal.

Scribe's Bane

Their eyes go strange, words run off their minds like water to a ginko leaf.

This illness shuts down the mind's ability to interpret written language. Writing and reading become impossible leaving the victim all but illiterate.

Infection: Curse (Reading a word or scrawl that has been infected with Scribe's Bane)

Effect: Each day you must make a save or lose the ability to read and write. A successful save still leaves you only able to read and write at half speed with some difficulty.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a row or an entire spellbook, ground and wetted into a paste, then eaten in one sitting.

Spell-Scum

A bane of mages, their eyes go rancid and their magic awry.

Appearing as a greenish, milky crust around reddened eyes, it is nothing more than a slight nuisance to non-spellcasters. Spellcasters find their spells being erratic and dangerous.

Infection: Contact (another victim)

Effect: Each day you must make a save or, any time you cast a spell, it is randomly selected from your available spells.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a row or an elixir made from Oracle Sludge, special herbs, and hot grain alcohol.

Vein Nettle

They jerk and twitch, wracked with pain that flares like clockwork and stabs like needles.

The illness causes jagged protrusions to form on blood vessels and capillaries, filling the victim with pangs of immense and acute pain and occasionally piercing from under the skin with tiny thorns. The pain makes concentration and simple tasks all but impossible.

Infection: Contact, Injury

Effect: Every 6 hours you must make a save or have every skill you make be at disadvantage as you are wracked with pain.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a day or an injection of distilled Gristle Pear juice and a weak acid.

Whittle Worms

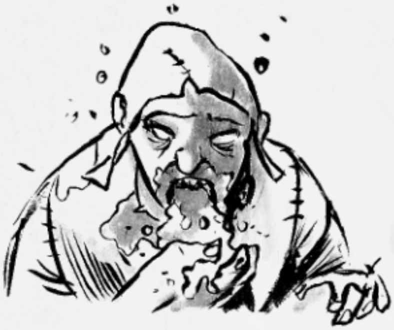
I can feel them, twitching and writhing, eating away at the pieces I use to feel the world.

Whittle Worms are a colony of long pale, thread-like parasites that feed on nerve-endings and sensory tissue, slowly destroying the five senses of its victims.

Infection: Consumption, Injury

Effect: You cannot feel pain or other sensations easily, as well, your vision, taste, hearing, and smell begin to dull. You are always at disadvantage when observing your surroundings or perception based skills.

Cure: 2 Successful saves in a row or a week-long surgery to carefully remove them from your body.



The Wretches

They waste away, from the inside out, like spoiled fruit that leaks and purges itself.

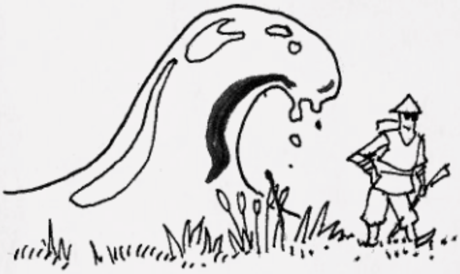
A disease that causes organs and internal tissue to rot away, forcing horrible vomiting as the victim spews their own insides.

Infection: Consumption, Contact, Injury

Effect: Each day you must make a save or vomit up a chunk of your own insides, reducing your maximum hit points by 1d4.

Cure: 3 Successful saves in a row or a tea made from a holy birch tree. Hit point maximum is recovered at a rate of 1d4 per day once cured.

HAZARDS & TRAPS

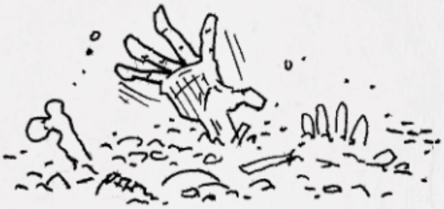


Amoeba Bog

Stagnant water that is surprisingly clean sits still, save for the occasional rhythmic shimmer. It is a swamp that is host to a single giant amoeba that grew out of control and consumed everything in the water. It now hunts those who enter or draw too close, attacking with fat pseudo-pods.
Detect: ***The water shimmers and moves like a living jello.***
Effect: Entering its body or close enough for it to lash out causes it to attack. (Save versus breath weapon each turn or suffer 1d6 acid damage as it burns away and digests flesh.)
Disable/Avoid: Throwing a sufficient bait near it distracts it and pacifies it for a time.

Blistering Ivy

An ivy grows close to the ground and up the sides of trees in thick star-shaped leaves with crimson-tinted tips. Merely touching the ivy causes exposed skin to break out in painfully itchy blisters that last for days on end.
Detect: ***A nature check or previous experience identifies the ivy for what it is.***
Effect: Making contact with the leaves coats bare skin in a oil that causes a terrible allergic reaction. (Roll 1d100. On a 1-99 Contact with the leaves causes the victim's skin to be inflamed and covered in boils, suffering disadvantage on all skill checks for the next 1d3 days. On a 100, the victim is miraculously immune to Blistering Ivy, and permanently suffers no ill effects.)
Disable/Avoid: Avoiding skin contact is the best choice. The blistering can be cured with a special herbal soap made from Wild Elf fat and Kingsleep Moss.



Bonemeal Quicksand

The ground is coated in a rough bleached scree, made of broken and polished bones. It is a deep pit of partially animated bones that work together to feed on those who unwittingly cross over-top of it.
Detect: ***Anything that lands on it is quickly dragged below.***
Effect: Moving over-top of the pile at a steady pace produces no effect. The moment someone stands still, the Bonemeal Quicksand activates, quickly dragging its victim below. (Save versus breath weapon or begin to be dragged below. One failed save immobilizes the victim, while two failed saves in a row sees the character drop below the surface of the pit, whereupon they take 3d6 crushing damage every turn as they are ground apart. They must make two successful saves in a row to free themselves.)
Disable/Avoid: Move quickly over top and do not stop.

Cutting Scrawl
A series of angry runes and symbols are carved into a surface, their corners drip viscous blood and fluids. Terrible cursed words and images that cause harm to anyone who gazes too long upon them.
Detect: ***Detection magic, merely reading them triggers their effect.***
Effect: The moment someone gazes upon them they are immediately understood and impart a truth, secret, or image so terrible it causes pain to the viewer. (Save versus charm/magic or suffer 1d6 psychic damage and lose all memory of the last hour.)
Disable/Avoid: Close eyes, do not make eye contact.

Doom Stones
An enormous standing stone seems tarnished and decayed, the scent of brimstone fills the air, and its surface is carved in all manner of lurid and profane script. Trapped inside the stone is a terrible spirit or fiend, its malicious conscious surpassing its prison and eager to torment passerbys. They were made and used in a time long before any written record.
Detect: ***Soft horrid voices can be heard from the stone if concentrated on.***
Effect: Passing near the stone causes anyone near to go mad, as the monster bound within presses its conscious against the victim. (Save versus charm or become inflicted with one random madness.)
Disable/Avoid: Hold onto a holy symbol to ward off the madness. Splashing the stone with holy water nullifies its power for an hour.

Drowning Pond
A serene pond of cattails and lily pads is filled with the harmonious singing of wildlife. A group of animals and insects learned a secret chord and now use it to charm mortals into drowning themselves in the pond.
Detect: ***The music is too perfect to be natural, and the many skeletal remains of its victims sit half-buried in the weeds.***
Effect: Those that listen to the animals' song for more than a minute find themselves losing control of themselves. (After one minute, save versus charm or find yourself under the effects of a Charm Person spell, commanding you to swim out into the pond and touch the bottom.)
Disable/Avoid: Sing an equally bad or discordant tune to counteract the song. Optionally, if you sing a song BETTER than the animals they become friendly.

Euphoria Stream
A warm teal stream seems to gently hum as vapor gently bubbles up and insects lazily bat against its surface. This stream is full of a potent euphoriant that absorbs through the skin and strong enough to send a horse into a dizzying, blissful coma.
Detect: ***The air is akin to that of a drug-den and the flies and small animals seem to happily drown themselves in the water.***
Effect: Skin contact to the water does not immediately cause the feelings of euphoria. Instead, after one minute of contact the drug kicks in and the victim turns into a giggling, belligerent addict. (After one minute, save versus poison or become addicted to the euphoric sensation for an hour, refusing to leave the stream and oblivious to the world around you. A successful save gives you the presence of mind to act logical for 1 minute.)
Disable/Avoid: Avoid skin contact.

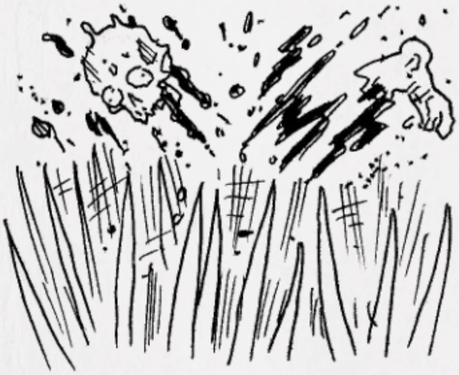
Fen of Thievery

A gentle bog is filled with tufts of swamp grass and the smell of peat, the surface seems to shimmer as if flaked with gold dust. This magical fen has the propensity to steal gold and valuable items, burying them deep under the silt of its floor.

Detect: ***The floor of the mire is littered with items and the water moves as if it is grabbing.***

Effect: Moving through the fen allows it to try and stealthily pick the pockets of whoever passes through. (Roll to notice the attempt at thievery, after which save versus breath weapon to avoid having anything stolen. Failure results in 1d3 unattended items being stolen or 1d10 coins.)

Disable/Avoid: Paying even a single coin in advance pacifies the fen enough for the person to cross unmolested. As long as wealth or items do not touch the water they are not at risk.



Flensing Grass

Silver, chest-high blades of grass dance like delicate little swords in the wind. This grass is as sharp and hard as silver and defends itself by slicing up anyone who attempts to cross through.

Detect: ***The grass twitches and moves on its own, and its base is littered with pieces of sliced up animals.***

Effect: Merely crossing through the grass causes it to react violently in a flurry of flensing cuts. (Each turn the grass makes 1d10 attacks with no bonus for 1d4 damage each against anyone within its space.)

Disable/Avoid: The grass is terrified of fire, and a single torch is enough to pacify it with fear.

Gallowlurks

Vines thick and knotted droop lazily and form stretching coils onto the ground. These vines are the snares of a fat, horrible limpet like creature that snags prey by the neck, dragging it high into the air like a noose.

Detect: ***The vines appear more like intestines, and the coils twitch from a fat barnacle like creature above.***

Effect: Stepping onto the coils of vine on the ground or touching them causes them to quickly snap up into the air, catching anyone in a noose-like bind. (Save versus breath weapon or be hoisted 1d4x10 feet into the air. You suffer 1d10 strangulation damage each turn unless you break free or escape.)

Disable/Avoid: Triggering the vines ahead of time from a distance is the quickest and easiest way to avoid them.

Gluttonous Tree

Roots weave thick and knotted in a carpet along the forest floor. The roots are those of carnivorous trees, that drag and crush those unfortunate lives who attempt to pass through.

Detect: ***The roots move ever so slowly, like vipers in anticipation; their shadowed knots reveal a bed of broken and bloody bones.***

Effect: Stepping on the root bed causes them to snap to life, dragging unsuspecting victims below and attempting to crush them into a bloody pulp. (Save versus breath or become pinned to the ground and suffer 1d8 damage per turn until you break free or escape. The roots can be cut, and dealing 10 or more damage causes you to be freed and safe until the next round.)

Disable/Avoid: Climbing the trees and avoiding the ground causes no retaliation, while throwing a body or pile of meat weighing 100 lbs or more satisfies the roots for an hour.

Hallucinogenic Moss

Patches of thick purple moss that glimmers iridescent like an oil slick. This moss has a habit of spewing out clouds of spore that causes vivid and sometimes dangerous hallucinations.

Detect: ***A nature check or previous experience identifies the moss for what it is.***

Effect: Stepping on or coming within arms reach of the moss causes it to release a cloud of hallucinogenic spores in a 10ft by 10ft area. (Save versus poison or suffer one random hallucination for 1 hour)

D6	Hallucination
1	Their friend is their worst enemy.
2	They are surrounded by the thing they fear most.
3	Everything is on fire.
4	The ground is swallowing them up.
5	The trees are shouting profanities and insults.
6	The Skulk is watching them.

Disable/Avoid: A crude gas-mask is enough to avoid the effects of the spores, as well as holding your breath for an extended time.

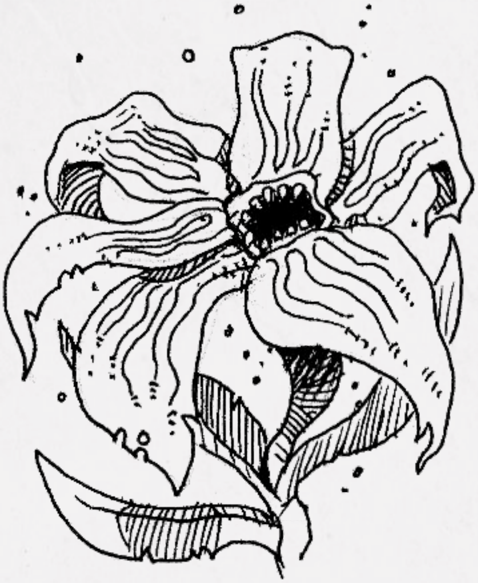
Hideous Totems

Monstrous decaying wooden totems, adorned with hideous faces and scrawl, stand with hundreds of rusted blades buried deep in their bodies. These totems are placed along roads and trails, cursing the trail to become impassable, as those who pass them find themselves walking in circles, always returning to the totem.

Detect: ***The totems give off a strong and malicious magical presence to anyone who can detect it.***

Effect: Those who pass by the totem travel for maybe half of an hour before arriving back at the totem. There is no way to pass beyond the totem without paradoxically ending back exactly where you started.

Disable/Avoid: Impaling and leaving the totems with a weapon is enough to suppress their power for a group to pass.



Hungry Lilies

Patches of ivory lilies are speckled with red like blood, they move in slow seductive motions. The lilies are a colony of ravenously carnivorous plants that can bleed a cow dry in a matter of minutes. Preferring to drain their prey of blood before devouring their limp exsanguinated corpse.

Detect: ***The lilies have tiny mouths full of teeth that click together in anticipation.***

Effect: Those who enter the patch of lilies are immediately attacked and begin to bleed profusely as the lilies are adept at honing in on arteries and veins. (Each turn the lilies make one attack, if successful the victim bleeds 1d4 damage every round until the bleeding is staunched or they receive medical aid.

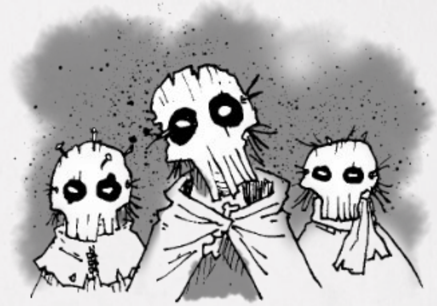
Disable/Avoid: The lilies despise the smell of garlic, and rubbing yourself with a crushed clove is enough to avert their attention.

Papa Sleep

A tall corpse of man in burlap rags drags an enormous ornate grandfather clock; leaving gouges in the earth and wailing a gentle lullaby the entire time. A strange and solemn thing, forever roving the trails of the Wilds and leaving a wave of sleep and exhaustion in his wake.
Detect: ***The sound of a children's lullaby and feeling of drowsiness.***
Effect: Those who hear Papa Sleep's sonorous song find themselves becoming drowsy, having to stave off waves of exhaustion. (Save versus charm or fall asleep. A successful saving throw avoids sleep, but leaves the character with one point of exhaustion.)
Disable/Avoid: The clock appears to be broken and inactive. Offering to fix Papa Sleep's clock stops him from singing his lullaby. Successfully repairing his clock fills him with joy, offering the helpful soul a magic ring before disappearing into the woods while humming a jig.

Reaper's Fingers

Thin, bone colored protrusions jut up from the ground like greedy little fingerbones. A small, grim looking fungus, its surface is coated in deadly toxin that causes illness with a single touch, and risks death with sustained contact.
Detect: ***A nature check or previous experience identifies the fungus for what it is.***
Effect: Merely touching a Reaper's Finger is enough to send a dangerous amount of toxins into the bloodstream. (On contact, save versus touch or become nauseated for 1 hour, suffering disadvantage on attack rolls and skill checks. In addition, touching the mushrooms for a second time requires a second save, or the victim falls unconscious. A third touch requires a save or the victim drops to zero hit points.)
Disable/Avoid: As long as the mushrooms do not make skin contact, the toxin does not have an effect.



Skull Children

They skulk and dart behind trees and into shadows, strange figures like children wearing masks of bone laughing at some monstrous joke. Small spirits of the restless youthful dead, Skull Children are physical apparitions bent on causing chaos wherever they go.
Detect: ***The sound of laughing children and figures wearing skull-faced masks moving just out of sight.***
Effect: Passing into the territory of Skull Children causes them to mercilessly haunt unsuspecting victims with dangerous pranks and mischief while they sleep. (Roll on the chart each night to determine the prank the Skull Children pull)

D6	Prank
1	**Pilfered Food** - 1d6 supplies worth of food is eaten.
2	**Firebug** - They pour oil over victim's clothing, igniting at the slightest touch of fire.
3	**Stones** - They throw stones at least 1d3 times a day for 1d4 damage each.
4	**Thieving Hands** - They steal 1d6 gold or items equal to that amount.
5	**Hide-and-Seek** - A great monster is lured to your location.
6	**Bored** - The Skull Children grow bored with you and leave, ending their haunting.

Disable/Avoid: Giving the Skull Children a single piece of candy or toy causes them to immediately cease their mischief, departing into the dark with a haunting laugh.

Spite Beds

The ground is littered with the bones of a thousand tiny beings, while the air seems to radiate a foul heat that does not warm the skin but the blood. Spite Beds are the precursor to a Vermincaust; a collection of thousands of minute corpses, simmering in hatred at the world around them. Their hatred and rage radiates outward, spilling into the minds of those who come too near.

Detect: ***A feeling of nausea, and the sound of dying vermin if you close your eyes.***

Effect: Passing over the Spite Bed triggers their psychic energy to rise up and claw at the minds of those nearby. (Save versus Charm or Magic or be overcome with a wave dizzying sickness, making all attacks against you at advantage for the next hour. Lingering any longer than a minute requires another save or you become enraged, striking out at any living thing within range of you. You may attempt to break free of the rage with a successful save the next round.)

Disable/Avoid: Splashing the area with a gallon of holy water or a pound of Sanctified Salt is enough to pacify the Spitebed.

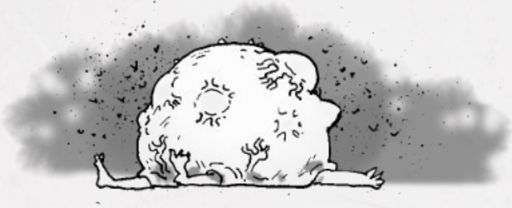
Stink Stalks

Tall fungal stalks stand as tall as a child, thin as broomsticks the color of rotted leather and smelling of spoiled marrow, their bodies are covered in pores that open and close slowly. A fungus that spews foul smelling spores when creatures are near, the scent attracts carnivores.

Detect: ***The smell is that of animal bait, as spores puff in anticipation.***

Effect: Passing within 5 feet of Stink Stalks causes them to vomit a cloud of spores in a 20 foot area, coating anyone near in the foul-smelling spores that attract predators. (Save versus breath weapon or double the amount of random wilderness encounters for 1d12 hours.)

Disable/Avoid: A successful stealth check allows one to avoid detection. They sense life via vibrations in the ground.



Volatile Cadaver

Fat corpses of the fresh and long dead lie side-by-side, bloated beyond recognition, looking more like balloons made of flesh than an actual bodies. These are bodies that have become hotspots for twisted and dangerous microbial life, so full that the slightest touch causes them to explode.

Detect: ***The bodies pulse and heave as small seams hint to the dangerous pressure within.***

Effect: The slightest touch provokes the Volatile Cadaver to burst violently in a shower of shrapnel and disease. (Save versus breath weapon or suffer 2d6 piercing and bludgeoning damage. As well, save versus poison or suffer one random disease.)

Disable/Avoid: Chucking a stone at one is enough to cause it to explode.

Wyrd Flare

The world seems strange here, twisting in subtle ways, changing just out of your sensory peripherals. These are dangerous areas where the power of the Wyrd has burst or flared, spilling out and morphing the fabric of reality.

Detect: ***Those capable of sensing magic perceive the distortion of reality, while those attuned to the Wyrd immediately know of the danger posed.***

Effect: The Wyrd magics are so strong that the very rules that govern reality breakdown and distort. Entering into the Wyrd Flare causes a random effect from the "Channeling the Wyrd" chart (pg. 185).

Disable/Avoid: Bearing items, treasures or pieces from a Wild Elf.

"I SEARCH THE BODY"

d50	"I SEARCH THE BODY AND FIND..."
1	A set of combs and soaps for removing lice and fleas.
2	A glass jar of various teeth.
3	1d10 torches, crafted from tree limbs, gnarled roots, and bones.
4	2d6 Gold coins, with the faces and mint crudely scratched off.
5	A large squirming leather sack, containing an infant Wild Elf.
6	1d6 dice made from the knucklebones of wild sheep.
7	3d6 arrows, with tips made from sharpened molars of a great beast.
8	The petrified and decaying head of an ancient druid.
9	A roughly printed phrasebook of Fangspek.
10	1d4 Hides of large carnivorous predators the color of coal and ash.
11	A wreath made of 1d6 useful plants and flowers.
12	1d3 tinderboxes, still full of dry tinder and matches.
13	A cast-iron skillet in good condition, but clearly used in combat once or twice.
14	A mask made from aged purple wood, its surface detailed with ragged scrawl.
15	1d6 chunks of goat jerky, all coated in mud and slime (but still usable).
16	A jug of fine spirits with a dead mouse at the bottom of the container.
17	A holy book, each page containing a pressed flower or leaf.
18	A fancy steel helmet with a faceplate that refuses to stay up.
19	Some fancy pipe-weed and a long wooden pipe made of stained oak.
20	Two masterwork compasses, each made of silver but pointing in different directions.
21	1d6 Jugs of water, each one smells faintly of sulfur.
22	A large decorative quilt, made from various cloths that depict heraldic crests.
23	A stoneware crock for cooking, a hideous face has been sculpted on its side.
24	A bag of Sanctified Salt.
25	A battered tin cage containing an unruly Quilluff.
26	A long necklace of wooden sigils and letters that can be used to read scrawl.
27	A sack full of 1d10 small birds, all dead with beautiful plumage.
28	1d3 blankets, made from scraps of wool and cotton.
29	An envelope of scabs, infected with a disease and clearly marked as such.
30	A wicker basket containing 1d6 meals worth of edible mushrooms.
31	3d10 Severed fingers on a necklace.
32	A treasure made by Wild Elves (see pg. 151).
33	A fragment of a spell book containing one random spell.
34	A backpack made from patchwork cloth and bits of leather.
35	1d4 knives, each with a bone handle, slightly rusted blade but incredibly sharp.
36	Pocket maps detailing the local area in some detail.
37	The journal of a long-dead adventurer, some secrets can be gleaned from the words.
38	Coils of rope, made from human and animal hair.
39	A pair of tough leather gloves, seasoned with age and already broken in.
40	Several sheets of clean vellum, made from human skin.
41	A poem, written in Rhymespeak, of a hidden treasure.
42	A woodcutter's ax of blackened iron, with 23 notches carved in its handle.
43	1d6 Pounds of oats in a burlap sack.
44	A fine wool cloak, covered in sewn-on patches of various adventuring bands.
45	A battered steel shield, emblazoned with the image of a fighting snail.
46	1d6 Books containing dark children's tales regarding the Wilds.
47	A walking stick made from iron wood with a deer-leather handle.
48	1d8 primitive charms, made from scrawl-etched bone, silver wire and twine.
49	A small curved whistle made from antler, used for calling deer.
50	Wood and tin bird call, depending on how it's twisted can make different calls.

RANDOM TRAILS AND PATHS

RANDOM TRAIL	d50
A wide footpath, dusted with coal ash and black sand.	1
The remains of a stone wall, crumbling, no taller than knee height.	2
Rough pale cobblestones, a closer look reveals them to be skulls.	3
The path is paved with gravestone, the names and dates still legible.	4
A thin recessed trail has been gouged by hoof track and animal use.	5
An ancient overgrown road of broken cobble and sand foundation.	6
A trail is marked on either side with fat, faintly glowing mushrooms.	7
The trail is made of the partially buried spine of some colossal corpse.	8
A series of steep eroded switchbacks ascend a mossy cliff-side.	9
The path is mysteriously devoid of any life. It smells of sulfur and blood.	10
A narrow damp fissure, like a hideous scar across the surface.	11
Erosion and flooding has gouged a rough, twisting path.	12
Through a canyon of loam and dirt, the walls are filled with twitching roots.	13
Immaculate, slowly ascending marble steps are lit by bronze braziers.	14
A great bed of vine winds onward like a treacherous knotted carpet.	15
A series of moldy boardwalks wind through a rancid fen.	16
Massive trees have been felled and flattened into an elevated walkway.	17
A single aged suspension bridge stretches over a misty gorge.	18
What was once a creek is now a muddy, fly ridden trail.	19
The trail is made with glittering quartz, broken into sand and pebbles.	20
A single winding a deer path, laden with salt-licks and snares.	21
The road winds through a deserted village, haunting eyes watch you.	22
A tunnel like terrace, woven from thick spider web and desiccated bodies.	23
The trail of sandstone is lined with countless monstrous totems.	24
A eerily straight trail, the sound of echoing voices are ever-present.	25
The ground is hot, a path made of smoldering embers.	26
A great stone wall, its crumbling battlement serves as a path.	27
Slats of wood have been laid down, their surfaces etched with poems.	28
A ferry pier and raft operated by a robed figure. They are paid in secrets.	29
A snaking carpet of ants serves as a trail. They ignore you.	30
Next to a stream lies a small weathered trail.	31
The trail is littered with shattered glass and mirrors.	32
Giant standing stones bearing greedy faces serve as path markers.	33
The sound of a whistling bird leads the way through a thicket.	34
Countless remains of weapons and armor have been laid out in a trail.	35
A giant frog offers to carry you on its back through a poison swamp.	36
Through the mouth and gullet of a sleeping Linnorm.	37
A trail of rusted pennies wind playfully around trees and stone.	38
An ancient stone staircase descends into a wooded gulch.	39
A trail of decapitated animals lead into the dark of the woods.	40
Trees are carved with the same strange symbol. It unnerves you.	41
Great cathedral ruins lie about. The remaining archways mark a path.	42
The trail is marked with skeletons hanging from nooses.	43
A great line of nithing poles bearing skulls spells a faint foot path.	44
The ivy-covered corpse of a great aqueduct now serves as a road.	45
A slimy, crusty path of an impossibly large slug. It smells of wet paint.	46
The brush has been intentionally burnt, carving a blackened footpath.	47
A river fjord is marked with crumbling, defaced statues of dead gods.	48
A line of robed monks silently point the direction of travel.	49
A great, kingly road lies untouched despite its clear age.	50

A WILDERNESS DUNGEON

d50	PREFIX	SUFFIX
1	Aviary	Of Absolution
2	Backwoods	Of Anguish
3	Bog	Of Awakening
4	Burial Ground	Of Blades
5	Burrows	Of Bloodshed
6	Canyon	Of Bones
7	Cliffs	Of Bounty
8	Conifers	Of Broken Time
9	Copse	Of Burning
10	Cradle	Of Corpses
11	Crater	Of Dead Gods
12	Den	Of Dead Kings
13	Evergreens	Of Decay
14	Fen	Of Desolation
15	Flowerbed	Of Disease
16	Forest	Of Drowning
17	Garden	Of Druids
18	Gorges	Of Eternal Dreams
19	Graveyard	Of Euphoria
20	Greenlands	Of Filth
21	Grove	Of Fool's Gold
22	Haven	Of Hunger
23	Hearth	Of Madness
24	Hills	Of Mutation
25	Hive	Of Night
26	Hunting Grounds	Of Nightmares
27	Marsh	Of Poison
28	Maze	Of Regret
29	Mire	Of Rime
30	Mound	Of Sacrifice
31	Mountain	Of Silence
32	Nest	Of Singing
33	Old-Growth	Of Snares and Traps
34	Orchard	Of Spores
35	Primeval Woods	Of Standing Stones
36	Remains	Of Storms
37	Road	Of the Ancients
38	Rotfields	Of the Behemoth
39	Ruins	Of the Crows
40	Sporebed	Of the Flesh
41	Swamps	Of the Lost
42	Thicket	Of the Megalith
43	Timberline	Of the Mother
44	Trail	Of the Ritual
45	Valley	Of the Totems
46	Weald	Of the Void
47	Wetlands	Of Trickery
48	Wildlands	Of Vermin
49	Woodland	Of Worms
50	Woods	Of Wraiths

THE DANGER	THE SECRET OR TREASURE	d50
Feral Knights patrol the trails in pairs.	A tree that tells horrid but perfect predictions.	1
Sleep is plagued by nightmares of an unholy shrine.	A way to acquire immortality.	2
Ravagers hunt travelers for sport here.	The name of a powerful primal deity.	3
Home of a monstrous intelligent spider.	Great statues constructed entirely of gold.	4
Is quick to snatch corpses and the fallen.	Spell books of an ancient and powerful Wyrd Mage.	5
Thick canopies cast the area in total darkness.	The location of the Wild's beating heart.	6
Ground is tumultuous and hungers for flesh.	Blueprints for magical weapons of terrible power.	7
Robs adventurers at every possible turn.	A method for temporarily controlling the Wyrd.	8
Travel is almost always up the face of a cliff.	A legendary Dryadi craftsman and their workshop.	9
The game and flora is diseased and unsafe.	Standing stones that reveal the future.	10
The wildlife all works together to hunt and kill.	A means of traveling back in time.	11
A mad Druid holds the name of a Primal Deity.	The relic bones of an ascended saint.	12
It is far too easy to become lost here.	A suit of mythic iron armor, buried with its champion.	13
A terrible false god demands your worship.	A grimoire that lists the sins of every mortal.	14
Magic and spells have a terrible life of their own.	The invulnerable pelt of an ancient wolf god.	15
The dead here never stay dead for long.	The last and greatest writings of a warrior-poetess.	16
Refuses to let any fire or lamplight burn.	A magic forge that runs on flesh and bones.	17
Rust grips metal at an accelerated rate.	Spider-silk crafted by the first of arachnids.	18
Has a habit of taking eyes and ears.	The maddening songbook of an insane-savant bard.	19
The trees and flora conspire against you.	A long-held secret of The Lady of Broken Branches.	20
A Fiend has made its home here in the shadows.	A dark ritual, strong enough to change the fate of the world.	21
A cult of gibbering lunatics demand sacrifice.	A way to return someone from death, no matter what.	22
No one ever leaves unscathed.	The teachings of a legendary warrior.	23
Flooding happens regularly.	The secret of controlling mortal with a single word.	24
A crazed bard rules from a ruined keep.	A brazier containing a fire that will never go out.	25
Seeming shelters are always trapped.	The body of a powerful but forgotten deity.	26
Nighttime ambushes are common.	A painting, hidden away for its terrible beauty.	27
The private hunting ground of a Wild Elf Lord.	The great tomb of a legendary civilization.	28
Memories are hard to keep.	Flesh from the body of a divine being.	29
A single errant spark will start a wildfire.	The knowledge of every trail and its destination.	30
The trails change course every full moon.	A bow that is said to call storm-clouds and lightning.	31
Vampylfs have infected every living beast.	Method for preserving the mind, even when the body decays.	32
Knows your darkest desires.	A portal of shadow and ivy that leads to the afterlife.	33
All ground is thick, sinking mud.	An ironwood chest containing a sleeping godling.	34
All tolls here are paid in fingers.	The crumbling tower of a demigod who weeps sapphire tears.	35
Hates and destroys bearers of holy symbols.	The name of a watchful living star, its powers unknown.	36
At least one traveler always goes mad.	A memory that is utterly important, but long forgotten.	37
Loud noises alert a primordial beast.	The chords to a song that will win any heart.	38
Wyrd flares cause mutation and worse.	A single flower that can cure any ailment or disease.	39
Loners are always captured.	A method for killing The Ruin.	40
The sound of music is met with punishment.	The crown of a ruler, worth more than any castle.	41
Everyone is a backstabber and liar.	A key that can be used to open anything, not just locks...	42
Time is fickle and flows in many directions.	The sarcophagus of an ancient and powerful hero.	43
Trust only what you hear, never what you see.	The process for removing the curse of Treewylding.	44
Tests your strength in the most brutal ways.	A forgotten library full of ancient and powerful tomes.	45
Entering is easy, escape is difficult.	The last known location of a falling star.	46
Trails and paths are spots for ambush.	The buried untold riches of a barbarian king.	47
Enjoys riddles and punishing unclever sorts.	An heirloom that spells disaster for a great ruler...	48
Deadly chill befalls at night.	A terrible truth of a noble lineage.	49
Always takes a single life.	The loving embrace of a deity.	50

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS

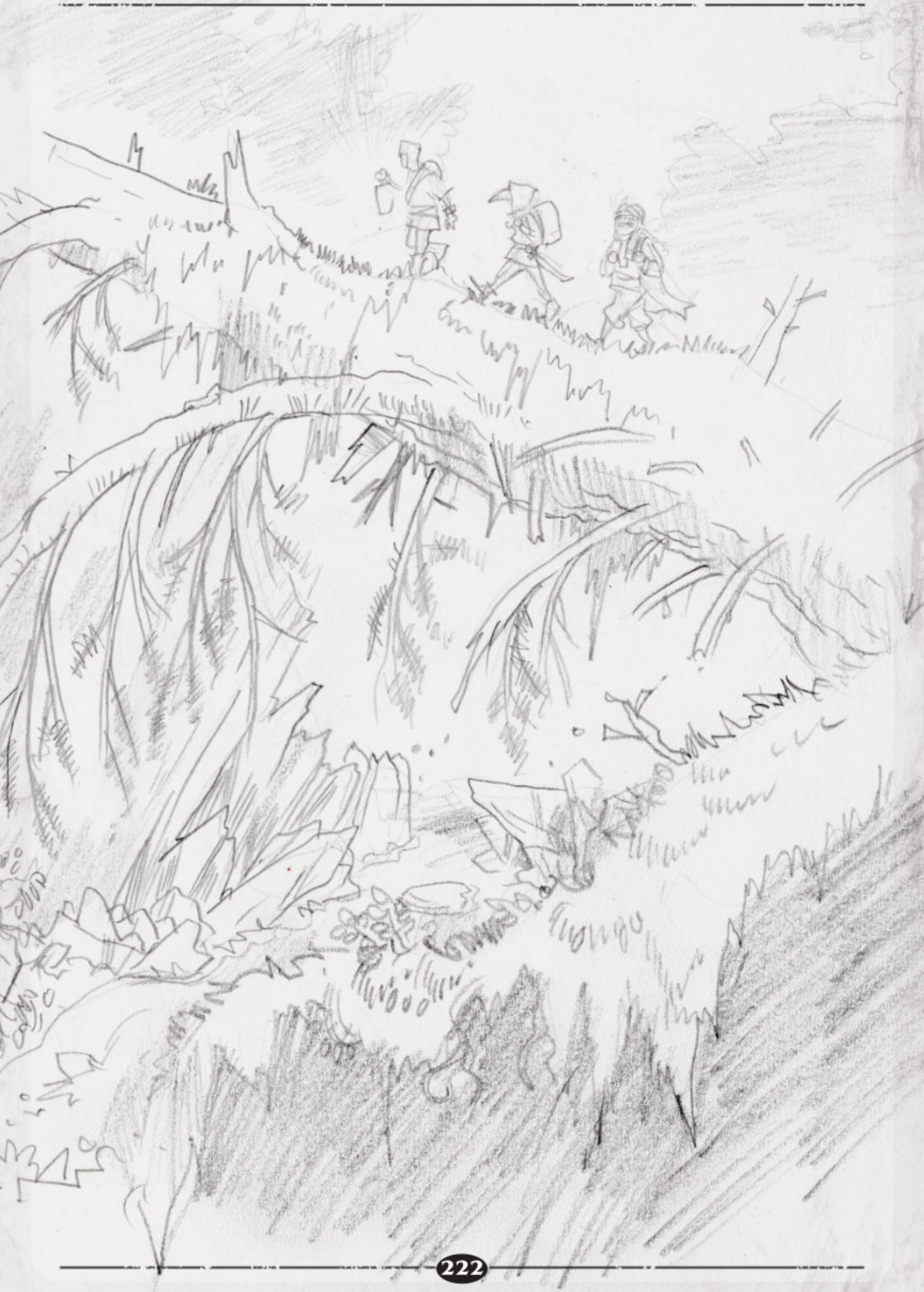
d50	WILDERNESS SCENES	TYPES OF WOODS
1	Small undulating loam hills.	Faintly glowing coniferous forest.
2	Large wide sinkholes, now overgrown.	Solemn ragged pale birch trees.
3	A bog full of twitching bloated corpses.	Dark gnarled trees, hard as iron.
4	A field of tiny splintered bones.	Thick pulsating moss carpets everything.
5	Chaotic mess of dirt piles and rotted logs.	Thorny underbrush begs for blood.
6	Armor, weapons, skeletons from a long-forgotten battle.	Sparse trees in perfect careful rows.
7	Hundreds of burrows pepper the ground.	Thick oaks packed tight.
8	Ancient glacial boulder field.	Sickly looking conifers with dry rot.
9	An abbey, now decayed.	The thick canopy is a single twisting tree.
10	The ruins of a camp, signs of violence.	A grove of pear trees, the fruit worm-filled.
11	Slow decline, dotted with fresh stumps.	Many trees that leak a thick foul white foam.
12	A series of warm leisurely streams.	Tall grass shifts without wind.
13	A cold fast moving creek.	Trees with branches forming hands.
14	Great steep shale field.	Tall thin trees, scorched recently.
15	Old riverbed, long-since dried.	Trees heavy in poison ivy.
16	A pond, host to many strange tiny beings.	The air is choked with spores that cling to everything.
17	Field of freshly upheaved dirt.	Hollow ash trees packed with animal nests.
18	Marshy lowland, peppered by large boulders.	Sunken trees coated in stringy moss.
19	Eerily flat in all directions, the ground moves.	Ferns that enjoy clinging to skin.
20	Steep mountainside with fast moving water run-off.	Deciduous trees, covered in vicious scars.
21	Deep gorge, layers of moist earth on both sides.	Wide short trees with screaming faces.
22	Ridge of metamorphic rock juts up angrily.	Trees with long roots that snake and writhe.
23	A channel laden with stacked-stones.	An impenetrable canopy obscures all light.
24	A ruined forest altar, shattered on purpose.	Trees fat and blistered with disease.
25	Large cliff face packed with fresh wet clay.	The ground is thick with sticky fungus.
26	Stony ground with a long deep dark fissure.	Strange topiary woven with bones.
27	Steep incline, cut with several caves.	Thick with dead, fallen, and ruined trees.
28	A broken stone bridge in the middle of nowhere.	Great pine trees bleeding glowing blue sap.
29	Decaying masonry hundreds of feet all around.	Thin trees grow tightly together, like a cage.
30	A burnt out cabin.	Spindly maples, twigs tipped with blood.
31	Several ponds, stagnant and fly-filled.	Umbral oaks carved with angry runes.
32	An overgrown graveyard.	The canopy is thick with spider webs.
33	A massive wicked standing stone.	Short grey trees with fleshy trunks.
34	Soft swampy ground.	Trees and foliage tinted blue and stains the ground.
35	A grove of discarded statues.	Sparse, thin, leafless pines.
36	Difficult from all of the rotten logs.	A small treeless field of invasive wretched weeds.
37	The overgrown bones of some giant beast.	Giant evergreens, long dead, nooses bear skeletons.
38	Several oddly tall dirt mounds.	Lonely ash trees, every inch covered in strange scrawl.
39	Massive stacks of brush and branches.	Strong healthy beech trees, roots snarl around skulls.
40	The remains of many trails.	Grove of massive elms with translucent leaves.
41	Tracks of a herd of beast has destroyed the ground.	Pale white trees that bleed red, with crimson leaves.
42	Large rolling hills that seem hollow, and hungry...	Many trees, all severely windblown to the south.
43	A canyon complex is carved deep into the ground.	Impossibly tall sequoias that disappear into the sky.
44	The ground is alive with countless industrious insects.	Cherry blossom trees, twisted and perverted somehow.
45	The earth and stones here are ashen and break easily.	Elm trees, all leafless and worm-ridden, but still alive somehow.
46	A bear graveyard.	Spruce trees, their needles hard as iron.
47	Several bonfires smolder still.	Several of the trees branches end with hand-like a shape.
48	A large stream disappears down into a hole.	The roots are thick and all connect together in spirals.
49	The ground is naturally terraced.	The leaves here glint like silver in the half-light.
50	Thick viscous mud oozes and is as warm as blood.	You can’t be sure, but the trees seem to move...

SMELLS AND SOUNDS	d50
SMELL: The smell of rotting cheese chokes your senses.	1
SOUND: Thousands of skittering legs move about unseen.	2
SMELL: Freshly cut grass burns itself deep into your nostrils.	3
SOUND: The faint plucking of a strings wafts through the air.	4
SOUND: The area fills with bird noises, eventually becoming deafening.	5
SMELL: Oddly sweet, like fresh cinnamon rolls. Marked only by a twinge of ozone.	6
SOUND: Standing to close to certain areas triggers agonizing tinnitus.	7
SMELL: Heavy with burnt wood and cooked flesh.	8
SMELL: Tainted by the smell of spoiled meat, but you find yourself wanting more...	9
SOUND: A droning noise, like that of a single colossal hornet, surrounds you.	10
SMELL: Acrid and pungent like fresh cat urine and spilled alcohol.	11
SOUND: Someone or something weeping softly. There is no-one.	12
SMELL: The scent of stale bread clogs your nostrils.	13
SMELL: Something has died and long since rotted, its scent lingers in the air.	14
SOUND: A series of owls call to each other. They seem to be talking about you.	15
SMELL: Pine sap, acrid and overpowering, its smell clings to everything.	16
SMELL: Loamy earthen scents waft all around, they greedily fill your lungs.	17
SMELL: Electric coppery scents occasionally strike your nostrils.	18
SOUND: The woods go dead silent suddenly, save for your cautious steps.	19
SMELL: Almost undetectable, but a warm pheromone. You begin to feel... strange...	20
SOUND: The sound of running water deep underneath the ground.	21
SOUND: Voices in the darkness chitter and chatter among themselves, they know your names.	22
SMELL: Pockets of oily burnt air seem to rise up from the ground.	23
SOUND: A single piercing note, like and out of tune violin is heard in the distance.	24
SOUND: Pained shrieking howls from a cat or some animal.	25
SMELL: The scent of freshly fallen rain and faint ozone.	26
SMELL: Musk and odor stifles the air, growing stronger the deeper you go.	27
SOUND: A single unseen bird makes a single note every two seconds without fail.	28
SMELL: Expelled bowels and rotted flesh fills the air like a miasma.	29
SOUND: Something is stifling a laughter, malicious chuckles slip out...	30
SMELL: The warm comforting smell of cooking food, but something is terribly wrong.	31
SOUND: A low rumbling drone from deep under the earth.	32
SMELL: Mother's milk, warm and sickly sweet, overwhelming and unenjoyable.	33
SOUND: Strange deafening trumpets from beyond the clouds, terrifying and unearthly.	34
SMELL: Pungent body odor, mixed with the musk of some unknown animal.	35
SOUND: Animal calls, distorted and otherworldly, all as if in pain.	36
SMELL: The smell of a tea-shop, resplendently aromatic at first, but overpowering in spots.	37
SMELL: Animal dung, earthy and foul, especially in the heat of day.	38
SOUND: The sound of things dropping from high in the trees. Oddly rhythmic, getting closer.	39
SOUND: Piercing cracks, followed by the gentle sound of air escaping from below.	40
SOUND: Constant angry bird calls surround you from all sides, they are mocking you.	41
SOUND: Iron and metal grinding against one another. Grating and angry.	42
SMELL: Fresh air rushes in, but steadily grows foul. You can bear it for the time being.	43
SMELL: Pungent like lantern oil, the scent make it hard to concentrate.	44
SMELL: The smell of rotted eggs and sulfur hangs low to the ground. The scent makes you dizzy...	45
SOUND: A crackling fire off in the distance, it must be massive to be heard from here...	46
SMELL: No smell, in fact, it is uncannily devoid of smell. Your own odor creeps into your nose.	47
SOUND: The croaks and chirps of frogs in the brush, a guttural and gentle song.	48
SMELL: A choking loamy scent of mold and moss. It comes in waves and creeps into your lungs.	49
SOUND: The gentle hum of a folk song, the singer nearby. Are they friend or foe?	50

WYRD & WILD ENCOUNTERS

d50	ENCOUNTERS AND MOOD (D6)
1	Warg the Wanderer, a feral merchant who deals in pelts and magic items. **Mood:** 1-2 Selling alcohol and food. 3-4 Selling unique animal parts. 5-6 Selling magical items.
2	Lone Dryadi, wandering quietly through the Wilds. **Mood:** 1 Claims characters are unwelcome. 2-3 Indifferent, hunting or busy. 4-5 In distress, needs help. 6 Interested, willing to chat or trade.
3	Cherub Choir, 1d6 of them perched in a tree. **Mood:** 1-4 Hungry, twisted smiles before they attack. 5-6 Indifferent, their recent kills lie scattered among the brush.
4	A Feral Knight guards this spot. **Mood:** 1-3 Prowling, hyper-aggressive and bloodthirsty. 4-5 Indifferent, looking for something. 6 Lies at rest, attacks if disturbed.
5	Hermit Spider, nestled in its home, eyes ever watchful. **Mood:** 1-4 Hungry, lies in wait near a path, ready to strike. 5 Indifferent, recently ate. 6 Busy, looking for a new home.
6	Ailiper Nest, 2d6 of them coiled among each other. **Mood:** 1-3 Angry, aggressive. 4-5 Sluggish, just ate. 6 Surprised, flee from vicinity.
7	Slumbering Linnorm, ancient and gigantic. **Mood:** 1 Awakens, demands to know who dares disturb them. 2-5 Stirs, unleashes vermin but doesn't pursue. 6 Indifferent.
8	Root Troll, silently weeping among the trees. **Mood:** 1-2 Furious at the intrusion, attacks. 3-4 Irritated, demands a reason for the trespass. 5-6 Indifferent, melancholy and hurt.
9	Hunters, ragged and rough, the Wilds have them. **Mood:** 1 "Easy prey!", they eagerly attack. 2-3 Hostile, defending their quarry and supplies. 4-5 Indifferent, so long as you don't screw anything up. 6 Friendly, looking to trade or help, for the right price.
10	2d6 Ravager Pups, bored and frustrated. **Mood:** 1-3 Attacks, looking for a kill to prove themselves, eat, or pass time. 4-5 Hostile, demands tribute. 6 Offers for you to join them.
11	Ravager Camp, 2d6 Pups, 1d6 Blooders or 2 Clawdogs, and a Skaalmage or Fang. **Mood:** 1-2 Hostile, intruders are met with swift punishment. 3-4 Hostile, brought in for questions and robbery. 5 Curious, asks for information to help their raids. 6 Offers for you to join them.
12	Bauik, stalking and lurking in the shadows. **Mood:** 1-2 Waits to strike, attempts to disarm prey with its power. 3-4 Stalks, attacks at night. 5-6 Follows, but indifferent.
13	A Devil Stag, emerges from the shadows with the smell of sulfur and wicked smile. **Mood:** 1-2 Indifferent, on its way to collect a soul. 3-6 Looking to make a bargain.
14	Curseweald, rotten and wretched, poisoning the ground. **Mood:** 1-3 Hungry and vicious. 4-5 Irritated, fends off intruders. 6 Indifferent, doesn't want to be disturbed.
15	2d6 Mycelium Zombies, gathered in a patch and hidden. **Mood:** 1-2 Hostile, highly active and agitated. 3-6 Indifferent, attack if disturbed.
16	Cindersham, lurking in the dark. **Mood:** 1-2 Aggressive, desperate for a meal. 3-4 Hungry, looking for an easy meal. 5-6 Indifferent, just passing through.
17	1d6 Snuff Hounds, their haunted cries echoing in the air. **Mood:** 1-3 Hungry, in search of light to eat. 4-5 Curious, waiting for light to eat. 6 Indifferent, passing through.
18	Blukstound, twitching with the sound of splintering wood. **Mood:** 1-3 Hostile, looking for a meal. 4-5 Aggressive, defending a recent kill. 6 Indifferent, doesn't want to be approached.
19	False Beggar, appears as a mortal along the road, asks for coin or meal. **Mood:** If denied a simple charity, will attack.
20	Spindle Cat, climbing and hiding among the trees. **Mood:** 1-3 Waiting to strike, an ambush. 4-5 Hunting other prey, attacks if disturbed. 6 Indifferent, cautious.
21	Slavern, sniffing the ground, the smell of acid. **Mood:** 1-2 Hungry, looking for an easy meal. 3-4 Hunting small game, hostile if disturbed. 5-6 Indifferent, keeps its distance.
22	Wandering Grimmking, striding through the forest. **Mood:** The Grimmking walks the same path as always, its stride always unbroken.
23	Wyrd Mage, a spellcaster who communes with the Wyrd. **Mood:** 1 Hostile and mad, attacks strangers. 2-4 Indifferent, wants to be left alone. 5-6 Curious but strange.
24	2d6 Skunk Apes, a family hiding in the brush. **Mood:** 1 Hostile, blindly attacks anyone. 2-3 Hungry, looking for an easy meal. 4-5 Hostile, defending a recent kill. 6 Curious and interested, their smell still overwhelming.
25	3d6 Shamblers, moaning and gathered in the dark. **Mood:** 1-3 Hostile, attack intruders. 4-6 Indifferent, for a time...

ENCOUNTERS AND MOOD (D6)	d50
Rittermote, armed and hale. **Mood:** 1-3 Ready for a glorious fight! 4-5 Curious, indifferent. 6 On its way to a worthy opponent, dare to measure up?	26
Arcanis Arachni, perched in their web. **Mood:** 1-4 Hostile and hungry. 5-6 Indifferent, weaving a new spell.	27
Hideous Totem, decaying wood and a hideous face; its body filled with rusted blades.	28
Cutting Scrawl, vicious lines of sharpened language, it slices like a knife.	29
Bonemeal Quicksand, rough pale scree of broken shattered bone.	30
Jukkenrotter, lonesome and lumbering, the scent of decay. **Mood:** 1 Upset, hostile. 2-6 Indifferent, busy tending to the Wilds.	31
Dragon Ticks, swollen bodies and glittering eyes hiding in the trees. **Mood:** 1-4 Hungry, ready to engorge themselves. 5-6 Engorged but still hungry and hostile.	32
1d6 Blight Motes, chittering and buzzing in refuse. **Mood:** 1-3 Hostile and hungry to despoil. 4-5 Bored, will harass but avoid direct danger. 6 Indifferent, hostile if disturbed.	33
Hallucinogenic Moss, purple and thick with a sheen like oil.	34
Gluttonous Tree, its root thick and knotted, a rumbling can be heard from within.	35
Standing Stones, newly erected. **Mood:** 1-2 Strange symbols scratched into them. 3-4 Painted with fresh blood. 5-6 Primitive images carved into their faces.	36
Standing Stones, impossibly ancient. **Mood:** 1-2 Broken and defaced. 3-4 Tree roots coiled and crushing them. 5-6 Weathered and corroded writing, illegible.	37
Bramble Beast, bristling with thorn and claw. **Mood:** 1-3 Stalks and strikes when the time is right. 4-5 Hungry, looking for an easy meal. 6 Curious, watches from a distance.	38
Royal Fox, slender and graceful, a grin on its face. **Mood:** 1 Spying on the characters, flees if spotted. 2-3 On business, greets and moves on. 4-5 Curious, willing to chat. 6 Has a message for the characters.	39
Ether-Rat, a nest of 1d6. **Mood:** 1-3 Territorial, attacks until hurt. 4 Indifferent, possibly hungry 5-6 Surprised, teleports away.	40
Wyrd Flare; the world seems strange here, twisting in subtle ways.	41
Gripple Bats, a horrid flock of 1d3. **Mood:** 1-3 Voracious with hunger, attacks and feasts. 4-5 Indifferent, busy eating something. 6 Sleeping, violent if disturbed.	42
Oracle Sludge, creeping along the ground. **Mood:** 1-2 Hungry, will try to devour someone. 3-4 Needs information, strikes and flees. 5-6 Indifferent, busy with a plan.	43
Hideous Totems, decaying wood, hideous faces and hundreds of rusted blades.	44
Reaper's Fingers, bony protrusions jut up from the ground.	45
Grove of violent trees, their creaks and groans speak of bloodshed. **Mood:** 1-3 Angry, tries to kill the intruder. 4-5 Territorial, warns and gives a chance to leave before striking. 6 Foul-tempered, will strike if they are mistreated.	46
Drowning Pond, a serene pond, the harmonious singing of wildlife.	47
Primal Skaal, a mournful wail slips from its mouth. **Mood:** 1-2 Angry, attacks in a rage. 3-4 Hungry, looking for an easy meal. 5-6 Indifferent, sings a dangerous song to no one.	48
Rotwood Dryadi, a festering group of 1d8. **Mood:** 1-3 Angry, attack in a frenzy. 4-5 Indifferent, lost in a trance unless disturbed. 6 Waiting to die, desire to be left in peace...	49
Adventuring Band, knaves, cut-throats, and do-gooders. **Mood:** 1 "Friends," helpful for a time, backstab the moment it suits them. 2-3 Hostile, defending a recent score or trophy. 4-5 Indifferent, so long as you don't mess with them too much. 6 Friendly, looking to trade or help, for the right price.	50



A HUNDRED

Wyrd Locations

1. ABBEY TO THE GODFLESH

Through a corroded iron gate, past a line of weeping statues, a great stone abbey sits untouched by the surrounding woods. The inside is rotted, and the floorboards give away with a single step. Something wriggles and pulses on the altar, and the world seems to distort. A single piece of still-living flesh from a divine being rests here. Its power untapped, its great influence runs wild in this area. Nothing is what it seems.

2. ABSTERSION POOL

The air grows calm here, and the trees form a thick lattice above. The light that shines through seems to form shapes of symbols and beings that dance on a clear crystal pool as the trees sway in the wind. The water is the cleanest you've ever seen and no animals dare disturb its shores. Created from the single tear of a god, the pool cleans any impurity or ailment, scars and sickness washing away into the sacred waters. It does not sit unguarded though, the elder Dryads Ardgal and Aife watch over it judging those worthy who might attempt to bath in the pool

3. ALE SPRING

A small rocky pool of liquid arises from deep in the ground and flows into a stream. Foamy and gold it smells of hops and ale. It is ale! (well lager technically). It has a well-rounded flavor and a slight hint of malted sweetness. It flows out cold at 37° F, at a rate of about 2 pints a minute, or 15 gallons an hour. There is no detectable magic, but it does beg the question of how it's being made.

4. ALTIOC'S GRAVE

Across this forest of sickly oak trees you see the hints of struggle. Not just a struggle, a great battle. Scattered about the forest floor, under a layer of dirt and leaves piled several bodies deep, you find the ancient corpses of warriors long past, their armor rusted to dust, their weapons sticking up like saplings. These are the remains of an army's failed attempt to combat the Wilds. Led by a self-proclaimed "Saint Altioc" they did battle with the beasts of the Wild for many years, before finally perishing here. Altioc's spirit still haunts these woods, appearing as a regal ghost, torn to shreds, ribbons of flesh floating in the invisible wind. His army will fight again, but only if his heart, taken from him by a great beast, can be retrieved.

5. BATHING POOLS

At the top of a stony hill, surrounded by poplar trees, a series of 4d6 Shallow pools lie embedded in rocky ground. Faint warm mist radiates from them and the trees block out most of the surrounding sound. A natural hot spring location, its temperature fluctuates between 88 to 93°F all times of the year. As well the waters do wonders on the skin thanks to a natural water softener.

6. BAUIK HIVE

A range of forested mountains make travel difficult. They smell foul and the treeline is broken by stony outcroppings of massive metamorphic rock. There are cracks between these stones that run deep into lightless passages, just barely wide enough to squeeze into the hungry fissures. There are voices in the tunnel, sweet like honey and dripping with loving promises. Every passage and opening interconnects to one-another, a spiderweb of dirt and earth. Countless Bauiks make their home in these tunnels, their monstrous lord presiding over this lightless kingdom of tunnels. Who knows what riches are hidden within.

7. BLISS FIELDS

It is hard to see here. The air is thick with a sweet, fragrant green mist that pours in from all sides. You can only see a few paces in front of you, everything else is just shapes. There is lush tall grass and flowers, while every few yards large dead trees, stripped of bark and branch, stand like lonely standing stones. There is life here, animals dance about and come close, oblivious even when you kill them for their meat. Many soft voices, speaking like lovers, beckon you deeper into the mist. You feel you mind go blank with euphoria.

8. BOREAL WOODS

The crunch of pine-needle and dry branch. The smell of pine and fresh sap. A massive wood of pine, spruce, and larch trees sprout high into the air, looking like thousands of toothpicks stuck into the landscape.

9. BRAMBLE MAZE

Thick vicious undergrowth chokes everything. Caverns of wild thorns and vines hunger for fresh blood. The path that winds through follows strange geometric patterns, and the brush seems to shift when no one is looking at it. It needs to feed; only flesh will do.

10. BRISTLEPINE GROVE

Ancient gnarled pine trees, looking more like dignified shrubs, grasp tightly to the side of their skree hillside. They are ancient beyond measure. The stories they could tell of a world long gone.

11. BROKEN SHRINE

Pieces of worn stone scatter this grove of moss and leaves. The pieces seem to have been ornately carved once, but now age and vandalism has taken its toll. It once stood as an altar for a cabal of druids and their profane sacrifices. Until something catastrophic happened in a single night.

12. CAIRN OF THE FIRST HUNTERS

A seemingly innocent pile of stones are gathered here. However, each one is decorated with a crude image of a prehistoric beast. The first mortals to call themselves hunters would gather here, recording their bloody deeds and triumphs on rock and stone. This is their monument.

13. CENOTAPH TO A DEAD SERAPH

Great stones, roughly carved and formed into a classical structure, stand solemnly in a boreal clearing. Upon the largest face is a vast scripture a hundred lines long. The script is beautiful, but the image of a great winged monstrosity sits in its center. A divine beast fell here once; for a time its corpse lay and its dead form was worshiped. Then one day it was gone. In despair a memorial was built and the worshipers buried themselves alive.

14. CLIFFACE AMPHITHEATER

A great semicircle depression of terraces sink into the ground facing a concave cliff-face. The acoustics at the bottom project sound quite well, much like a stage. Perhaps a show is in order?

15. CLONAL FOREST

The trees here, white bark and sickly green leaves, all look the same. For miles in all directions the only tree found is this one. It shares a great single root structure, stretching miles into the earth. Interconnected under a single will it reigns as king of this plot of land. It would be wise to show it the respect it deserves.

16. COLLECTOR'S STATUE GARDEN

A thing of rags and occasional mutterings wanders this stretch of rotted woods. "The Collector," it goes by, and scattered through the trees are many beautiful alabaster statues. The statues are always of mortals or animals in throes of anguish or terror, the details impossibly fine. One would suspect foul play. The Collector denies any such allegation.

17. COUNCIL OF BLIND ARCHMAGES

In a clearing you spot them. Once fine robes, now tattered rags, adorn five decrepit figures. They call out and beckon you close with staffs made of rusted iron and dry-rot wood. All five of them are blind and desperate for company. they will talk at great lengths about all manner of things from the mundane (weather, books, favorite soup), to the esoteric (arcane spells, artifact locations, potion ingredients). They were mighty once, until they gazed upon some terrible secret. Afterwards, they fled to the woods and gouged out their eyes to remove what they'd seen and now live as blind hermits.

18. DARKLY LAKE

A smooth beach of salt and pepper colored sand surrounds a great lake. Small gentle waves lap at the shore while its depths are the color of dark emeralds.

19. DECIDUOUS GROWTH

The trees here have wide trunks and thick canopies. The branches will either be dense with leaves or empty and barren, depending on the season. Small animals can be found throughout this woods, their quick movements echoing through the leafy ground.

20. DESOLATE CRATER

The ground gives way to blasted stone and gravel. A depression in the earth, like some giant's bowl collecting rainwater and flies. A meteor fell here, who knows how long ago; its ashen remnants buried deep in the center of this crater.

21. DEVIL'S GARDEN

The usual diversity of plants and trees disappear here. Only evenly spaced larch trees and a bed of crabgrass can be found here. This is not coincidence, but the careful machinations of a cabal of demonic sprites. They love larch trees and crabgrass and have slowly poisoned anything outside of that, killing it over the course of years. This treatment extends to anything that passes through their little garden.

22. DWELLING OF THE SCROLL MAN

Inside a cave buried into the side of a hill, surrounded by piles of crude vellum scrolls, sits a lone grey-haired being by the name of Gallinade. His skin is etched with thousands of words which he carves off in long vellum sheets every day, only to be healed come sunrise; his skin replaced with new words. He does not age and prefers to be left alone, slowly building his collection of skin-scrolls for a purpose he refuses to answer. For the price of food or entertainment (and only when he feels like it), Gallinade can produce any written work or magic scroll, if he doesn't already have it in his collection.

23. ELK HAVEN

A grove of trees and tall grass that smells of musk and fresh animal droppings sits at the edge of a creek. A herd of elk gather here, one of the few places they have found to be safe more often than not.

24. ENORMOUS OWL STATUE

The statue of a great owl sits at the base of a cliff, small tendrils of ivy climbing up its legs. Its gaze is ominous and almost alien. You don't like it.

25. EXILE'S CAMP

3d20 renegades and criminals call this collection of makeshift buildings and tents their home. Giving in to their savage impulses and without the laws of civilization, they are constantly in a state or orderly chaos. If you're careful and they're in a good mood you might be able to trade or interact with them. Keep a weapon at the ready though, and be prepared for a scrap.

26. FAIRY GROVE

The trees here, all healthy and lively, all form concentric circles around a fixed point. At the center is a final small ring of mushrooms. A small gathering place for tiny fey beings, they can usually be found here conducting their business and weaving their magic.

27. FESTER POND

The air reeks of spoiled cheese and sour meat. The air grows thick with clouds of stinging flies. A great pond, green with decaying sludge, bubbles and belches up gas like lazy farts. The pond was not always like this, a group of things lurk at the bottom of this pond, buried in the sludge. They have spoiled it over the many years.

28. FIELDS OF SILENCE

A field silent grass is dotted with the tall flag-pole remains of dead pine trees. The light seems to dim here, color desaturates, and the air goes utterly silent. No sound is ever heard or can ever be made while in this spot. An ideal place for and opportunistic hunter.

29. THE FISHER KING'S RIVER

You hear the sound of running water. A single fast moving river cuts deep into the earth, creating a trench of dirt and stone a good 15 feet deep. The water itself is black; it goes much, much deeper. Trees grow close to it sticking their jagged, hungry roots into the space above the river. You see corpses tangled in the roots, dangling above the river like horrid lures. Some of them still have gear with them, armor that sparkles and weapons that glint with power. But something big lurks below that darkened water. Something smart, something hungry.

30. FOETID GARDEN

The ground goes soft like pulp here. An abhorrent evil smell surrounds you. The trees and foliage here all seem sickly and in the throes of death, but there is a rabid life here as well. Slimes, molds, fungus, and sickness all thrive and burst with life in this area, clinging to anything they come in contact with. This twisted mockery of a garden swarms with foul protist life as well as clouds of the most diabolical diseases.

31. FOSSIL GRAVEYARD

The side of a cliff has collapsed into a great slope of gravel and skree, some smaller trees and weeds finding purchase in this rock. The detritus in not as mundane as it seems though. Each chunk of stone a cluster of hundreds of tiny fossilized trilobites and shells. It's not just minute fossils, for the remains of great ancient and alien beasts, uncovered after eons, can be found embedded in the stone.

32. FRUIT TREES OF ROTTEN TRUTH

A grove of twisted, sickly fruit trees cling to life in this misty hollow. Their fruits are maggot-ridden and long spoiled. Anyone who manages to stomach a piece of this rotten fruit is imparted with 1d6 seemingly useless facts (the average airspeed of an unladen swallow, the recipe for a sub-par tart). As well there is a 5% chance that the fruit will impart an uncomfortable truth on the eater (your jokes really aren't that funny, you father wishes you had been a boy). The knowledge is erased the next time the eater vomits.

33. FUNGAL CARPET

The area is dark, an unnatural ceiling of vines and moss blocks all light as well as traps a damp cool air. The ground is spongy with massive colonies of fungal growth. You can see corroded blades and armor covered in slime molds and night caps, their owners long since digested by the fungal carpet below.

34. GIANT SPIDER WEB

The branches above seem to shimmer. Millions of gossamer spiderwebs coat every surface like an enormous threadbare blanket of silver. The spiders rule this place, and the bones of their many meals fill their webs. The multitude of these beings are not unreasonable however, and are willing to bargain for safe passage, provided you bring enough for everyone to eat.

35. GLOWLIGHT SWAMP

This egg-scented marsh of brackish water and lumps of vegetation are perpetually coated in a thick fog. The occasional island of roots and grass is the only solid footing here and the bodies of various beings lazily drift by in the water. 1d10 small colored lights dance in the distance. Do not follow them, they are lures for the swamp.

36. GORM'S FLESH WEALD

The ground grows soft here, squishing under your feet. A foul stench of body odor begins to creep up from all around and you notice the landscape and life begin to take on a grisly form. The trees have ridges like bone, their roots become thick veins pumping blood, and the ground like long slabs of unskinned flesh. It quakes, it breathes, it is alive. It calls itself Gorm through many mouths. It hungers for more flesh to add to its form. This thing hides a secret though, a single piece of Godflesh that it keeps within itself and acts as the source of its power.

37. THE GREAT HONEY COMB

An immense sound like a thousand snare drums in unison drones and echoes from a massive fissure in the side of a hill. Bees the size of cats flow in and out of this cavern, some laden in pounds of sticky pollen. Inside this cave is a hive of immense proportions crawling with an army of workers, drones, and larva. Those willing or able to brave the guards and queen of this hive find glistening combs laden with honey; the royal jelly, in particular, is said to have strange magical properties.

38. THE GROVE OF TEA AND CANDLES

It is dark here. The trees are gnarled and old but smell of exotic fragrances; their limbs are adorned with waxen candles, each glowing with a soft warm light. If you follow the trail through this grove of candle-lit trees, you will come upon a campfire, smelling of fresh tea, surrounded by a group of reverent tea-lovers and their kettles. They mean no harm, and will trade their teas for coin or good. Their wares are of the most exotic variety and highest quality.

39. GROVE OF THE MILLENNIA TREES

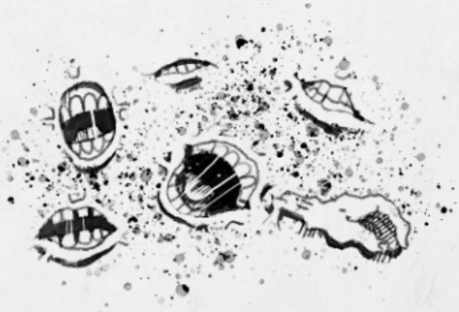
The trees grow impossibly large. Each one the height of a tower, their branches wide as a mountain trail. There is no light here, the canopy blocks all light, and life has made due in the eternal dark. Many things, civilized or savage, make their home upon these great trees, each one large enough to host a village. Many do. Things call out in the dark. Great blind Owl-Gryphons hunt the denizens of the treetops, silent as they fly through the darkened maze of these great trees. They never stop growing.

40. HEARTHSTONE OF FROST

The air is much colder here, breath turning to mist. The remains of a great hall lay scattered like common detritus. Only one piece remains untouched: a single flat stone in the center of the ruins with strange runes carefully etched along its base, its surface is freezing to the touch. Cursed by an old god, who was slighted by the original owners, the hearthstone is cursed to always be freezing.

41. HUNGRY GROUND

Small clicks like porcelain cups tapping together spring up from the ground. There is a slight movement from under the dead leaves and dirt. A tiny human mouth is imbedded into the ground, its teeth slowly clicking together and



tongue hungrily tasting the air. The mouths bite down on anything, chewing it if they can. Alone they are a odd nuisance, but in clusters they prove to be dangerous, ravenously chewing apart unlucky flesh and metal. Some say the mouths can grow to the size of doors, teeth strong enough to sever a man in half.

42. HYSTERICAL HERMIT

A pile of weeds, mud, and detritus make up a crude shabby hovel. A plume of blue acrid smoke rises up from within and crazed laughter can be heard inside. A mad hermit lives within this ramshackle dwelling, constantly shouting random quips or predictions into the air. The hermit always has something to trade if you have something they want. Their wares range from artifacts of power to a petrified cat holding a little lute. All wares are equal in the hermit's eyes.

43. IDOL OF BONES

It looks like a tree at first. A tall, pale, fractal thing made of jagged points and ragged velvet. Thousands of skeletal pieces, both human and animal, weave together in a horrid monstrous form. It speaks to you in your sleep. It fills your mind with its twisted alien plans, pressing its vast manipulative consciousness against your own. Only when you speak its name does it show its true self; and then, madness grips you.

44. INFECTIOUS SCRAWL-STONE

A single decrepit stone is covered every inch in an angry primitive scrawl. Crude degenerate caricatures and jagged curses make-up just some of the content. Touching the stone transfers the scrawl to the one touching it. In one swift motion the scrawl shoots across the body of the victim, covering them in degenerate tattoos and insults. They are permanent, but only skin deep.

45. IRE BRIAR

Thin waist-high briar coats the ground. Their tiny limbs occasionally whip and snap as if of their own volition. Their thorns, while smaller than a sewing needle, sting like dagger cuts. Any show of aggravation or anger only seems to excite the briar, riling them up into a frenzy of strikes and lashes. It feeds off of this anger, be it people or animals.

46. JEWELED TREES

Trees of wondrous chromatic greys spread their branches in wide joyous arcs. Their leaves glisten and shimmer in the light like silver. Small nodules sprout out of the trunks of these trees. Digging into these nodules will reveal fat uncarved gems, each tree containing 1d8 of them valued at 1d6 x 10 gold pieces each. These jewel trees are well known by beast and bandit alike though, and anyone attempting a quick pay day should watch their back.

47. JUNKYARD

A colossal kidney shaped gorge slopes down at a sharp angle on all sides. Inside the gorge lies mountains upon mountains of trash and garbage. It reeks of rot and is alive with pathetic life that picks through the filth for sustenance. The junkyard is filled with almost any common good, typically broken or ruined, but legend has it that there are great treasures buried within the mounds of garbage. So prevalent are these rumors that roving gangs of violent prospectors prowl the tunnels and trenches of this junkyard.

48. KALEIDESCOPIC TRAIL

The trail goes straight, that’s what the map says, that’s what it looks like, so it must be so. Yet as you travel deeper down this path, your vision begins to refract. Slightly at first, until finally splits and reflections in reality begin to occur. Returning the way you came returns the world to normal, but pressing in causes greater and greater divides; sundering reality in a hellish hallucinatory mandala of shape and color. Who knows what might lie on the other side of this path, perhaps the face of a long hidden god.

49. KNOWLEDGEABLE KNOTGRASS

A small field off knotgrass surrounds a lone standing stone, split in half with age. The grass seems to sway on its own, and gently strokes the legs of those passing through it, motioning for them to lie down. Anyone who sleeps on this bed of knotgrass finds their dreams filled with visions of histories and philosophies, an attempted gift of knowledge from the kindly knotgrass. There may be no limit to what it knows and it imparts its gift to anyone.

50. KUDZU-VILLE

House sized masses of kudzu vine spread out, strangling everything in their thick leafy vines. Everything appears as sculptures made of the wretched little plant. A once proud village is now being devoured by kudzu. Searching through the masses of kudzu will find houses, wells, stables, and other edifices. Beware exploring the inside though, the kudzu-folk are scared of trespassers.

51. LAIR OF THE MEGA-RACCOON

It reeks of death at the base of this mountain. Great claw marks have sundered trees and innumerable shattered bones mix with the scree. Gouged into the mountainside is a great black cave, its rim coated in dried blood. This is the unholy den of the legendary Mega-Raccoon. You have been warned!

52. LOG HOLLOW

Great giant trees have fallen here and been hollowed out over time. Almost like little huts, the largest are two whole arm-lengths in diameter. Some animals and predators have taken up residence in the various hollowed-out logs, and are adept at skulking through the makeshift network of tunnels.

53. LOST FORTRESS

A once great bastion now sits empty and is disrepair. Four small towers of wood and stone, as well as a wall of crumbling rock surround a small but well-built keep. While various animals have taken residence here, most of the wealthy furnishings are still intact, as if abandoned overnight. It begs the question of why the residents left in such a hurry.

54. MEAD TREE

Somebody, whether a whimsical fey or group of deranged brewers have turned this fat hollowed out oak tree into an enormous aging barrel. Its contents: The finest honey mead across the land. Tapping this tree produces 10d8 gallons of this sweet yellow mead. There is a 2% chance, however, that the tree's structure will give out and explode in a deadly shower of splinters and alcoholic beverage.

55. MEGACOLONY MOUND

The trees are stripped of bark around this enormous mound of loam and clay. The ground is crawling with a multitude of miniature life, crawling black insects form a network of trails in and out of the mound. The tunnels weave for miles in all directions, crossing leylines deep within the earth. The colony’s queen has a plan.

56. MEGALITH CIRCLE

Giant granite slabs are arranged in a pair of concentric circles. Dark in color and cool to the touch, there are faint hints of elaborate petroglyphs, now worn to only a series of shallow grooves. Their placement is no accident. Each megalith is aligned to various star paths and heavenly bodies, acting as a cryptic and primitive astrological clock. Studying the heavens here grants great knowledge, some dangerous.

57. MIRROR COPSE

A path runs through this slightly hilly copse, the various trees and undergrowth seem to repeat themselves every so often. Sure enough, they are exact duplicates, down to the cellular level. Be wary, something moves amongst the trees off the path. Perhaps a duplicate of you?

58. MOCKING OSSUARY

Deep in the ground, under a crude burial mound made of stacked stone, sits a chamber with holes carved into the earth; each one a resting place for a single skull. The skulls immediately begin berating you as you enter, casting mocking jokes and poignant insults all for a cheap laugh. They can be quite knowledgeable and are willing to part with a wealth of information, but only if you can take and receive in their den of insult-comedy.

59. MOEBIUS CREEK

A quick freezing creek winds between the trees. Following it "downstream" just finds you back where you started. A self-contained stream, eternally flowing in a circle.

60. MOOT OF THE TREEFOLK

A single hilltop is populated by 2d6 treefolk elders. Ancient beings who have seen the world when it was young and now decide the direction of the surrounding Wilds. Depending upon their mood, they may ask for your assistance with some monumental task. At worse they strike you down for your insolence.

61. MOSSBED

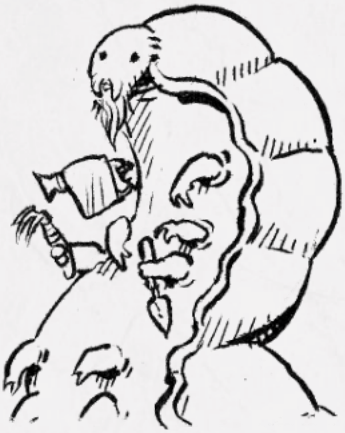
Thick soft moss carpets every surface, be it rock or tree. Some patches are as thick as a man's fist while others are just thin dry tendrils. The air becomes choked with their allergy-inducing spore if upset too much.

62. MUSHROOM FOREST

The trunks of the trees around you are strange. Looking up reveals them not to be trees at all, but gigantic mushrooms. Growing as tall as trees, with caps the size of houses, life has adapted to the strange formations. At night, some of them glow brilliant phosphorescent greens and blues.

63. MUULIFANS'S MYCONID FARM

The canopy is thick and the air is moist, smelling of compost. Clusters of mushrooms bloom all about, planted neatly into row after row of great decaying logs. Every type of mushroom, magic or mundane, can be found here. Carefully maintained by an enormous mirthful grub named Muulifan, it is willing to part with some of its specimens, but only for sufficient help with its garden.



64. OLD GROWTH

A carpet of pulsing root-like growths cover and strangle everything within sight. The air grows heavy and airless, while life and color is drained from the surroundings. The Old Growth is a primordial life-form, old when the world was young. It is driven by an insatiable hunger and seeks to consume all in its path.

65. OWL GRYPHON LAIR

A crude covered animal hovel sits upon a mountaintop. Tree branches and broken trunks weave together with animal carcasses and feathers the size of boat oars. A giant owl-gryphon lives in this nest, resting here during the daytime. Occasionally a clutch of 1d6 owl-gryphon eggs can be found within.

66. PALACE OF ANTLERS

A strange jagged edifice of neatly stacked antlers sits at the bottom of a steep gorge. Inside, the walls and ceiling are all a similar construction of menacing pointed antlers. The mad hunter who built this strange building now stalks the various passageways, bringing ruin to anyone who might disturb this sanctuary.

67. PETE'S SHACK

Nestled amongst the trees, atop a gradual mountain is the shack of a legendary moonshiner. Stories abound of the medicinal, fortifying, and downright apocryphal qualities of his mythical liquor. He claims to be the absolute greatest brewer in all the land (no matter what his rival Petunia might say).

68. PETRIFIED FOREST

Great trees devoid of branches rise high into the air like archaic columns. A touch is all it takes to reveal they are made of stone. A fossilized grove, millions of years old, has somehow withstood the test of time. There are markings on these trees; markings made when they were still alive in eons past. By who, may never be known, but there is great power in something as old as this.

69. PETROGLYPH COVE

A river snakes past a large hill, carving a cliff into its side. A small, dark gap between the top of the water and bottom of the cliff hints to a cave underneath. If you hold your breath and pass under the stone, a great cavern network is revealed. The first room, after emerging from the water is a massive circular antechamber of limestone, the walls painted in layers upon layers of prehistoric paintings and carvings. They depict everything from hunting long extinct beasts, to the rituals of daily life. They also depict something darker, great monsters, ancient gods, and practices to nightmarish to speak of.

70. PETUNIA'S SHACK

Nestled amongst the trees, atop a gradual mountain is the shack of a legendary moonshiner. Stories abound of the medicinal, fortifying, and downright apocryphal qualities of her mythical liquor. She claims to be the absolute greatest brewer in all the land (no matter what her rival Pete might say).

71. PIT OF BODIES

The smell of spoiled meat and feces. A wide pit the size of a pond lies filled with grey and mottled mud. Slogging through the pit reveals a terrible detail: the pit is filled with the semi-liquid remains of countless bodies.

72. PLUMMETING WATERFALL

A running creek point to the sound of gallons of crashing water. The ground rises up into a massive cliff-face of layered stone; a giant waterfall courses over the edge, crashing into a rocky pool below.

73. PONDEROUS SILHOUETTE

A shale cliff-face juts out awkwardly. When observing it from a particular spot, the rock formation looks a lot like a pensive and thoughtful face.

74. PREHISTORIC BUTTE

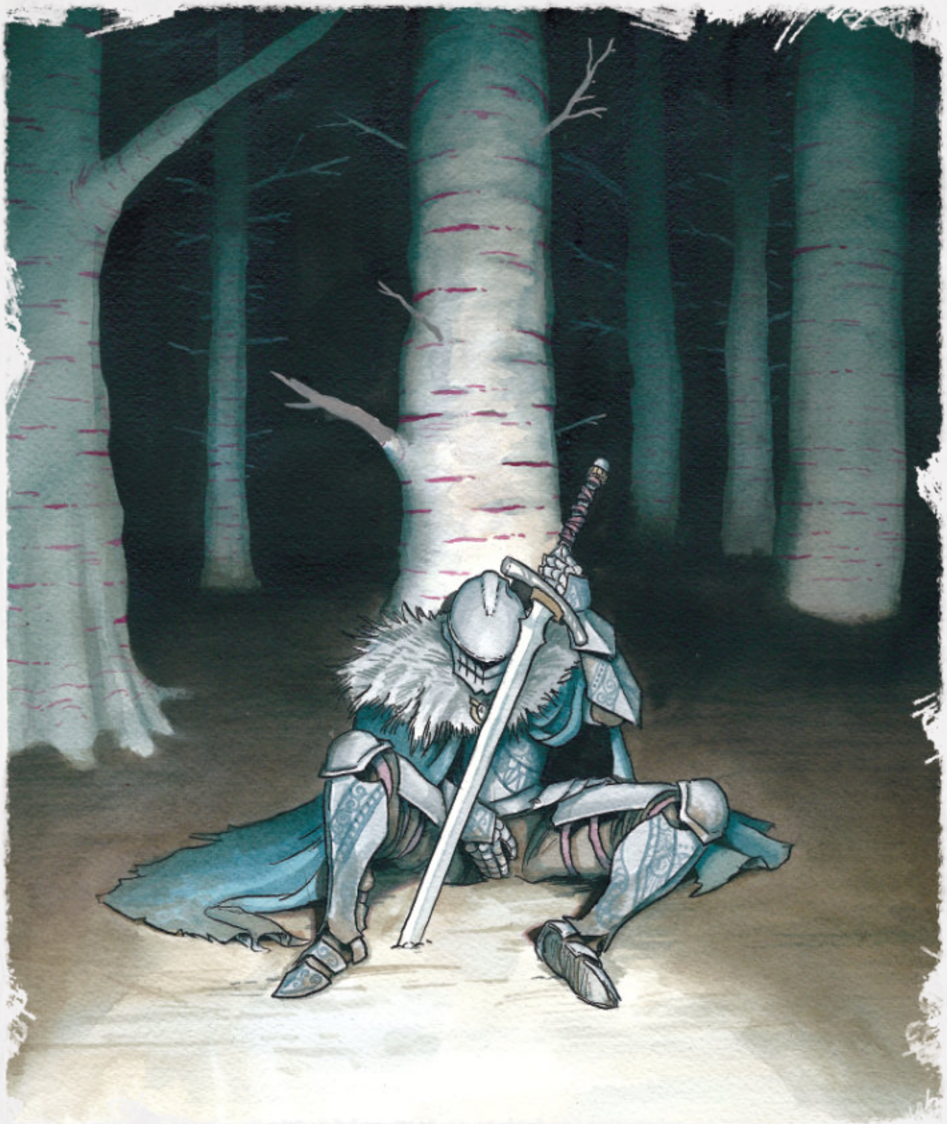
A great plateau rises nearly a hundred men tall, reaching high above the treetops. Vast columns of volcanic rock create this flat-top platform with impenetrable vertical cliff-faces. Scaling this plateau is no trivial matter, there are no handholds, no spots to rest, and the rock is hard for even steel pitons. Rumor has it that dark figures can be seen silhouetted on its top during the full moon, gazing motionlessly from their vantage.

75. QUAIL GOD

A beautiful and opulent quail the size of a dog radiates a nimbus of iridescent and gold light. It stalks the forest with a grand host of other beautiful quails. Uncontested and undisturbed by all beasts, it is a divine being that brings life wherever it travels. It was once the pet of a god and has miraculously outlived its master. Whoever eats of its divine flesh gains incomprehensible power, provided they manage to catch the thing first.

76. QUARRY

The ground here is cut into clean, geometric shapes, revealing a great marble quarry deeper than a giant is tall. Its bottom has filled with a sludgy pool of rainwater, and a manner of avian creatures have built their nests onto the



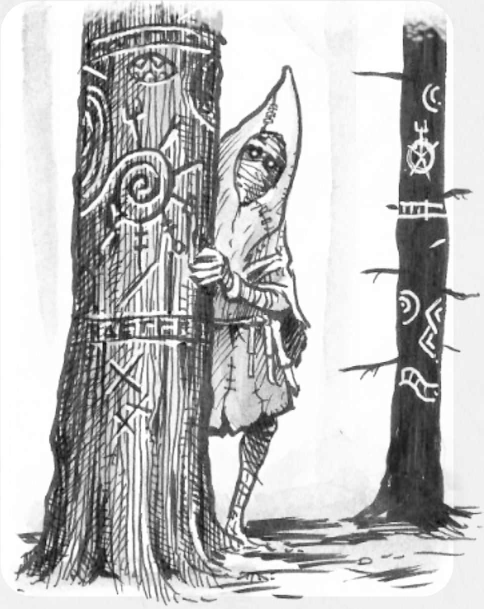
rocky cuts. Some creatures lie trapped at the bottom, fighting amongst each other for scraps of food or drops of water that fall from above.

77. RESPITE OF THE GREY KNIGHT

Within a glen of ancient trees, upon a mountain of stone and blades, a lone knight sits cross-legged, meditating with its sword. Clad in resplendent silver armor, now greying and tarnished, the knight sits unmoving and silent, wrapped in a tattered blue cape with designs worthy of the greatest tapestries. It will not move unless attacked or challenged to a duel; with the latter, the knight rises into an elegant bow before attacking with a whirlwind of strikes. If the knight is defeated or deems its opponent worthy, it will speak and impart great martial wisdom from an age long-gone.

78. RETURNING MOUND

Flowering cherry trees, maples, and magnolias paint the world with color. Wildflowers cover the ground and animals skitter about in the tall grass. In the midst of it all sits a great mound of earth, knotted with roots, and a single ancient cherry tree perched upon its summit. It remains unflowered and at its base is a small earthen opening that burrows deep into the center of this loamy mound. Legend says that if you carry a body deep into the tunnels under the tree and bury it there in the dark with a garland of wildflowers the body will come back to life during the next full moon. But there is a price, for the ones who arise are stripped of their memory in life, and will see their loved ones as strangers.



79. SCRAWL TREES

The pine trees grow large and healthy here. They are covered in strange writing, some painted on with white paint, others carved intricately with fine tools. There must be thousands, each one telling a story in rune and pictograph. The ones who do this hide in the shadows, dressed in crimson cloaks and armed with carvers tools, they make no noise; only ensuring no one defiles the trees. Who knows what can be learned from the writings if they are deciphered and studied. What power or prophecy is kept amongst this library of bark.

80. SHALE FIELD

A field of splintered shale spreads out without tree cover. Both great slabs and diminutive chips make up this terrain. Falling down here proves damaging as the edges of the rock cut into exposed flesh quite easily.

81. SINGER'S DOMAIN

This copse of trees seems like any other. The only noticeable difference is the lack of any animals or insects. A closer inspection reveals old signs of violence and occasional decaying bones. At night, the dreams of travelers through this area are plagued with a hollow high-pitched sound, almost resembling a song. Day after day they begin to hear this sound while they are awake. The sound pushes them to acts of violence and self-destruction. This is all at the behest of The Singers, strange beings who live in the dirt and call this place home. They hate all visitors.

82. THE SLATE

The ground is thick with the roots of many trees, in some places so thick the very earth disappears. The roots all point to a single area, looking like millions of worms crawling and writhing to some unseen location. In the heart of this forest stands a single crude megalith of slate. Ten men wide by twenty men tall it is ruined with scratch marks, and covered in the grasping tendrils of many roots. The scratches are not defacements, but thousands of tiny writings in languages both alive and long dead. They tell of constellations, legends, curses, rituals, and of course the end of all things.

83. SLEEPING LINNORM

A great wyrm sleeps here, stretched out like a giant snaking log. Dirt, moss, and underbrush coats its body as it rests, unmoving, through the passage of time. While hard to wake, it can be done, but at the cost of risking its primordial ire.

84. SMOLDERING WOODS

The smell of burning wood and the fog of a smoldering fire choke your view. Rather than come upon a raging forest fire, you approach a wood blackened with fire and coated with ash. Tiny trails of smoldering cinder slowly crawl across the surface of everything in this area. Cursed to a lifetime of suffering by some powerful thing, the woods here will smolder but never burn for all eternity. Only a powerful enough fire will finally be enough to spark a blaze and let the forest burn away.

85. SOOT CRAG

The air is choked with acrid smoke and the trees are coated in black soot. Fissures spew hot noxious gas as small flecks of ash and occasional sparks rise out of their depths. A massive underground coal deposit has caught fire here. It will continue to burn for 1d6 centuries. With any luck, it hasn't disturbed anything deep below the earth.

86. SPIKE THRONE

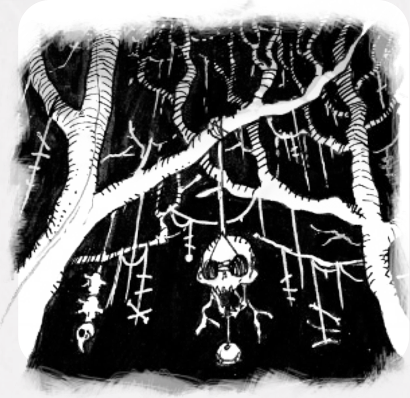
A great throne of dry thorns and bramble sits within a shaded fen of flies and cattails. Who knows who constructed it and to what purpose, and its thorns are quite sharp and as hard as nails.

87. SPIRAL EARTHWORK

In a clearing of trees a great white and grey earthwork forms a gigantic spiral across the ground. It is constructed of small stones and salt, and serves some ceremonial purpose. It is unknown whether this is the work of a small collection of craftsmen or a single deranged artist.

88. SWITCHBACK RIVER

A large and slow river courses through this stretch of land, flowing gently along a beach of river sand and stones. It goes into a dog-leg shape further up picking up some speed and peppered with large rounded stones.



89. TALISMAN GARDEN

The tree limbs extend in long stretching trails. The sound of wooden wind chimes echoes from somewhere above. There, tied throughout the tree-top canopy, are thousands of tiny little effigies and talismans, each more hideous than the last.

90. TAR PITS

The smell of hot asphalt and sound of gas escaping from below greets your senses. A great pool of loathsome black sludge bubbles and quakes in the ground. Covered clusters of leaves and branches the pit hungrily pulls down anything that weighs too much. There are the remains of once living things, both new and ancient, buried in the bottom of this pit. A literal graveyard of tar and bones.

91. TIME-WARPED WEALD

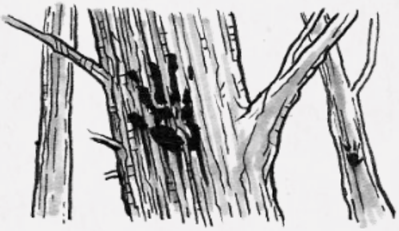
The trees and plants seem to grow and regress with terrible rapidity. In one spot ancient trees regress into saplings over the course of an hour, while in another spot ferns spring up and wilt into nothing in a matter of minutes. Affected by some time paradox, travel through this place is quite dangerous. Each day spent in this area either increases or decreases their age by 1d6 years.

92. TOMB OF THE FIRST MORTALS

A pile of giant flat stones and packed earth serve as an marker to a primitive tomb. Climbing in through a small crawl-space between the stones and the ground leads to a vertical shaft of dirt. At the bottom is a circular room with several skeletons along the wall. Each is adorned in primitive jewelry and hunting tools, and all sit upon thrones made of bone and horns. These were some of the first mortals. In their time they were heroes, and laid the groundwork for all civilizations after theirs.

93. TORPID MARSHLANDS

A expansive fen of river trees, cattails, and moss form clusters of landmass in slow, almost stagnant, water. The air smells brackish and muddy, and is filled with both dragonflies and mosquitoes. Travel by boat is the only convenient form of travel and safer due to the multitude of leeches that make their home in the waters.



94. TREES MARKED BY A DARK TOUCH

A strange path of decayed and desolate earth blazes a trail. Every so often a dead tree will be spotted along this trail with a single stained handprint, like tar and rot painted upon it. Something terrible made its way through this spot, leaving only tracks and its corrupting mark upon the trees.

95. VAST MOUND

A giant hill seems out of place with the surrounding terrain. Walking across its surface, you can detect a faint hollow sound within. This man-made hill covers a hollow ritual space within. Who knows what Wyrd magics took place inside of its lightless belly.

96. VERMIN FIELDS

The ground cracks and snaps underfoot. The floor is nothing but animal bones. In the darkened corners of this spot, under root and stone, a multitude of hungry things writhe and gaze out of their hiding spots. Best not to stay here after dark...

97. WATCHING TREES

Tall lonely trees stand like wayward sentinels. The bark is marked with long hard grooves that run up and down. At times, the grooves fold open revealing large glassy eyes. The trees are always watching in this neck of the Wilds. To what purpose is unknown.

98. THE WEAVER'S DEN

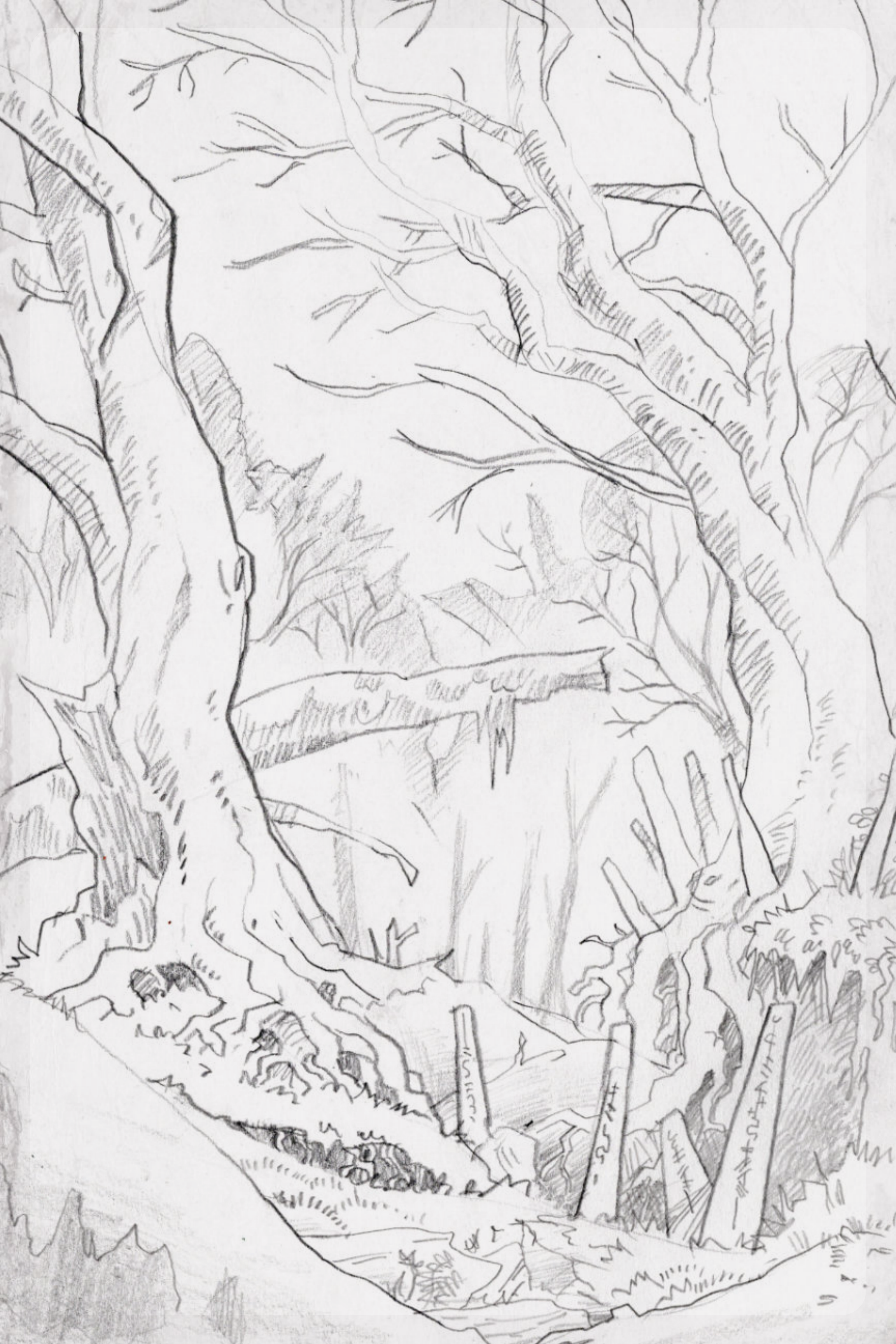
A strange knotted structure of branches, twine, and spiderweb contains a single circular entrance into its depths. Within this darkened maze of woven garbage are the remains of previous heroes, their bodies covered in web, crammed into the walls like brick and mortar. Swarms of spider-like aberrations patrol the halls and in the center the Great Weaver sits, weaving away at infinitely intricate designs with twisted bloodied hands.

99. WYRD STONES

Stones of shale stand tall and solemn like lonely men. Their surfaces are carved with the most intricate of designs and script. Flowing across their form, the etchings are in perfect harmony with their natural forms. A spell caster who studies these stones for more than a week can learn their secrets, gaining knowledge of 1d4 new spells.

100. YARUINNE'S HAVEN

A dragon was felled from the sky and impaled on a tree. Through some twisted miracle she survived. To weak to escape, her wounds healed around it and the tree wove throughout her body. She holds court here with many followers, and deals in information on the location of great and terrible beasts throughout the Wilds.



APPENDIX

REASONS FOR GAINING A LEVEL OF EXHAUSTION

- **Failure to get a night's sleep.**
- **Going a day without food or water.**
- **Suffering an illness or disease.**
- **Receiving a debilitating injury.**
- **Revival after going unconscious.**

Exhaustion Trackers

☐☐☐☐☐☒ ☐☐☐☐☐☒

☐☐☐☐☐☒ ☐☐☐☐☐☒

A character will die upon gaining 6 levels of exhaustion.

d8	Possible Exhaustion effects
1	**Sluggish** - Speed halved.
2	**Unsteady** - Disadvantage on dexterity and strength skills.
3	**Surly** – Cannot be friendly.
4	**Nihilistic** - Disadvantage against magic and breath weapon.
5	**Weakened** – Disadvantage on attack rolls.
6	**Nauseous** – Disadvantage against poisons and diseases.
7	**Bleary-eyed** - Vision reduced by half.
8	**Feeble** – Hit point maximum halved.

SURVIVING THE NIGHT

1. **Attempt a Camp (Roll 3d6)**
2. **Total Successes (4+)**
3. **Suffer exhaustion, or use supplies.**

Food

☐

Shelter ☐

Water ☐

# OF SUCCESSES AND RESULTS

3 **CONTENT-** No one said it was easy, but you manage. – ***No gains or losses.***

2 **SCRAPING By-** You'll survive, but someone has to take the brunt of it. – ***One member gains one level of exhaustion.***

1 **BAD TIMES-** No one said it was going to be this difficult. – ***One level of exhaustion to all.***

0 **SUFFERING-** You have nothing. – ***Two levels of exhaustion to all.***

HUNTING

1. Select Quarry.
2. Determine Marks.
3. Roll dice & consult Tracking chart.
4. Tally Marks and repeat step 3.

d6	Tracking Result
1	Major Setback
2	Minor Setback
3	Mark, Minor Setback
4	Mark
5	Double Marks
6	Double Marks, Boon

Type Of Quarry	**# of Marks**
Mundane (Simple game)	1-2
Uncommon (Trophy beasts)	3-9
Rare (Apex Predators)	10-20
Mythic (Legendary creatures)	24+

Tracking Tally

Quarry:____________________________

# of Marks:__________

☐☐☐☐▨☐☐☐☐▨

☐☐☐☐▨☐☐☐☐▨

☐☐☐☐▨☐☐☐☐▨

CLEANING A BODY

1. Choose what kind of Cleaning.
2. Roll 1d6 per 100lbs. of Flesh.
3. Collect Goods if Successful.

TYPE OF CLEANING	D6 ROLL
Crude Cleaning	**2+**
Basic Cleaning	**3+**
efficient Cleaning	**4+**
Thorough Cleaning	**5+**
Surgical Dissection	**6**

Common Goods: Fats and meat. Each one may be converted into a single supply, or the characters may have a **FEAST** and eat all of the common goods to relieve one point of exhaustion.

For every successful roll collect goods based on the chosen cleaning.

Crude Cleaning - 1d3 common goods

Basic cleaning - 2d3 common, 1 uncommon

Efficient cleaning - 3d3 common, 1d3 uncommon

Thorough cleaning - 4d3 common, 2d3 uncommon, 1 rare

Surgical Dissection - 5d3 common, 3d3 uncommon, 1d3 rare

Uncommon: Organs, pelts and bones. Can be sold for a humble profit of 2d6 gold.

Rare: Strange, extraordinary, or magical parts. Can be sold for a substantial profit of 6d10 gold.

BECOMING LOST

Anytime a party or character strays far enough away from a road, trail, or marked path, they risk becoming lost.

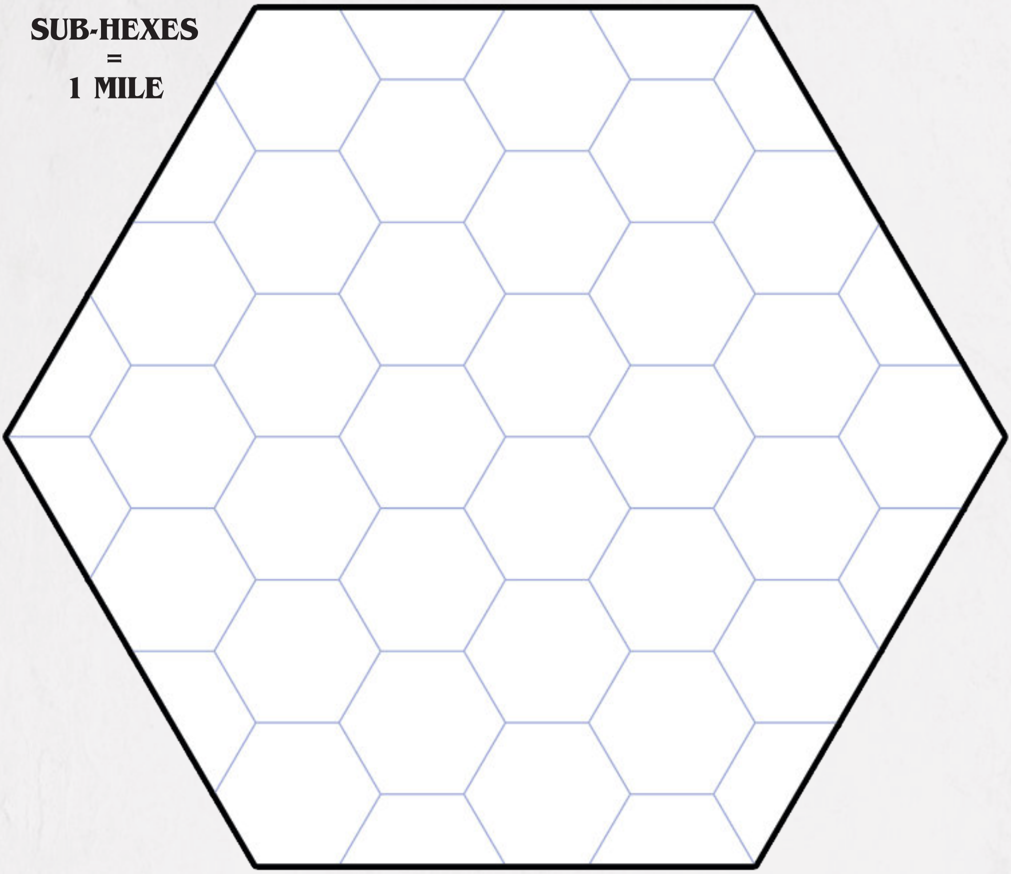
Roll 1d6 and beat a 6, with a 1 always being an automatic failure. Success means they maintain the course and continue on their way, while failure indicates they become lost.

Equipment	Advantage
A good map, a compass, or a known location.	+1 to roll
A guide or local to the area.	+2 to roll
Has skill in navigation or survival.	Roll with advantage

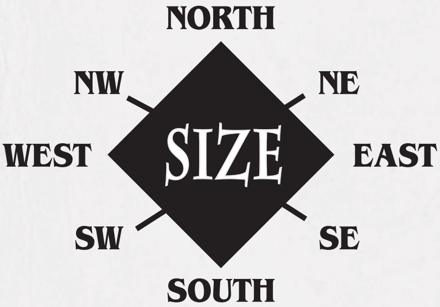
Reputation	Time Lost
Reputable woods	1d6 hours
Game lands	1d3x6 hours
True wilderness	1d6x6 hours
Dangerous woods	1d10x6 hours
Utterly deadly	1d10 days
None ever return	3d6 Days

Each full day spent being lost requires each character to use 3 supplies or suffer the effects of a **SUFFERING** Surviving the Night Roll

The game aids and charts found in this section are free to be reproduced, copied, and distributed for use under the OGL (Open Game License). Enjoy!


SUB-HEXES
=
1 MILE

1d8 Areas
1d6+1 Trails


NORTH
NW
NE
WEST
SIZE
EAST
SW
SE
SOUTH

1d6	Size of Area
1	A stump, a large puddle
2	A small grove, a campsite
3	A house, a large ring of stones
4	A hamlet, a large riverbed
5	A hillside, a cow pasture
6	A ruined abbey, an acre of trees

1d8	Type of Trails
1-4	Footpath
4-6	Difficult
7	Dangerous
8	Special
	Hidden

DUNGEON NAME

DANGER SECRET

KEY **SIZE** **DESCRIPTION**

FURTHER READING

Annihilation
2018 film by Alex Garland and 2014 book by Jeff VanderMeer

Bloodbourne
2015 videogame by FromSoftware

The Call of the Wild
1903 book by Jack London

Darksouls
2011 videogame series by FromSoftware

Entangled Life
2020 book by Merlin Sheldrake

Gardens of Ynn
2018 publication by Dying Stylishly Games

How to Stay Alive in the Woods
2001 book by Bradford Angier

In the Woods Somewhere
2014 song by Hozier

The Indifferent Stars Above: The Harrowing Saga of a Donner Party Bride
2009 book by Daniel James Brown

The Locked Tomb Trilogy
2019 book series by Tasmyn Muir

Princess Mononoke
1997 film by Hayao Miyazaki

Principa Apocrypha
2018 publication by Steven Lumpkin, Ben Milton, Evelyn Moreau, and David Perry

Redwall Series
1986 book series by Brian Jaques

The Revenant
2002 book by Michael Punke

The Ritual
2017 film by David Bruckner

The Terror
2018 television series by David Kajganich

Thawing Kingdom
2021 publication by Rowan Algoet

Valhalla Rising
2009 film by Nicolas Winding Refn

White Fang
1906 book by Jack London

The Willows
1907 novella by Algernon Blackwood

The Witch
2015 film by Robert Eggers

The Windego
1910 novella by Algernon Blackwood

Wormskin Zine
2015 publication by Necrotic Gnome

More by Feral Indie Studio:

To the Woods

Sphinxes: The First of Sages

The Devil Made Me Do it

Raid on the Decadent Spires

Seller's Well

Ashweld

They Cried Monster

Season of the Moth

The Vast in the Dark

The NPC Gallery

Into the Cess & Citadel (Coming Soon)

This book was made possible by the support of 2,601 backers.

Thank you, for making this possible!

CHARLIE
FERGUSON-
AVERY

'21

INDEX

Artifacts 157-169
  Alcohol 158-159
  Wild Elf 151
The Call of the Wild 23-24
Cleaning a Body 18-19
Diseases 32-33, 114, 162, **204-207**
  Random Diseases 33
Divination 44, 78, 184, 200, 217
Eí-Criomóran 140-143
Encounters 220-221
Exhaustion (All cases of it)
Factions 135-155
  Children of Eí-Criomòran 140
  Court of Broken Branches 136
  The Primal Wheel 152
  The Ruin 51, 69, **144-147**, 161
  The Wild Elves 148
Flora 200-203
goods 18-19
  Ailiper Phage 33
  Bauik Tongue 37
  Blukstound Sap 41
  Bramble Carapace 43
  Curseweald Fruit 54
  Domi-Bellum 93
  Dragon Tick Blood 59
  Ether-Rat Pelt 65
  Goeroe Eye 72
  Gripple Bat Skin 76
  Firegut 52
  Golden Antlers 57
  Horns of the Primal Skaal 99
  Jukkenrotter Eye 81
  Moonslaver Pelt 93
  Quilluff Quills 101
  Scroll Web 35
  Skulk Blood 125
  Skulk Hide 125
  Skunk Ape Pelt 117
  Slavern Acid 119
  Slavern Pelt 119
  Snuff Hound Mane 121
  Trunk Worm Gut 126
Hazards 208-213
  Amoeba Bog 208
  Blistering Ivy 208
  Bonemeal Quicksand 208
  Cutting Scrawl 209
  Doom Stones 209
  Drowning Pond 209
  Euphoria Stream 209
  Fen of Thievery 210
  Flensing Grass 210
  Gallowlurks 210
  Gluttonous Tree 210
  Hallucinogenic Moss 211
  Hideous Totems 211
  Hungry Lilies 211
  Papa Sleep 212
  Reaper's Fingers 212
  Skull Children 212
  Spite Beds 213
  Stink Stalks 213
  Volatile Cadaver 213
  Wyrd Flare 213
hex grid 192-197, 242
Hunting 16-17, 18
Locations 223-236
Lost 23, 241
Madness 21, 24, **26-27**, 47, 81, 161, 165, 166, 201, 209
Magic 171-185
  Channeling the Wyrd 185
  Spells 174-184
Monsters 30-133
  Ailiper 32
  Arcanis Arachni 34
  Bauik 36
  Blight Motes 38
  Blukstound 40
  Bramble Beast 42
  Brairscoffs 44
  Cacophonous Crowmen 46
  Cherub 48
  Children of the Woods 50
  Cindershams 52
  Curseweald 53
  Devil Stag 55
  Dire Horsehair Worm 58

  - Dragon Ticks 59
  - Dryadi 60
  - Ether Rat 64
  - False Beggar 66
  - Feral Knight 68
  - Gastropal 70
  - Goeroe 72
  - Grimmking 73
  - Gripple Bats 76
  - Hermit Spider 78
  - Jukkenrotter 80
  - Kair 82
  - Kyrkogrim 84
  - Linnorm 86
  - Living Idol 88
  - Mire Ghost 90
  - Moonslaver 92
  - Mycelium Zombie 94
  - Oracle Sludge 96
  - Primal Skaal 98
  - Quilluffs 100
  - Ravagers 102
  - Rittermotte 106
  - Root-Troll 110
  - Royal Fox 112
  - Shamblers 114
  - Skunk Ape 116
  - Slavern 118
  - Snuff Hounds 120
  - Sparklight Canaries 122
  - Spindle Cat 123
  - The Skulk 125
  - Trunk Worms 126
  - Weald Sirens 128
  - Vampylf 130
  - Vermincaust 132
- Moon 20-21
  - Gentle Moonlight 179
- Mutation 22-24
  - Wyrd Curse 105
- Primal Wheel 51, **152-155**, 160
- Lady of Broken Branches 51, **136-139,** 147, 165
- Ravagers 17, 24, **102-105**, 159
  - The Ruin 144-147
- Rule of Gold 12
- Rules of the Wilding Way 9-27
  - Rule of Gold 12
  - Exhaustion 13
  - Surviving the Night 14
  - The Hunt 16
  - Cleaning a Body 18
  - The Moon Phases 20
  - The Call of the Wild 22
  - Becoming Lost 25
  - Madness 26
- Searching a body 214
- Spells 174-184
- Surviving the Night
- Supplies 14-15, 16-17, **18-19**
  - Supplies as Gold 12
- System Neutral 4-5
- Trails and Paths 215
  - Generation 194-195
  - Walk through the woods 218-219
- Wild Elves 148-151, 214
- Wilderness Dungeon 188-221
  - Running a Wilderness Dungeon 188-190
  - Generating the Dungeon 191-197
  - Random Trails & Paths 215
  - A Walk Through the Woods 218
  - Wilderness Dungeon Names and Secrets 216-217
  - Wyrd & Wild Encounters 220